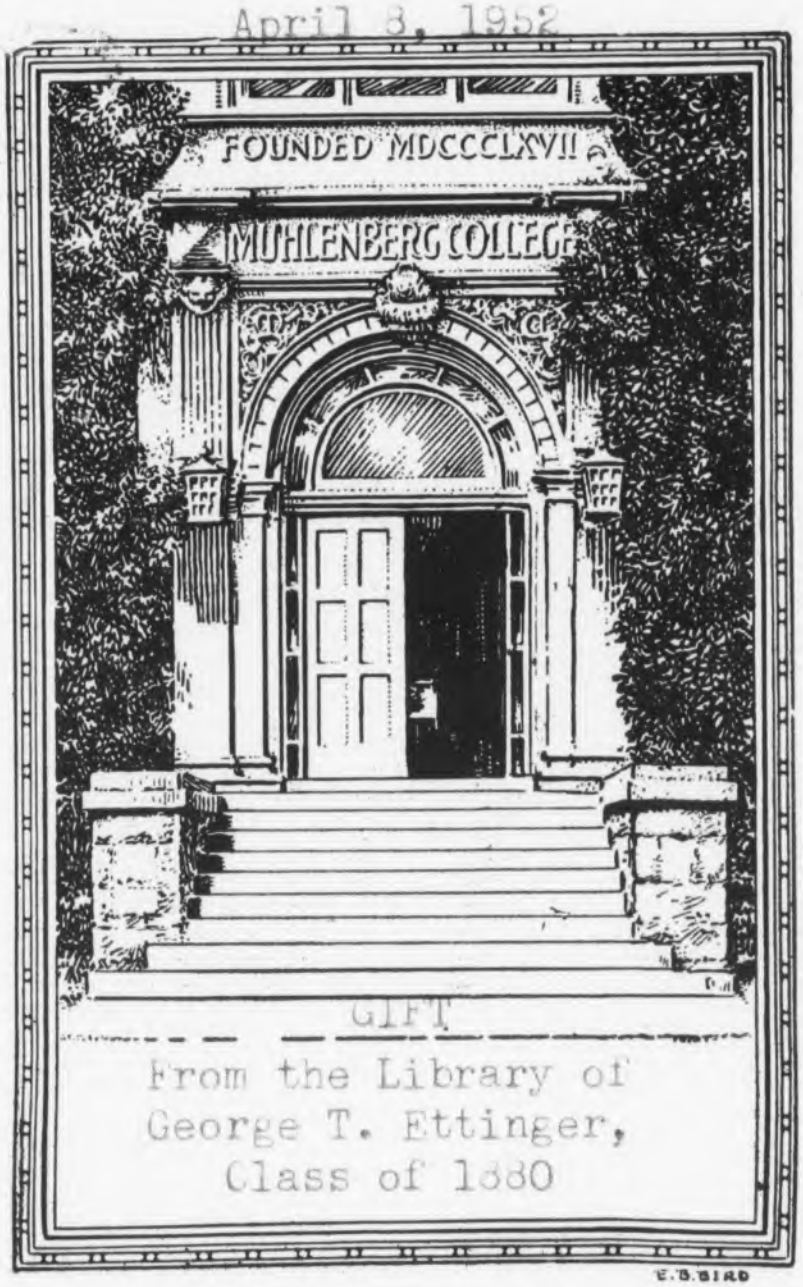
April 3, 1952



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The Muhlenberg

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REFLECTIONS.

Pictures of memory ne'er are forgotten,
But ripen with age as time passes by;
They fill the sad heart with fond recollections;
They lessen the sorrow revealed by a sigh.

Visions of infancy, life in its blossom,
When care and deep sorrow clouded no brow,
That was the time of joy, doomed not to perish—
But fled are those happy days,—friends, oh! where now?

Yet in our youth we were restless and longing,
But pleasures were none, which had not their pain,—
Life in its mystery kept us enchanting,
Nothing seemed clear as the air after rain.

The mystery deepens, as we on our journey
Through life see our loved ones so fair and so sweet
Torn from our weeping eyes, to pay the sacrifice
Which life for a penalty casts at our feet.

When, tell me when, will that mystery be clearer?
When will we see that our hopes are not vain?
Let Love Immortal come, reveal to us the Son,
Teach us to weep and sigh never again.

J. S. ALBERT, '09.

OPENING ADDRESS.

Delivered to the Students, Alumni and Friends of Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa., September 9, 1909, by Prof. R. K. Buehrle, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Lancaster.

Prof. Buehle spoke as follows, it being noted that the well-known educator wrote his address according to the rules of simplified spelling:

It marks an epoch in the educational history of our commonwealth when the college reaches down to the common school and invites the executiv officer of a city system of public instruction to deliver the address at the opening of the session, which in the present case is more highly complimentary and the more hartily appreciated inasmuch as the speaker is not an alumnus of college or university.

Such an act is indicativ of a growing conviction of the solidarity of educational institutions, of the desirability of the united efforts of all such agencies, of the recognition of the duty of the college to the common peple and of the wish to draw near to them in order to elevate them to a higher plane intellectually. It is therfor with the greatest plezure that the superintendent of a neighboring city, grown old in the service of education, fifteen of whos yunger years were devoted to teaching and supervision in this beutiful city and its environs, appears before this learned audience and in the language of the gladiator in the arena of imperial Rome, exclaims "Morituras vos saulto."

It is one of the delights peculiar to old age to be able to look back to the origin especially of great beneficent institutions, even in the days of their youth, to remember their erlier strugls, to rejoice in their present success and with tender solicitude to watch them growing in character and importance. Thus it was my great privilege forty-two years ago last Friday, to be present at the inauguration of the first President of Muhlenberg College, the Reverend Professor F. A. Muhlenberg, D. D., when he in a masterly address set forth among other objects to be aimd at by this institution of learning the following:

"The only proper education, and the one which it will be our aim to secure, the only one which we valu is a Christian education,—Christo et ecclesiae was the motto—of that noble band of men who fled from religious persecution in the old worid to secure fredom to worship God in the new.

"In the same spirit do we found our yung institution."

To you then as students of this college so dedicated, I address myself. You hav enterd upon a goodly heritage, not of magnificent bildings and costly apparatus, which as America's greatest orator long since declared, hav no magical power to make scholars, but into an atmosfere of piety, of religious conviction, of historic fidelity to purity of doctrin maintaind with immovabl stedfastnes, yet with the least if indeed any, persecution.

The Lutheran church by which and for which this college was founded is preeminently the church of the Reformation, of the right of private judg-

ment as over agenst popes, cardinals, and ecumenical councils; for truth is not a matter of majorities whether in political or religious affairs.

But Muhlenberg college found two other institutions, practically speaking, in its own territory, one to the east and the other to the northeast. Both older, welthier and of different religious faith. To compete with them in their devotion to fysical science was and is beyond its financial resources. Its equipment is not adequate to enable it to rival them in "subduing the erth and in having dominion over the fish of the sea and the fowl of the air."

But as "No man is born into the world whos work is not born with him" so also the colleg found a predetermind sfere markt out for its activity, not in the "bred and butter sciences," not in the things that ar seen and ar consequently temporal, but in the things that ar unseen but eternal. In entering upon this sfere it will supplement, shal I not say perfect the work to which the others ar devoting themselves, and thus fulfil a more glorious mission. Believing that "The proper study of mankind is man" it made the cultivating of the humanities its chief delight and taught its students not so much how to make a living as to how to liv. To best accomplish this pupose it chose the ancient classics confident that acquaintance with those masterpieces of literature, history, and filosofy would pre-eminently prepare its alumni to most successfully enter upon the duties of life whatever they might be, to fit them "to perform, justly, skilfully and magnaminously all the offices both private and public of peace and war."

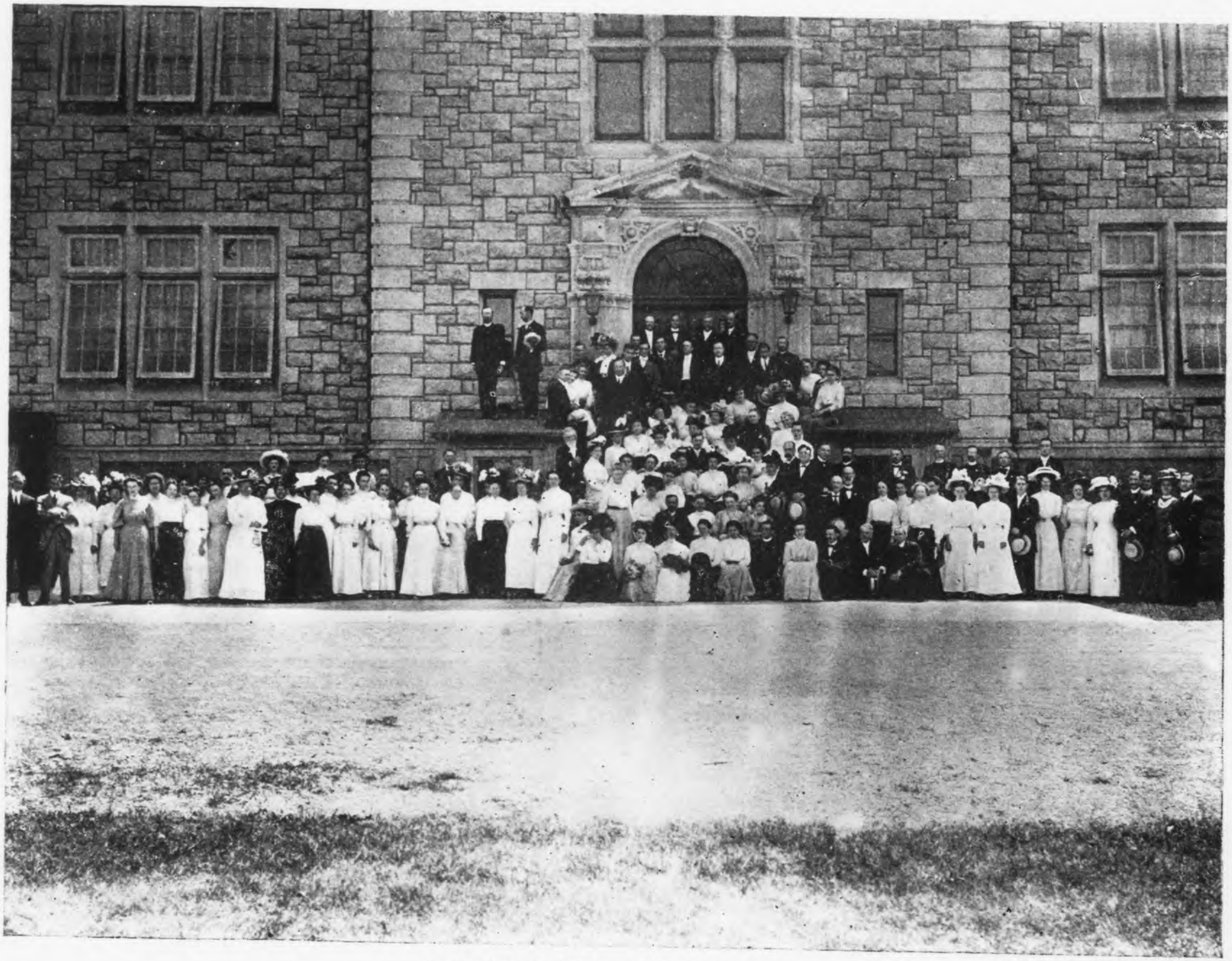
In recent years sum educators hav practicably (shal I say unconscionably) declined to gide the yung student into what they believd best, and thru the electiv system, hav thrown upon him, however inexperienced and ilqualified to make the choice, the responsibility of selecting the branches of study best calculated to meet his wants and determin his scholastic education. As a result the natural, the commercial and the sociological sciences hav receivd inordinate and premature attention, becaus supposed to be at once the easiest, the most practical and as affording the shortest road not only to welth but even to affluence; and if man livd by bred alone, if he wer a mere animal and his bodily wants wer all or at least the most important, this cours would be justifiabl, but just to the extent that this is not the case, that the soul is more than the body, that the highest and best in this life is not purchasabl with money, that the noblest work is not done by those receiving the highest salaries, just to this extent is such an education defectiv and erroneous, misleading and degrading.

Let me return to the motto of "the fathers" quoted by your first president "Christo et ecclesiae" which might be abbreviated so as to read simply "Christo,", for to be devoted to Him the hed of the church is to be devoted to it. To serv Him most truly is to serv it most effectually.

But let me substitute for it since "New occasions teach new duties," and "Time makes ancient good uncouth" "Christo et Patriae" not as the Christo did not also, include "Patriae", not as the service for Christ wer not also service in the highest and best sens for the fatherland, but rather to concentrate attention on that kind of work for Him which pertains especially to civil affairs as dis-

tinguisht from those more commonly regarded as religious. For the mission which in the interest of universal history fel to the Germanic peples of whom we ar, was not only to receiv the notion of tru freedom as a central religious principl but also to make it the organizing force of seculear institutions. It is this kind of service, namely, in and for the state, that I would hav you prepare yourselves for. Ever remember that the great work of presenting the Augustana was performed by civilians, laymen, men in the service of the state, and yet who would not call it religious?

I see before the American peple a greater empire, and consequently a greater responsibility than ever lay before any other nation. Life is undergoing profound charges. The telegraf, the telefone, wired and wireles, aerial navigation, our letters delivered with lightning speed, our transportation on the wings of the wind and thru the clouds of hevn, rivers tuneld and mountains pierced or scaled, a universally educated multitude of toilers including among them the restles discontented spirits of "all nations and kindred and peple and tungs" whos messengers ar spirits and whos "ministers ar flames of fire," whos guvernment of the peple, by the peple and for the peple has been wel denominated "A holy experiment," all these cannot fail to bring forth political storms of unwonted violence, more dangerous than wer ever encountered by ship or state before, and wo to the pilot who has not provided himself with chronometer and sailing charts meet for such a voyage, and whos eyes cannot discern the pleiades to gide him o'er the trackles deep of future economic and poiltical seas. Our geografical horizon has marvelously expanded, our territory not only almost dubld in area, but also multiplied in climate and races, so that the very direction of the march of civilization has becum the paradox of arriving in the East by going westward so that only just now, after more than four hundred years, has the dream of Columbus becum reality, his theory practically verified and its truth establisht. Our Mediterranean is the Pacific, the largest of the oceans and our Hesperia is "the gorgeous East" which "Showers on her kings barbaric, perl and gold." Wel may it be askt "whence shal our American Solomons entering upon such a heritage—such a throne over the nations—the guvernment of such an imperial domain derive sufficient wisdom"? Wherwithal shal the "Yung American of the 20th century clenz his way?" The word of God has alredy supplied the answer "By taking heed thereto according to thy word," and if the wisest of king prayd: "Giv therfor thy servant an understanding hart to judg thy peple that I may discern between good and evil," how dare the rulers—the peple of America—undertake to guvern without it? The expression an understanding hart deserves a passing notice for the Hebrew word translated understanding also means hearing, that is, Solomon asks also for a hearing hart that he may not turn a def ear to the peple complaining and so render necessary their crying into the Lord so often mentiond in the story of "the chosen peple." No Vanderbiltian "Dam the public" finds a warrant in the Bible, nor does it justify "the coal king" in his assumtion that Providence has endowd him with the control of the mines and therfor let the peple freez if the miners wil not accept his terms. Let ther never rise up, nor be, American Pharoahs hardening their harts while ruling over slaves, dubling



SUMMER SCHOOL.

their tale for the common peple and requiring them to make bricks without straw, nor Rehoboams rejecting the counsels and the wisdom of the past, and not having a hearing hart turn a def ear to the peple's cry and consequently lose the loyalty of five-sixths of the tribes. Let us rather remember the caution uttered by Queen Elizabeth's "litl Lord Keeper." 'Let states that aim at greatnes take heed how their nobility and gentlemen multiply too fast, for that maketh the common subject grow to be a pesant and base swain drivn out of hart."

But not only must the hart hear and understand the complants of the peple, but there must also be the wisdom of the hed to devise ways and means to legislate and the wil to execute the laws so that the peple may not suffer oppression. This then is the field I would call on you to cultivate: to supply the statesmanship so necessary for state and nation. To do this requires the least apparatus but the greatest grasp of mind, and acquaintance with conditions and especially with human nature. Nor must that eloquence be lacking which is able to sway the multitude into acquiescence with the broadest and deepest principls of guvernment,—in other words, the wisdom to devise the best, and the art to make the multitude accept it as such. Nor need the students of one of the smaller colleges shrink from such and expectation for it was not Harvard but Dartmouth whos alumnus, Daniel Webster became Amreica's greatest orator and constitutional lawyer.

For man is more than schools and mind is superior to apparatus and institutions. Abelard was a university in himself and our own poiltical history points out the same truth when it supplies us with Calhoun an alumnus of Yale, with Clay "the mil-boy of the Slashes" and Lincoln "the rail-splitter" of Illinois. Neither Wittenberg, the cradle of Lutheranism which boasted a Luther and a Melanchthon, the "praeceptor Germaniae," nor Halle the seminary whence Muhlenberg was sent forth in the faith like Abraham of old to becum the patriarch of our church in the new world, wer among the great universities of Europ yet what great works hav they accomplisht and how far reaching has been their influence! May not this institution bearing his honord name carry out the famous Homeric command "Aien aristeuein kai hupeirochon emmenai allon," "aim at highest honors and surpas" its "comrades all"? May it not send forth those who shal "Stand first in worth as in command" and "Ad new honors to their nativ land"?

Our relations with the Far East hav alredy becum very complex and wil in the near future present the most momentous and complicated questions for adjustment and solution analogous to those of ancient Rome in her conquest of the Eastern and Northern nations. The Philippines may becum our Alps and Rhine, and other Aguinaldos may arise and becum our Hermans. The race question looms up large alredy, what wil it be when the great mas of the African race educated and conscious of its power, shal demand equality before the law, and equal opportunity—a square deal in life! Shal the Haytien massacres be repeated in the Philippines and Porto Rico and another Toussaintl' Ouverture arise in the 20th century?

Perhaps our greatest danger lurks in the enormous growth of corporate power which by its immens and rapid accumulation of welth thretns to defile the very

fountains of justice in the legislature and judiciary. The men in control of corporate interests ar the modern feudal barons—bags having replaced craggs—. It is now within their power practically to levy taxes at their wil by simply increasing the charges for their monopolistic services. To the peple it can make littl differeence whether the produce of their labor is takn as tax by the state or as profit by the employer, whether he who takes it is styled Count, Duke or Bishop, or oil-king, steel magnate, or railroad president. According to the report of the Country Life Commission the farmer is alredy handicapt by "speculativ holding of lands," monopolistic control of streams, "wastage of forests," and "restrains of trade." The first of these, speculativ holding of lands, wil develop a system of tenantry and absentee farming so long the curs of Ireland. The second monopoly of water power is going to be one of the worst evils that wil beset the farmer in the immediate future. Alredy one-third of the develop water powers of the cuntry ar under the control of a group of thirteen companies and consequently "Waterlordism" is as much feard as "Landlordism."

A beginning has inded been made in the subordination of the "Trusts" to the nation whos ceratures and agents they ar, and which is therfor greater than they, but awful strugls await us in the setlment of the relations of the corporations to the state, which wil test the acutest legal talent, and call for the loftiest statesmanship. For they rely on and ar fortified by legal rights and privileges often obtained by corrupt means and immoral practices and carried far beyond the intentions of the peple and the state that granted them. They ar without dout the greatest if not the most imminent dangers to our fre institutions. Look at the facts as they stand revealed in the news of the day; the common peple discontented, envious of the rich, destructiv and murderous strikes everywhere; the agents of corporate welth ostentatiously displaying their welth and power trusting in their influence to procure them immunity when they violate the laws both human and divine.

The rapid increas of the urban population and the consequent transfer of the ownership of the soil to those who do not dwel upon and cultivate it, ads to the difficulty of the situation. It is a condition similar to that of Rome in its decline, and that of France on the eve of its great revolution, and unles ameliorated wil and must lead to like results, and consequences for the stability of guvernments rests on the rural population which has ever been conservativ while the cities ar and hav been turbulent. Then ther is finally the oft recurring conflict between those that toil and those that reap, labor and capital—the unions and the corporations—which like Banquos gost wil not down, which is and wil be perennial; but its regulation has as yet hardly been undertaken. Both parties hav no dout grievously erd and wil er agen for this has been the strugl of the ages, more or less of every age, and out of it hav grown the cancers and the tumors in the body politic for whos removal the peple in their feverish frenzy hav resorted to the awful surgery of wars, revolutions and assassinations. It is sumtimes loudly proclaimed that we ar a law-abiding peple, but necessity and despair of justice know no law, and

Gefaehrlich ist's den Lewen zu wecken,

Verderblich ist des Tiger's Zahn;
Jedoch der schrecklichste der Schrecken
Das ist der Mensch in seinem Wahn.
Which I hav attempted to English
Dangerous 'tis to rous the lion;
Destructiv is the tiger's tooth;
But the most terribl of terrors
Is man possest by seeming truth.

The Boston Tea Party was hardly according to law nor the firing on Fort Sumpter in obedience to an act of Congress. When successful such movements ar calld revolutions, when unsuccessful rebellions. The rebels of Lexington, who fired the shot herd round the world, became the patriots at Yorktown, the annlversay of the destruction of the Bastile is a French national holiday and Cromwell has his monuments in bronze and stone. Indeed altho "the least that can be acknowledged of law is that her seat is the bosom of God and her voice the harmony of the world all things in heven and erth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care and the greatest as not exemt from her power." Yet thru the perversion of her machinery and of human agencies and minsters, her forms hav a constant tendency towards the advantage of the powerful few and the consequent oppression of the impotent multitude. The genius of Rome put off the evil day for centuries, and imperial England may rival or even surpas her, but only by so adapting her laws to changed and changing conditions and so administering her statutes that justice shal hav her eyes bandaged indeed to the distinction or condition of those who invoke her protecting care. Let it be your peculiar ambition young men of Muhlenberg to so study man and history as to qualify you to so legislate and so administer the laws that the multitude may never hav caus or reason to trampl them under foot as a corrupt and putrefying agency in the hand of tyrants.

The education for this the highest and noblest kind of politics, of service to your cuntry is not supplied by the alembic of the chemist, nor the battery or the motor of the electrician but must be obtained in a large mezure from the study of history including in that, literature—the history and literature of your own, but also of other, yea of all lands. For it would indeed be a flaw in nature if that which Arnold calld the highest erthly work, in which erthly power shows likest God's, the work of guvernment, wer best performed by blind ignorance or hedlong force or by a cunning which belongs almost as much to brutes as to man." The minds of the great statesman of the past hav all been fed and stimulated thru one channel or another with the great tho'ts of those who had gone before them. It is wel to look back to those shining lights of heroic times and thence each inspiration for patriotic action and sublime devotion. Is it not possibl that a group of students of Muhlenberg may bind themselves by a revolution like to that of a circl of German students at Gottingen, one of whom was Baron Bunsen, to make a vow to each other that they would perform sumthing great in their lives and like them fulfill their erly vows? Let it be yours to say like Themistocles the Athenian when sum one handed him a lute on which to play at a feast: "I cannot fidl but I can make a small town a great city." State we would say).

And ther is yet another and a greater advantage derived from the study of history—the acquaintance with moral greatnes as exemplified in the great char-

acters portrayd in its pages. Our age so thoroly commercialized does not afford spectacular exhibitions of moral heroism —no Luther at the diet of Worms, no Thomas More to ascend the scaffold for fidelity to the doctrin of his church, no Lattimer who by burning at the stake trusted to light such a candle by God's grave in England as should never be put out. All the more necessary it is then to see them in the panorama of history. For the good tho'ts, the good deeds of those who hav been the salt of the erth, and the light of the world do not perish with their departure,—they liv on stil. Whaever ther has been of high-minded justice, of unselfish patriotic self-sacrifice, of saintly devotion, stil influences to lofty moral resolution. The heroes of mankind ar the mountains, the highlands of the moral world, and to be with them is in a degree to be on the mount of transfiguration. "Surely," exclaimed Sir John Herschel, if the worst of men wer snacht into Paradise for only half an hour, he would cum back the better for it." He would be immezuarbly elevated abuv all meannes therafter.

The leaders in political tho't must be educated, for as Bacon "the wisest, brighest, meanest of mankind" thre hundred years ago experst it "the general counsels and the plots (planning) and marshaling of affairs cum best from those that ar lerned." Hence the schools must study and teach politics, the political sciences statesmanship.

For the great powers ar welth, intelect and muscular strength—money, brain and brawn. Two of these united will dominate the third. To-day the service of the intelelct is to an extent entirely too great at the command of welth. To continu it so, is to invite the violence of the third. When, to the multitude, life ceases to be worth living, the nation perishes. When the laws and institutions of the country ceas to care for its toilers, they wil ceas to die for it.

To meet and solv the political problems of the future I would therfor especially commend to you the study of the history and literature of Germany, for the modern world is the Germanic world whos molding principl is fredom as the essential attribute of the human mind and the rightful heritage of all men. Its influences hav hitherto been chiefly pedagogic—it has been the world's schoolmaster to bring it to fredom—personal and religious fredom, not puritanic, nor legalistic but the fre assent and allegiance of the spirit. Protestant tho't is and has been essentially Germanic. Hear the voice of the German Luther, the hero of the Reformation: "You ar to be gided by the following principls: That we ar to compel no one to believ: that we ar not to establish any laws on this point: you are by no means to adopt any compulsory law: let them choos their own ways." Wher is more explicit doctrin in favor of religious fredom to be found than this in the preface to Luther's Smaller Catechism of 1529 a century befor Roger Williams, and Lord Baltimore or even our own William Penn.

As Rome derived its filosofy from Greece and refined its religious conceptions by contact with Hellenic culture, so must "the greatest republic in history" look to Germany for its social and spiritual culture for ther, stil, as in the days of Tacitus, loyalty and bravery ar cardinal virtues, the word once pledged is proudly kept and "vice is not laught at, and to do evil with evil doers is not scoffingly calld "being up to date."

For strenuous mental effort and intellectual progress Germania still stands fore most of the nations, and her United States or Germany present similar conditions to our United States of America. Had the statesmen of the south meditated upon the destructive and desolating—the awful—wars of Germany as a consequence of its being divided into a large number of would-be-independent states. they would hardly have pushed their state rights theory to the extreme of succession—to the attempt to disrupt the Union.—and Webster's, our greatest orator's vision of "broken and dishonored fragments of a once more glorious union, of states severed, discordant, belligerent, of a land rent with civil feuds or drencht with fraternal blood" would never hav becum realty.

Let it be Muhlenberg's peculiar glory not only to show the large influence the German fatherland has exerted in the life and civilization of this country—to remove the errors that ar current in our historical literature, largely writn from the English point of view, not that what is writn is not tru, but that it is not the hole truth—to claim for the German American element the honor and the prais due to it and thus to make the truth known to the world and contribute to the enlightment of the nations by pointing out whence the principals of personal fredom so gloriously triumfant in the onward movement, of American civilization, hav been derived, but also to establish here an institution in which German filosofy shall be cultivated to the enrichment and rectification of American life in the future, and this wil, of cours, necessitate the thoro and enthusiastic study of the German language and literature. Hear what noteworthy statements concerning the valu of a German language Great Britain's embassador the Hon. James Bryce made in an addres at Milwaukee. "Speak German and retain for your children the blessings of bi-lingual education." "It is a great advantage in life if one has the command of more than one language, especially when the second language is one so largely spoken and contains so rich and splendid a literature as the German." And as the power of the highest and deepest thinking is intimately connected with and largely dependent on language, communion with her thinkers in their own language is essential to intellectual leadership.

Take the first of all theology. Consider how largely our religious life is simply German translated and modified it may be but yet essentially German, especially in doctrin. Even other denominations than those who joined in presenting the Augsburg Confession, that great Protestant 'Bil of rights," to Charles V., ar drawing their inspiration from German sources. The same is true of the science of mind. Our students of psychology do not go to Oxford or Cambridge nor even to Paris so much as Berlin, Heidelberg, Jena and Leipsic. Our educators sit at the feet of Froebel, Pestalozzi, Herbart, Beneke, Lotze and Wundt and study Weber's laws and Fechner's psychofyics.

We fail to understand a peple if we do not understand its language; for so intimately is the life of the former bound up in the latter that with its extinction, the nation dies. England became a unit after Norman French was married to Anglo-Saxon and the fruit of that language became the English language. On this ground can the political warfare waged agenst the retention of its language by a conquerd peple be

justified by the French, the German, the Russian and the American peple; and defended on their part by the conquerd peples.

But theology and psychology condition the filosofy of a peple, and as man's highest attainment is necessarily religious—his attitude—his conscious relation to God, so the filosofy of Germany must be ignored by those who lay down and promulgate the tru standard of American life, those which contribute most to man's welfare and God's glory.

Here the German stands foremost among Europeans in his esteem of his wife as such of the home maker—the mother of the family she is his help meet for him, the sharer of his joys as well as his sorrows and in Stauffacher's Gertrude we may see how patriotic and self forgetful she assumes this role. But she shares his honors too. Even in our Penn. German counties the markers in the walls of the pioneers' houses bear the names of husband and wife—an eloquent and honored testimony to her share in the creation of the permanent home of the family. If convinced of the moral influence of honest toil, he expects her to work in the field or hous, it is not for him but that the family may prosper and she escape the temtations of social life often so destructiv of its welfare. Not in oriental seclusion nor for mere amusement is she to liv, but as the Kaiser put it for Kueche, Kinder und Kirche—kitchen, children and church; with her husband in his gayer hours as wel as in the severer strugls. And now in conclusion: Be it yours then to fasten your tho'ts not on the passions and parties of the brief to-day, but on the hopes of the long to-morrow—Be not swayed by the ignoble multitude nor by the popular sofistry of the demagog (the danger to which yung men ar peculiarly exposed in a country guvernd by majorities) but rather say with the grand old Roman Victrix causa Diis placult, sed victa Catoni, —'Tis better you hav foukht and lost Than never to hav fought at all, or as one f our own great statemen consoled himself when defeated for the presidency. "I would rather be right than be persident."

Go forth then to your academic life, and study to admire what is admirabl in the life of any peple, to adore what is adorabl, to follow what is noble in any character, to remember any such exampls with which we hav becum acquainted whether in the life or literature of our own or other countries and thus to keep alive before us the ideal of human nature and essence of the Divine nature, thus to liv and act is the tru identity of the life of man and God is the tru communion of Saints. But you must not despair, you must rather adopt for your slogan the exultantwords of the victorious Caesar: Spe trepido: hand umquam vidi tam magna daturos. Tam prope me Superos: camporum limite parvo Absumus a votis, or as they have been parafrazed in English:

"I tremble but not with fear but hope,
As the great day reveals the cuning scope:
Never in erlir days our harts to cheer
Hav such bright gifts of Heven been bro't so near;
Nor even has been kept the aspiring soul
By space so narrow from so grand a goal."

THE RENAISSANCE IN THE STUDENT'S LIFE.

BENJAMIN L. GROSSMAN, '09.

Our life is marked by periods of transition. As everything in the Universe passes thru various stages in its gradual development, thus also every individual, from his cradle to the grave, is constantly undergoing a series of changes both physically and mentally. We come forth into the world senseless, entirely dependant on others, much inferior, in this respect, to animals; for, the latter are at their earliest stages able to help themselves.

Yet we do not remain in our early stages of ignorance and helpnessness. Very early in our child-life we are endowed with certain powers and faculties. We see in the child ample room for development of his immature powers. And soon this is realized. From the crude period of childhood we pass to the period of youth. New ideas begin to flow in our minds; we begin to grasp the value of things; we now see meaning and significance in the things about us; in short, all our powers are gradually unfolded from a state of unconsciousness to a higher stage of self realization.

We are not yet fully developed characters. We need the fine, complete and finishing touch of education. It is at this time that we begin to think about self-culture and self-education. The more we think of it the better we are convinced that we cannot exist without such a preparation for life. And truly it is so. Ignorance finally causes ruin. It is true that people without culture, having no appreciation for the beautiful, the true and the good, still enjoy a life, that, to them, seems worth living. However, after some consideration we find that it is not so. People of that type generally cannot and do not enjoy life in the true sense of the word. Aside of the fact that they cannot analyze things, judge and discriminate them with the nice and keen perception as the educated mind would naturally act and respond, they are almost without exception satisfied with their lot. They imagine they have nothing higher to long for; they have no higher aim or goal to reach than that they have already attained. There is, therefore, no ambition for improvement or inspiration for a higher life and higher ideas.

Such a life liberally means stagnation. It is a life based on no ideals. Such a life can have no value to a sane and clear thinking mind. It lacks the essence of a "life worth living."

On the other hand we have the educated man. He is the man that understands life. His senses and feelings are trained and will very readily respond to anything noble and good. But again in the eyes of our materialist, basing everything on the cash value of dollars and cents, I concede, he may not be the man of the day. He may not always readily exchange a pound of his knowledge Troy for a pound sterly Avoirdupois. But he may also possess ideas whose value cannot be paid in gold. And this, after all, constitutes the true life.

When we think on matters of this kind, we must concomitantly think of the college education. For it is now the great instrument of gaining knowledge in every conceivable field. It is

not a monestary of learning secluded from the world for its own sake, but it is rather a microcosm with avenues opening to lofty ideal paths and also to the ordinary, well-trodden and practical high-ways. It does not keep istelf aloof from the world continually meditating upon clestial problems and Kantian theories. It teaches life by living it over, as it were.

Thus we are obliged to undergo a "new-birth". We are born in a new world of ideas. We are nourished by them and constantly grow with them. Thus the newly born Freshman is diligently and lovingly nursed by "Alma Mater". This benevolent nature has her eye on the child's future. She, therefore, exerts all her energy for the child's welfare. She watches most attentively and most eagerly the progress he makes from one stage to the other. It grieves her, then, when her former ignorant child, at a later period, assumes the attitude of the all-wise Sophomore, altho in reality he is "wisdom-foolish". Yet she is greatly comforted when, at a still later period, he becomes the deliberate Junior and partly begins to recognize the Socratic immortal formula "know thyself". Her joy is without bound when she is finally able to see her child fully matured; self-composed and self-possessed, calm and deliberate; having almost a complete knowledge of self; knowing his short-comings; and seeing the innumerable trees of knowledge before him of which he was only able to taste a few luscious fruits. This is the result of the college education. It indeed does more. It makes a man attractive and desirable. It teaches him "Menschenlehre" or the practical pschology of men. For this quality alone the value of the college training cannot be overestimated. No other department offers such a splendid opportunity to the study of human nature.

Let us then encourage the college education and bring it more into prominence. Let us convince our opponents that the college does not deteriorate the student's character, but that it rather improves, elevates and inspires to lofty and noble ideals. Then and only then, if we have a better insight in the college life; if we be ready to admit the blessings it brings and aid it in every manner possible; will we have a generation of cultured men and a nation of high and noble minded individuals.

MOONSTRICKEN.

DENNIS RAFFERTY, '11.

The following, incredible as it may seem, is nevertheless a true account of the events of this day, which lead up to my setting out with O'Hara on a seemingly irrational expedition.

I had been lying around all morning wishing that something might happen. I reflected on the sameness, the dull monotony of my life, and as I meditated there stole over me a vague premonition that a change was imminent. Various trifling engagements, as usual, occupied my afternoon. When I returned to the house at six, I found, pacing the floor of the drawing room, Dr. O'Hara, the eminent scientist—Frank O'Hara to me, an old schoolmate and an occupant of an adjoining suite.

"If you will pack up quickly," he said, turning toward me, "we shall start for the moon to-night."

I regarded him with unfeigned astonishment. This was not the grade of humor I was accustomed to hear from him. Then the terrible truth struck me.

"That's all right, Frank," said I soothingly, rising and attempting to lead him to a sofa. "I shall do anything you please. Yes, we shall start for the moon at any time you wish."

"Now, see here—" he began, refusing to sit down.

"Yes, Frank, I know just how you feel about it," I said sorrowfully. Alas! How I should miss jovial old Frank O'Hara with his wonderful intellect and ready wit. A case of mental strain, poor fellow. Another wreck of a once monumental mind. What a loss to the world!

"Jefferson Davis Cahill," roared he, "I shall convert you into mince meat if you continue this ill-timed exhibition of your preverted ideas regarding humor."

Alarmed, I determined to procure aid, for I had heard it said that men who have suddenly gone mad, become violent even to their dearest friends. To this end I started toward the door, remarking that I wished to get something from my bedroom.

"But what about the trip I proposed?" asked Frank aggrievedly.

"Yes, of course. I am going now to pack up."

"Here are some things necessary to pack," said Frank, handing me a list of articles. "Meet me at the street door at nine-thirty prepared for a long journey."

My first impulse was to deliver Frank at once into safe-keeping. But a vague suspicion that perhaps he was attempting some new sort of practical joke deterred me. This suspicion was strengthened by the fact that he appeared perfectly normal at dinner.

About half past nine, with heart heavy at the thought of his collapse, I descended the stairs with two suit cases packed with articles of raiment, implements of personal embellishment, and the miscellaneous articles that Frank had commanded me to get. He was awaiting me with his well-worn Gladstone in hand.

"We shall go to my 'shack'," he said briefly. "There is where I have set up my Lunacar."

On the way to his "shack", as he called his workshop in the outskirts of the city, he attempted to explain to me the construction of his machine and the

principles upon which it acted. As I am, luckily, not a scientific man, the impression made upon me by his discourse was about the same as if he had recited selections from the earlier Kamchatkan poets. All I remember from the jargon of phrases and words *scientifique* is that he frequently mentioned potassium hydroxyl, and that for a week previous he had been experimenting with the metaphosphates of iridium.

We entered the workshop. A sudden sadness smote me as I surveyed it and reflected how soon this room would probably become the property of some rich dabbler in chemistry, to whom the vast, unexplored fields of science were on a level with the fields over which he was accustomed to pursue the fleeing fox, or as the polo-field—a mere playground —a "killtime."

"It is on the roof," said Frank. Come on."

The night is cold even for February. There is not a cloud in the sky. Countless stars gelam on the heavenly dome, Luna is just rising and almost overhead Orion flashes his everlasting sword. Somehow, out in the great immensity, O'Hara's proposition becomes less incredible. Who knows? Perhaps——.

The Lunacar rests in the centre of the roof. It is exactly spherical in shape, about fifteen feet in diameter, with an exterior of bluish-black metal that is nameless to me, probably an invention or discovery of O'Hara's. A triangular doorway leads out onto the roof.

We enter. The sphere is in reality two spheres with a vacant space of about five inches between them. A segment of the sphere forms the floor.

As Frank explains, there are three reservoirs in the interior, which concern the motion of the sphere. The first two contain fluids with atrocious names, the last contains water. As I write here within the infinitesimal ball which is about to carry us perhaps to eternity—we hope to the moon—I am convinced that Frank is no more mad than I. No he is sane. But to the moon——

"The first two fluids when combined from O'Hara, so called in honor of one of my ancestors,' he is saying. "This fluid has not before existed on this planet since it solidified. It exists on the moon, however. In fact, the side of the moon turned away from the earth is almost entirely composed of it, if my conclusions are correct. This is due to the fact that it has a remarkable repulsion for terranium which composes the magnetic center of the earth.

"When the earth was still in a gaseous form, by intricate chemical changes these two metals were evolved. The terranium, which existed to a much greater extent, gathered around the center because of its marvelous magnetic properties. The O'Hara, on account of its repulsion for the terranium, flew off into space carrying considerable other earthly matter with it. It skewed away until the repulsion exactly balanced the attraction. The O'Hara swung around to the opposite side while the other earthly matter occupied the trrestrial side. This was the moon. That explains why we see only one side of the moon. Under the floor, there, is a quantity of terranium. To regain our mother planet, we merely expel the O'Hara and fill the vacancy with water. The terranium carries us back."

In spite of myself, O'Hara's explanation impressed me with irresistible logic. In a short time I shall have left behind all that I ever held dear. All my friends and associates will know me no more.

90254

Good bye, Mother Earth; I may never set foot on you again.

I shall attempt to put this record where it can be found easily, probably in O'Hara's safe.

JEFFERSON DAVIS CAHILL.

Note.—The above not was found in the safe of Professor Frank O'Hara, whose laboratory was destroyed by fire on February 13, 1907, at 11.19 P. M. The blaze was prevented from spreading to the other portions of the building by the timely action of the firemen. The relatives of Mr. Cahill and Professor O'Hara have given them up for dead.

Several persons testify to having seen a large object on the roof of the Professor's laboratory about the twelfth and thirteenth of February, and Mr. Barney O'Donaghue, who was employed by O'Hara, testifies that, while returning from a meeting at the Blue Lion, he saw a gigantic meteor. He was engaged in supporting a lamp post which seemed to him about to fall, when, turning his face toward the western sky in the direction of the laboratory, he was astonished to see a meteor sweep across the heavens.

LITERARY.

Since this is the first edition of the Muhlenberg for the Collegiate year the usual criticisms can not be made. The editor of this department wishes to call attention to a matter of importance and is strongly seconded in his appeal, by the other members of the staff.

In studying the various phases of our College life we find that the Athletic teams, societies and other organizations are pushing forward with a new spirit. Why should not the Muhlenberg follow.

Gentlemen, the great field for the literary man today is the short story.

The past year has fully proved that ability is not lacking. It seems that the students expect the Editor-in-Chief to compose instead of compile the monthly. Supposing fifty per cent. of our men are on the foot-ball field. There are still fifty men or more left. If such a number of men cannot give us a story or two for every edition, you should not expect the few editors, who undoubtedly have other interests, to write up an entire "Muhlenberg."

Fellows, let the foot-ball spirit be infused in your literary efforts and let us have a paper that will equal our standards in other affairs of college life.

OUR ALUMNI.

'69. Rev. Prof. R. F. Weidner, D. D., LL. D., has spent the summer "resting and vegitating on the French and Italian Rivieras and on Italian Lakes and in the Alps." He sails from Trieste Sept. 2nd, touching Greece, Sicily and Spain and reaching Chicago in time to greet all the old and new students at the opening of the Chicago Seminary." Report says he continues to improve in health. *The Lutheran.*

'70. Rev. William K. Frick, D. D., Milwaukee, Wis., is the English Secretary of the General Council of the Lutheran Church of North America.

'72. The Rev. J. G. Schaid, pastor of the Saltsburg, Pa., parish, was killed by a train on the West Penn railroad at 10 o'clock Friday morning, August 6, 1909. He was about to cross the tracks when an east bound freight approached. Stepping back, he waited until the tracks were clear; then apparently without looking back he started to cross the tracks directly in front of a work train going west. This train struck him and hurled him to an almost instantaneous death. The body was prepared for burial and removed to the home of Mr. Thomas R. Johnston, an officer of St. John's church. Here the remains were view by hundreds of sorrowing friends who had been won during the brief pastorate of nine months. Rev. Schaid's family reside in Atlanta, Ga. His son came to look after his father's affairs and to carry out the family's wishes in reference to the burial. This necessitated the holding of the funeral services at 8 o'clock Sunday morning. In spite of the early hour the church was filled with those who came to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed. The Rev. C. D. Miller, of Avonmore, Pa., conducted the funeral and preached the sermon. The interment was made on Monday at Cumberland, Md.

The Rev. J. G. Schaid was born near Cumberland, Md., July 30, 1846. He attended Muhlenberg College and the Philadelphia Seminary, graduating from the Seminary in the class of 1875. His first pastorate was Knoxville, Tenn., where he labored for twelve years. For a time he was president of Mt. Pleasant College near Concord, N. C., and pastor of the college church. Failing health compelled him to relinquish this position. For a time he taught in a college at Conover, N. C., but was compelled to go to the country. For a few years he was pastor of a country church in South Carolina. The last ten years in the South were spent as pastor of the church at Waldhalla, S. C. Early in 1908 he came to the territory of the Pittsburgh Synod to canvass a number of congregations in the interests of Dr. Gerberding's "Life of Dr. Passavant." While engaged in this work he was called to the Mason county charge in West Virginia. He labored here but a few months. In November, 1908, he took charge of the Saltsburg parish. During the few months of his pastorate he succeeded in a remarkable degree in putting new hope into this difficult parish. By faithful labors he adder a large number to the membership. This success was due to his tireless labors as a pastor, which labors were not confined to the members of his church but were extended to those who had no church relations. By these ministrations he

won the name in the community, irrespective of church connection, of a true Christian gentleman. The little churches of which he was pasto rare staggered by this unexpected blow but are turning to the proper synodical officer for the help which will preserve the results of Rev. Schaid's work and add thereto.

The Lutheran.

'74. Captain James L. Schaadt and wife have returned from their usual summer trip abroad. This year they spent considerable time in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, especially on the northern coast of Africa.

'74. Silver, Burdett and Co., of New York, have recently published "The Progressive Road to Reading", of which series of readers Dr. Edgar Dubs Shimer, District Superintendent of New York City, is one of the editors. We can most heartily congratulate the editors upon the contents of the books, and the publishers deserve great praise for the excellent illustrations, the large type and the artistic binding of the volumes. The series is the out-growth of regular class-room work in Public School No. 147, Manhattan, New York, and can not be too highly recommended for the literary value of its selections which are largely taken in simplified form from the legends and the folk stories of the classics of childhood.

'75. Rev. Charles H. Hemsath is the very energetic Superintendent of the Porto Rican Missions of the Lutheran Church.

'76. Rev. S. E. Ochsenford, D. D., having resigned the English chair at Muhlenberg, after a most faithful and conscientious service of ten years, has been appointed substitute for Rev. Frank F. Fry, '85, Rochester, N. Y., for the next six months. On account of a very serious operation Rev. Fry has been granted leave-of-absence for the above mentioned length of time. The best wishes of students and authorities attend Dr. Ochsenford as he again enters the active ministry.

'77. Rev. Prof. J. Sander, D. D., our faithful reporter of Scandinavian news from abroad, has resigned as superintendent of schools in the county of which St. Peter is the county seat in Minnesota, in order to accept the presidency of Colburn Academy, Mulberry, Ind., the election to which position has already been announced in these columns. Dr. Sander is an Eastern man, having graduated at Muhlenberg College and the Philadelphia Seminary. He has lived in St. Peter since 1885, having gone to Gustavus Adolphus College at that time as one of the professors in that excellent institution. During the time he has been in St. Peter he was instrumental in founding the English Lutheran Church of St. Peter. The local press of St. Peter gives a full column appreciation of his work as an educator in a recent issue. *The Lutheran.*

'78. The Rev. Charles L. Fry, D. D., preached the sermon at the Pocono Chautauqua, Sunday morning, August 15th, and took advantage of the opportunity to see how the equipment of the grounds would be adapted to the use of our own Summer School. Mount Gretna is also given consideration. At the last commencement Wittenberg Colleges honored Mr. Fry by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Wir gratuliren, Herr Doktor.

'78. After teaching five years in the Groff Preparatory School, New York, Prof. Oliver J. Schaadt has been elected Professor of Modern Languages in Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida.

'83. Rev. William A. Sadtler, Ph. D., has resigned his position as professor in Bethany College, Lindsborg, Kansas.

'84. At its last commencement Augustana College, Rock Island, Illinois, conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Rev. Samuel G. Weiskotten, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a very enthusiastic member of the Board of Trustees of Muhlenberg College. We especially appreciate it when other institutions honor the sons of Muhlenberg and we congratulate Dr. Weiskotten upon his new honor.

'85. Rev. William Hoppe has resigned as pastor of Salem Lutheran Church, Bethlehem, Pa., to accept a call to Charleston, South Carolina.

'85. Rev. A. Miles Mehrkam has moved from Columbia, Pa., to Rochester, Pa.

'85. Wilson K. Mohr, Esq., Allentown, Pa., was one of the representatives of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of Pennsylvania to the Sovereign Grand Lodge.

'88. Rev. John M. Wenrich, formerly of Stoutsville, Ohio, has been installed pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church at Wapakoneta, Ohio, by Rev. William A. Beates, '72, President of the District Synod of Ohio.

'92. Clarence Beck, Esq., Easton, Pa., has entered into a legal co-partnership with P. C. Evans, Esq., under the firm name of Evans and Beck, attorneys-at-law.

'92. Prof. J. Richmond Merkel has left Bridgeton, N. J., to become Superintendent of Schools at Kingston, Pa., at a salary of $1600 a year.

'92. We are glad to be able to report that Leo Wise, Esq., City Solicitor of Allentown, Pa., is rapidly recovering from an operation recently performed on him in Philadelphia.

'94. Rev. Edwin S. Woodring is pastor of Christ United Evangelical Church, 12th and Oxford Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. His address is 1622 North Willington Street, Philadelphia.

'93. Edwin J. Moser, Esq., a rising lawyer of Chicago, recently visited friends in the East.

'95. Prof. John E. Sandt, having resigned his position in the East Stroudsburg Normal School, is now head-bookkeeper for one of the large cement companies at Nazareth, Pa.

Captain Thomas L. Rhoads, M. D., Surgeon in the United States Army, has been assigned to duty in one of the large hospitals in Washington, D. C.

'96. Rev. Paul Z. Strodach and family spent a part of their summer vacation in Allentown. During his stay Mr. Strodach, who is a Lutheran pastor in Canton, Ohio, preached two excellent sermons in Christ Lutheran Church.

'97. Rev. Gomer B. Matthews, pastor of the First English Lutheran Church, Cleveland, Ohio, has resigned. His resignation was accepted with deep regret. During his pastorate of almost three years the church debt, amounting to more than eight thousand dollars, has been wiped out, and an organ costing two thousand one hundred and seventy-five dollars was installed. This is likewise almost paid for. Rev. Mr. Matthews has accepted the call to become the Financial Secretary of Thiel College. His work will have special reference to the one hundred thousand dollar fund for Greater Thiel. *The Lutheran.*

'98. Rev. Charles G. Beck now is pastor of the Lutheran Congregation at North Wales, Pa.

'99. Dr. William A. Hausman, Jr., has taken possession of his fine new home, 1116 Hamilton Street, Allentown, Pa., where he will be glad to greet all his old friends and many new ones.

'99. Rev. J. O. Henry is the Superintendent of the Orphens' Home at Topton, Pa.

'99. We congratulate Prof. Ambrose A. Kunkle and wife, of the Allentown Preparatory School, upon the addition of a fine boy to their hitherto limited family circle.

1900. At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees, Prof. Robert R. Fritsch was elected instructor to give all his time to the college. He attended the meeting of the National Educational Association recently held in Denver and thence continued his trip to the Pacific Coast.

1902. Lawrence H. Rupp, Esq., Allentown, Pa., delivered the opening address of the Allentown Preparatory School.

1903. John B. Geisinger, formerly principal of the Bethlehem, Pa., has been elected to a position in the schools of Dubois, Pa., at a salary considerably larger than that which he received at Bethlehem.

1903. R. Lorentz Miller has been elected Cashier of the Emaus, Pa., National Bank.

1903. Upon their return from a honeymoon spent in Europe, Rev. C. D. Trexler and wife have taken up their residence at 328 73rd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1904. Rev. J. Franklin Keller has changed his residence from New Ringgold, Pa., to Fogelsville, Pa.

1904. Miss Helen Moyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Moyer, of No. 2 North Tenth Street, and Warren F. Acker, the organist of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Allentown, Pa., were married at 6 o'clock last evening. The ceremony was performed in St. Paul's Church and the pastor, Rev. George A. Greiss, was the officiating clergyman. The bride is the soprano soloist of the senior choir. Both the senior and junior choirs participated in the musical program and J. W. Prescott presided at the organ.

After the ceremony the wedding party went to the home of the bride, where a reception was held. After the bride cut the wedding cake in the most approved style she declared it was time to put on her traveling dress. Mr. Acker said he would do the same. After waiting an hour the guests inquired about the newly-wedded pair only to find that they had been outwitted. The bride and bridegroom went to the roof of the bride's home and went to the home of Henry J. Gackenbach, at No. 34 North Tenth street. There they had been spirited away in C. C. Keiser's automobile. They were taken to Easton, it was later learned, in the automobile. There they boarded at rain for Ocean Grove. This will be followed by a stay at a bungalow at Laceyville along the Susquehanna. They will be at home after September 1st at No. 11 South Ninth street.

The bride was attended by Miss Bessie Kline as maid of honor, and Misses Estelle Peters, Erman DeEsch, Miriam Boyer and Florence Mager as bridesmaids. Miss Irene Lentz was the flower girl. The bride's wedding gown was of white messaline with veil, while the bridesmaids were attired in pink and the maid of honor in pink and white.

Rev. Lee M. Erdman, of Reading,

was the best man, and Ralph Kline, Charles Webb and J. Myron Shimer, of this city, and Charles Smith, of Ossining, N. Y., were the ushers.

Mr. Acker is a graduate of the Allentown High School, Class of 1900, and of Muhlenberg College, Class of 1904. He obtained his musical training under J. W. Prescott, of this city, and S. P. Warren, of New York, and has been organist and choir director of St. Paul's Lutheran Church for the past six years. He is also assistant director of the Arion Society, was for a number of years director of the Muhlenberg College Glee Club, during which period that organization won distinction in the musical world. He is a member of Allen Commandery, Knights Templar, Barger Lodge, F. and A. M., and Allentown Lodge, No. 130, B. P. O. E.

The bride is a vocalist of wide range and ability. She is well known and has a host of friends whose well wishes follow her.

Chronicle and News.

1904. Charles A. Haines now has a position with the Bethlehem, Pa., Steel Co.

1005. Dallas H. Bastian is teacher of English in the Business Department of Temple University, Broad and Berks Streets, Philadelphia. His home is at 632 North Frazier Street, Philadelphia.

1905. The engagement of Claude G. Shankweiler to the daughter of Hon. M. C. L. Kline, '74, of Allentown, Pa., has been announced. He is building a cozy bungalow on South Sixteenth Street, Allentown.

1905. Rev. Levan O. Sigmond after spending his vacation at his old home in Norway, is now studying theology in the University of Erlangen, Germany.

1907. Harold K. Marks teaches Vocal Music in the Allentown College for Women.

1908. James W. Anthony is Principal of the Emaus, Pa., Public Schools.

1908. Fred. L. Coleman and Herman D. Whitteker, '09, took a trip to England in a cattle steamer, during the past summer.

1908. Frank H. Marsh holds a position in the Danielsville, Pa., National Bank.

1909. John S. Albert is Assistant Principal of the Sellersville, Pa., High School.

1909. Dallas F. Green and a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard T. Heimbach, of Allentown, were married during the summer vacation.

1909. Frederick A. Marcks is now teaching in the High School of Nazareth, Pa.

1909. Paul M. Reed is a reporter on the staff of the "Morning Call" of Allentown, Pa.

1909. Ralph R. Rudolph is a student in the Lutheran Tehological Seminary, Gettysburg, Pa.

1909. John G. Schumaker is teaching in Salisbury township.

1909. J. Warren Fritsch and William B. Shelly are teaching in the Allentown Preparatory School.

1909. Warren A. Ziegenfus is teaching in the Tamaqua, Pa., High School.

EDITORIALS.

Again the school bells are ringing and the pupils are summoned to their books. Not only does this month of September bring with it the ringing of bells and the summoning of pupils, but it also brings the students from far and near to their college home, where again they resume the many and varied duties of college life. It is the month in which many of the college men, at least those who have not yet had a taste of college life, realize as probably never before the truth which John Howard Payne expressed when he wrote "Home, Sweet Home". It marks the opening of another year of duties and opportunities. As we are thus confronted by these many and varied opportunities and duties, let us not forget to exercise care, lest we permit too many of these golden opportunities to past unnoticed and too many duties to pass undone. Let us remember that only so much of an education is profitable and can really be called our's as we can utalize for some good purpose. We are living in an age of great specialization. There is danger that we be carried away with the spirit of the times. At the beginning of this new year it may be well for us to guard ourselves against such tendencies with regard to the various departments found in college, lest we give too much of our valuable time to one at he expense of another, but that we may give each its due share and come out well rounded.

At the fifteenth anniversay of the graduation of the class of 1894, Muhlenberg College, held at the Livingston Club, the members decided to donate annually to the Athletic Association of their Alma Mater, the sum of $100.

At the Elks' Club the class of 1899 held the second quinquennial reunion since graduation. At the same time and place the class resolved to place a clock in the tower of the Administration Building before next commencement. Let us hope that this project will be carried out bright and early. These classes are to be highly commended for their action. May others follow in their foot-steps. The spirit of loyalty which they manifested is one which should arouse in our alumni and student body a similar spirit.

We again welcome Dr. Bull as our foot-ball coach. We trust that he will meet with great success in the training of our men. We realize that we have an interesting and perhaps hard schedule before us, but with the aid of such a reputable and willing instructor it is our belief that we can meet it with credit to the school.

We also welcome in our midst as instructors: Nils A. Olsen, who has been appointed instructor in history to succeed Prof. Jacobs: Henry D. Bailey, who was appointed instructor in Biology to assist Prof. Reese; H. Milton Ellis, who was selected as one of our instructors in English; Robert Metcalf Smith, who was also selected as one of our instructors in English and last but not least, we would welcome our honored Professor of Science, Prof. Reese, who, after spending a year at the University of New York, is again ready to take up his former work.

On Thursday morning, September 9th, Muhlenberg College opened her forty-third scholastic year. A large num-

ber of students, alumni, officers and friends of Muehlenberg, had gathered in the chapel to witness this event. At about 10.15 o'clock the faculty, headed by Dr. Haas and Prof. Buehrle, marched into the chapel. The opening services were then conducted by Dr. Haas, after which he introduced Prof. R. K. Buehrle, Superintendent of the public schools of Lancaster, who delivered a very able and instructing opening address. Immediately after the morning's exercises Prof. Reese, in his jolly, but earnest and enthusiastic way, addressed the student body on the subject of foot-ball. He gave us some idea of the problems we are about to face, telling us of the opportunities that we have to develop ourselves under the able and authoritative instructor, Dr. Bull. He laid especial stress on the work of the "scrub man", telling us how he aided in the developing of a team and urging every one to be out and give his earnest assistance in some way or other.

This issue of "The Muhlenberg" marks the advent of a new staff. As has every other department at Muhlenberg, so the "Muhlenberg" has gradually developed and grown, that to-day we can feel justly proud of the same, and we feel like saying many thanks to the preceding staffs for their faithful endeavors to accomplish the same. We ought to feel that a great responsibility rests upon our shoulders. It aught to be our desire to main the present standard and not only to main it, but even to improve on it, but this we can not do by ourselves, but we must have the support of the student-body, as well as of our alumni. There may be many who will consider themselves incompetent to assist us in this work. May those bear in mind that it is "by doing that we learned to do." Others again may hesitate to contribute to these issues, for fear of criticism. It is true, we are living in a very critical age, but let us remember that it is only those, who fearless of criticism will push on, those who will use criticism as stepping stones to success, that will eventually win out. We indeed would encourange criticism which endeavors to elevate, instruct and further the best interests of the object in hand. This issue has been somewhat delayed. It shall be our endeavor to have all succeeding issues out by the fifteenths of the month. All persons wishing to contribute should have their material in by the first of the month.

Reed '09 and Fasig '09 will take post-graduate work this collegiate year.

On September 9th, before the break of day, the Sophs posted the town. Better yet.—they all escaped the iron hands of justice.

Dr. Bull (at the mass meeting): And you fellows, who don't try for the team, come out, and by thunder, root like **the—the—**?

Hesitation on the part of the coach, followed by laughs from student body.

Dr. Bull (jocularly): Well, by gad, fellows, you know what I mean.

Dr. Wackernagel (to Seniors): Gentlemen, you will write an essay in German, by Oct. 15th on what you saw at the Allentown Fair.

Huyett '10: Yes, but Doctor, we shall put the side shows in the foot-notes.

EXCHANGES.

The new editor of this department enters upon his duty at this, the beginning of the year, with a fealing of both pleasure and obligation; pleasure, because he entertains the certain hope and pleasure of examining a host of well ordered and well regulated school and college journals which must fall into his hands by virtue of his office; obligation, because he has the most important department of the whole journal. Through the medium of the exchange department we do not only get a glimpse of the literary ability of our com-patriots in the cause of education, but we get a well grounded idea of what is being done beyond the narrow circle of our own sphere. Athletics, Literature, Music, Art and Education are phases of the college world covered at least adequately if not thoroughly by a school journal.

It is perhaps not a bad policy in this, our first issue, to give a review of all the exchanges received in this department throughout the previous year.

Suffice it to say that the editor greets every one with a hearty welcome and expresses the hope and wish that all will return to our fold. The editor also wishes to give a standing invitation to all such school journals that may be strangers to our department to join us in the great work. "One good turn deserves another," is an appropriate maxim.

Following is a list of exchanges received during the term 1908-09:

The Touchstone, The Roanoke Collegian; The Comenian; The College Student; The Albright Bulletin; College Clips; The Ursinus Weekly; The Narrator; The Red and Black, (Beth. Prep. School); The Red and Black, (Reading High School); The Breeze; The Mirror; The Review; The Seminary Opinator; The Buff and Blue; The Perkiomenite; The Hall Boy; The College Folio; Res Academicae; The Mercury; The Sketch Book; The Susquehanna; The Canary and Blue; The Midland; The Thielesian; The Junto; The Karux; The Argus; The Nautelus; The Blue and Gold; Delaware College Review; Purple & White, (Allentown Prep.); Weekly from the Hillman Academy; The Quill; Literary Magazine; The Sorosis; The Courier; The Comus; Our Tattler; The School Journal; Normal Vidette; College Mercury; The Monthly; College Breezes; Washington University; The Penna. State Farmer; Swathmore Prep. School Quarterly; The Normal School Herald.

It was a dark night. A Fresh came walking along the cemetery without the regulation cap. Beyond the switch, he ran into several Sophs, who noticing his confusion, decided to have some fun, and told him to climb a certain telegraph pole. Altho he experienced great difficulty in ascending the somewhat slippery pole, he finally reached the top. On reaching this point the Sophs commanded him to read the sign nailed there. Finding but one match in his pocket, he lit the match carefully and in the ensuing glimmer read:

(*WET PAINT.*)

ATHLETICS.

FOOT BALL 1909.

We are again upon the threshold not only of a new college year but likewise upon the threshold of a new year in Athletics. All that we can say in regard to the success of the year will be prophecy but we trust that this will be a most brilliant year for the cadinal and gray.

By the time that this issue reaches our readers our boys will again be on the gridiron. We are indeed quite positive that a large number of the fellows will come out and try for the team. True it is that not all can be varsity men but we need a good "scrub" team that will make the varsity positions uncertain. This will cause every man to use every particle of his energy. Last year Dr. Bull was obliged to play the majority of the regular men too hard. We trust that our coach will not be handicapped in this way throughout this foot-ball season. Who can prevent this disadvantage? We answer by saying, each fellow who has the strength and health to fight for the cardinal and gray. The athletic conditions in a small college are so widely different from those in the larger institutions. We cannot select a team from a large student body but must select from possibly a few hundred. We can therefore readily see that each fellow must feel that even he is a power on the gridiron.

A word to our alumni at this time would surely not be amiss. We might have the loyal support of our students while the support of the Alumni would be wanting. In the past this has been a great hindrance to our athletics but we are glad to say that things have changed. The Alumni are now beginning not only to patronize us at the games, but are at the helm of the athletic association. A year ago the writer heard one of Muhlenberg's loyal alumni say "We do not need to go to Philadelphia to see a good foot-ball game. We can see it right here." We hope that more of our Alumni will be able to say the same. That is the spirit that enables Princeton and Yale to turn defeats into victories. We therefore trust that the alumni, students and friends of Muhlenberg will give us their undivided support thruout this athletic year.

OUR "M" MEN WITH COACH BULL IN THE CENTRE.

But this article would indeed not be complete without mentioning that we are again glad to announce that the Athletic Association has again succeeded in engaging Dr. Bull, the renowned foot-ball player and coach, who will again direct the affairs on the gridiron. We are quite sure that if he will have loyal support we need not fear the success of our foot-ball team.

We have indeed lost a number of last year's men by graduation. The team must be, to a large extent, composed of new men. As one looks over the students he sees a husky looking bunch of fellows who will supply the vacancies. A number of new men will be on hand from the Junior and Sophomore classes. The following is a partial list of men who will try for team positions: Katz, Temple College, Philadelphia; Kohler, Kutztown Normal; Chester Abbott, New York City; Charles Beer, Perkasie High School and Allentown Preparatory; William E. Brant, Central High School, Philadelphia; Earl Bush, Royersford; Bert. David, Perkiomen Seminary; Walter Groff, Sellersville, prepared in a Massachusetts Preparatory School; Paul Kerstedder, Allentown Preparatory; Harry S. Klingler, Butler High School; Robert F. Kline, Allentown; Harvey L. Reno, Allentown Preparatory; M. H. Richards, Lancaster High School; Albert Skean, Pottstown High School; Henry A. Wacker, New York City, and Messrs. Kiever, Hummel and Savacool of the Sophomore class.

We would extent our congratulations to those who had charge of the arrangement of the schedule. It is the best schedule that Muhlenberg has ever had and as can readily be seen is not by any means easy. The schedule follows:

Oct. 2.—Webb Academy—Allentown.
Oct. 9.—Medico-Chi—Allentown.
Oct. 16—Jefferson Medical—Allentown.
Oct. 23.—Susquehanna Univ.—Allentown.
Oct. 30.—Franklin & Marshall—Allentown.
Nov. 6—Temple University—Allentown.
Nov. 11—Rutger's College—New Brunswick, N. J.
Nov. 13—U. P. Freshmen—Allentown.
Nov. 20—Wyoming Seminary—Kingston.
Thanksgiving Day—Carlisle Indians—Allentown.

BOWL FIGHT.

The bowl fight between the Sophomores and Freshmen took place on Tuesday afternoon, September 14. The day was very warm but the classes did not lack courage. Although the Freshmen were outnumbered by their superiors, yet they made a plucky fight. Fink was bowl-man for the Sophs, while Reno acted in that capacity for the Freshmen. At the sounding of the whistle by the referee, Ruloff, the two classes clashed. There was a considerable amount of see-sawing for a while but finally the Sophs succeeded in touching the Freshies bowl-man and won the first half.

The second half was full of activity. Both classes tried to get the largest number of hands on the bowl. When the whistle blew at the end of the second half it was found that the Sophs had twenty-two hands on the bowl while the Freshies had four.

The Freshmen-Sophomore foot-ball game will be played on Saturday, September 17th. A good game is expected owing to the large number of men in the Freshmen class who will try for the varsity.

PERSONALS.

Coming—The Foot Ball Season.
Going—To get used to the new Profs.
Gone—Vacation.

Just arrived, but not registered: The foot-ball "dunung".

The Senior Class elected the following officers: President, Martin S. Kleckner; Vice-President, Karl L. Reisner; Secretary, Jacob H. Horn; Treasurer, John M. Aberly; Monitor, Josiah A. Werner.

Putra '10 expects to enter the Mt. Airy Theological Seminary this month, and will not graduate with his former classmates.

Morning, a member of the class of 1910, has been elected assistant principle at the Allentown High School, in which capacity he will serve for at least a year.

Miller '10 and Yerger '10 are the newly elected proctors.

In the locker room as overheard by an upper classman:

Fresh (behind locker): Hello Jim.

Soph (amazed): Who is it?

Fresh: This is Beer.

Soph (very gently): Pass it over this way.

The scholastic year opened on Sept. 9th with an increased number of new students. All classes but the Seniors have received accessions. The following new men entered the Junior Class: Robert F. Kline, Allentown, Pa., and William E. Brandt, Philadelphia, Pa.

The new accessions to the Sophomore Class are: George P. Stump, Phillipsburg, N. J.; Joseph M. Kuder, Lehighton, Pa.; Walter Rentschler, Kutztown, Pa.

The following compose the class of 1913: Chester I. Abbett, New York City; Phares Beer, Perkasie, Pa.; Earl Bush, Royersford, Pa.; Bert. W. David, Lehighton, Pa.; Elmer F. Deibert, Orwigsburg, Pa.; W. F. Drehs, Sassamansville, Pa.; Joseph M. Geissinger, Allentown, Pa.; Claude E. Green, Aquashicola, Pa.; Walter E. Groff, Sellersville, Pa.; Ralph P. Holben, Allentown, Pa.; Charles E. Keim, Nazareth, Pa.; Paul F. Kerstetter, Auburn, N. Y.; Harry S. Klingler, Butler, Pa.; Clarence E. Kline, Garwood, N. J.; Walalce F. Knerr, Frederick, Pa.; Alfred J. Kohler, Kutztown, Pa.; William Katz, Philadelphia, Pa.; Edgar W. Kohler, Egypt, Pa.; Raymond J. T. Larash, E. Salsburg, Pa.; John E. Laub, Egypt, Pa.; John I. Meck, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mark C. Rabert, Rockdale, Pa.; Conrad J. M. Raker, Shamokin, Pa.; Harvey L. Reno, Allentown, Pa.; Mathias H. Richards, Lancaster, Pa.; Theodore J. Ritter, Centre Square, Pa.; Luther B. Scheehl, Utica, N. Y.; W. Clarence Schlegle, Shamokin, Pa.; Albert Skean, Pottstown, Pa.; Mathew Smith, Emaus, Pa.; Quintin W. Stauffer, Alburtis, Pa.; Henry A. Wacker, New York City; Frank M. Weida, Allentown, Pa.; Fred. H. Moyer, Allentown, Pa.; Charles Price, Reading, Pa.; Chas. Esser, Kutztown, Pa.

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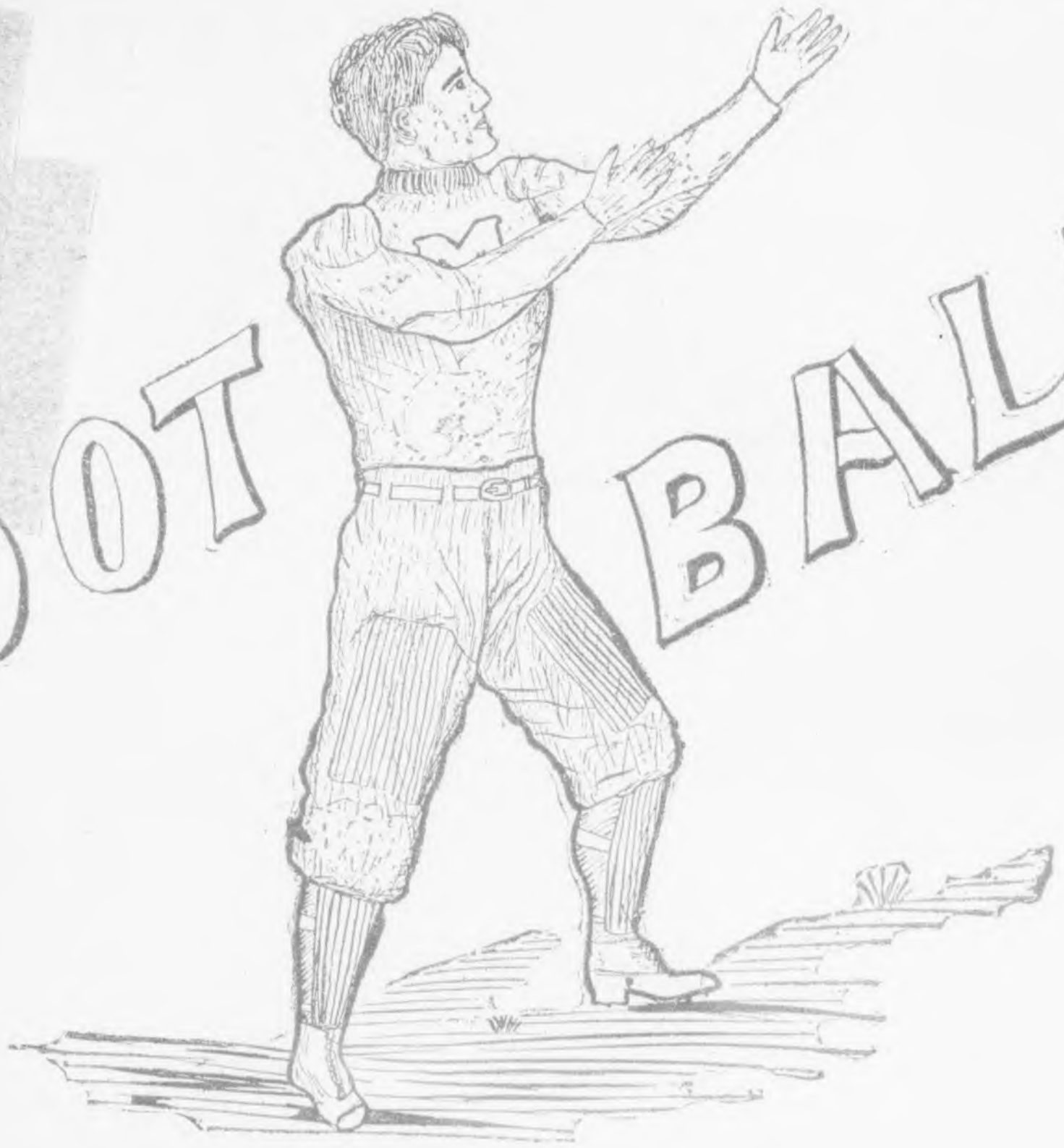

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. . . CHANGE . . .

(From the German:—Schiller.)

Behold, here I lie on the brook's shiny pebble,
I welcome the wave coming on with its treble,
Coquettishly pressing my deep-yearning breast;
Soon levity ushers it down in the current:
I'm stroked by a second,—that too, non-recurrent:
And thus, if delights ever change, it is best.

But thou art so sadly and vainly prolonging
Each dear fleeting hour,—but a short-lived belonging,
Because a fair maiden thee feign would forget:—
Return in your course, former time, to the present!
The second one's lips to the touch are so pleasant,
The loss of the first scarcely merits regret.

J. W. FRITSCH, '69.

FINAL CAUSES.

HERMAN D. WHITTEKER, '09.

In the treatment of a subject with the scope of Final Causes, one can scarcely hope to do it justice in the limited space of an ordinary essay. As a subject in itself, it not only deals fundamentally with biology, geology, anatomical construction, in fact with every manner of subject that examines into the nature of the material universe; but, combines with these, the results of all philosophical discussions. It does not stop here; for, taking up the philosophical thread, it enters the field of ethical discussion. Finally, to uphold its position in a logically consistent manner, it endeavors to show, as clearly as possible, the existence of an Omnipotent, Omniscient Intellect. The contest must be fought out entirely upon the vantage ground of the opposition, in whose ranks are numbered some of the keenest intellects the world has ever known. Their hypothetical strongholds must be torn down; and sound logical structures reared in their stead—structures, not only forming links in the proof of Final Causes, but capable of withstanding the most determined attacks. This is the subject matter of Final Causes.

Historically it leads us back, thousands of years, to the days of Socrates and Plato. This famous master and his still more famous pupil are but little concerned in the great discussions. Socrates himself disavowed all interest in the study of nature; tho he did pause long enough to marvel at her remarkable consistencies. Plato binds up his teleology in his theory of Ideals. Matter, he says, is equivalent or identical to space—is composed of homogeneous corpuscles of definite geometrical shapes. Creation is teleological. Nature has its end in man; for him all things were created. Such in Plato's position—altogether idealistic and totally lacking in empirical confirmation which the exhaustive investigations of his great contemporary revealed.

Aristotle is the real promulgator of the principle of Final Causes. His researches covered almost every known field of human knowledge. His influence for over a thousand years was absolute; and is still felt, even to our present day, much more than modern philosophers care to acknowledge. Nature is instinctive, says Aristotle; art is preconceived. "Art works from without; nature from within." "The end or purpose is the very principle that makes her act, and preexists in principle in the organisms produced by her." He sums it all up in the single statement: "Nature does nothing in vain."

With Immanuel Kant, we go deeper into the subject. In his Critique of Judgement he discusses the problem of Mechanism and Teleology. On the one hand, he stands firmly on the basis of Final Causes; on the other, he declares that the impossibility of the Mechanical explanation cannot be demonstrated. He overcomes the dilemma very gracefully by accepting both principles. In the Aesthetical or Subjective and the Teleological or Objective, he distinguishes two kinds of Finality. As a theory, however, he regards it as purely regulative—a hypothetical clue for investigation.

The Hegelian School would not ex-

plain this world by a Pure Mechanism. There is, of a surety, a Finality; but this is unconscious. To say that nature works unconsciously toward harmonious ends is not absurd; for have we not, in the instinct of animals, the requisite evidence? This is in part a history of Finality.

The Final Causes found in human arts indicate the ends for which men act. The Efficient Cause for a work of art is to be found in the material of which it is constructed and in the labor required in the construction. The Final is the End for which the inventor conceived that particular work of art. The evident finality in the artificial productions of man lead to a desire to prove the existence of a Principle of Final Causes outside of man, in the relm of nature in general; and to deduce such a principle thru legitimate analogical methods.

We will not stop to discuss or question the validity of the analogical method. One has but to pause a moment to think and he will readily discover the abundant faith that man puts in such proof. Beyond Descartes' "Cogito, ergo sum" lies the world of analogy. We compare our sense perceptions with those of other creatures who have, in outward form, an appearance almost identical with ourselves; and, finding in this comparison an enormous generality of agreement, we proceed at once to standardize. We agree to call this part of the spectrum Blue, because, after investigation and experiment, we find that it seems to affect our optic nerves in much the same way. And this is analogy. The world outside of us is built upon analogy.

In defining Final Causes, Janet has apparently allowed, for the moment, the objection of the Hegelian School by indicating the principle as "an effect, if not foreseen, at least predetermined; and which, by reason of this predetermination, conditions and dominates the series of phenomena, of which it is, in appearance, the result." But, as Janet himself says, a better and more philosophical definition is that of Bossuet, who says: "All that shows order, proportions well chosen, and means fit to produce certain effects, shows also an express end, consequenlty a formed design, a regulated Intelligence, and a perfect art." It is the marvelous order in the universe, the well chosen proportions used as means to produce certain ends that first led men to the discovery of a Principle of Final Causes. The evident dependence of cellular combinations upon the use for which certain tissues, let us say, were intended; the conformity of special tissues to the production of certain muscles; and the orderly and necessary arrangement of the muscles for the end, Hand, indicate a design so marvelous that it can be attributable to nothing less than a Supreme Intelligence.

The two great opponents to the defenders of Final Causes are the advocates of Pure Mechanism and of Unconscious Finality. Mechanism would make of this world an infinitude of fortuitous combinations of which the present universe is the surviving result. That is to say, the chance coalition of atoms, or what-not, has produced this gigantic system of order and beauty. To what extent can this doctrine of chance be relied on?

Every phenomenon in the present demands a cause in the past. This does not mean, however, that all phenomena are causally connected in one great un-

broken chain. There may be a variety of chains or series of which each phenomenon may be an original link. Between these various chains there may be no connection whatever; but the crossing of two series, even a number of times, may result in certain coincidences which we are pleased to designate by the term, Chance. If, however, the coincidences resulting from the intersection of two such series should continue a great number of times, the explanation of mere chance will at once be rejected and a sufficient reason for the resultant phenomenon will be required. The constant repetition of certain phenomena belonging to two or more distinct series, whose interesction has almost or quite invariably resulted in a definite end, has never been attributed to chance. Upon the truth of this rests the law of all progress.

The objection is now advanced that this merely proves an Efficient and not a Final Cause. To what end do ecrtain events occur? 'To what end is this mountain rounded and that one peaked?'

It is to be acknowledged that Final Causes do not dogmatically demand the recognition of all with regard to every thing, condition, or circumstance as in the case with Efficient Causes. This is the very thing that argues, we might almost say strongest in the proof of Final Causes. With some things we simply trace back from cause to cause until we find their local origin. At this point we stop, satisfied with the results attained. In other phenomena this is not sufficient. Our attention is almost forcibly directed to other than the mechanical cause of its origin. In the works of man we are not contented to investigate simply the Efficient Causes. To what end was this machine made, we demand. Knowing that in our minds certain ends are to be associated with certain actions we argue the same for those about us whose actions indicate similar ends. That is, we see in present effects agreement to future ends. So great is our faith in man's unfailing action toward an end that, from the roughest implements of stone or bronze, we build up the life and customs of a prehistorical humanity.

In nature this very same proceedure is observed in the production of organisms. Is it not wonderful that the hidden process of germination produces a living machine in exact conformity and agreement with conditions which that machine must meet in the future? Even apparant discrepancies, after investigation, have strengthened the cause of Finality. Can this be Chance? In the law of organic correlations is brought out the interdependence of systems—the digestive upon the circulatory; the circulatory upon the respiratory and so on. Throughout there is a remarkable concordance that demands an explanation, which the fortuity of Pure Mechanism cannot satisfy.

Having now observed in human art, which we use as our model, correlations of means to ends; and having founded thereon an indisputable law of Finality; we preceed to see if, in nature, we cannot detect a similar principle. Any objection to this is dissolved if we but stop a moment to consider that man and nature are not two opposing systems. Man is not outside of nature, but is essentially a part of it. Furthermore, "not only is man within nature but his acts and works are within nature and thus human industry itself is within nature." (Janet). 'In how far save de-

gree do man's habitations differ from those of the animal; his methods of satisfying his wants; his means of protection, and the like? Would you have an engineer? There is the beaver. Would you see the most perfect working out of a difficult geometrical problem? Examine the cells of the bee.' If we object to the legitimacy of this analogy we must deny in our fellow-men any conformity of means to ends; and that is absurd.

But man, it is said, acts intelligently for specific ends which animals attain thru the agency of a certain subtle unknown power called Instinct. 'We have here, then, an unconscious Finality; but a Finality nevertheless, 'and that is all we desire at present. Again comes the objection: an end ceases to be an end as soon as the Intelligent suprevision has been removed. 'This is the gerat stumbling-block for the advocates of Unconscious Finality.' "This argument does not avail, however, against those who admit an ordaining Intelligence." 'It is not necessary that the Intelligent or creative cause reside within the machine.' In instinct we see the attainment of the ends thru the wisdom and foresight of a directing Intelligence.

If, then, in those actions called instinctive, whose activities are external, we see present means fitted to future ends, can we not prove, in like manner, that the same principle exists in those internal operations which we call Functions? Do not internal organs perform work analogous to the external works of man? Functions are controlled by the same natural laws which govern the works of man. Can we say of the one: means to ends; but of the other: simple fortuity? Instinct has regard mainly for the organs of locomotion; while functions refer to those internal operations which tend to the preservation of the subject. Yet do we not, by external and artificial means, frequently extend the internal functions, Again, some functions, which are internal to some, are external to others.

'Here, then, we descend from man, whose actions are external and conscious, thru animals, in which the action is external but unconscious, to organic operations, whose workings are both internal and unconscious.' The German objection, that Human and Natural industries are external and internal respectively, do not impair the analogy between their various activities. Carrying the argument still farther, even tho man manufactures his own implements for accomplishing his activities and nature finds her's already prepared, is there any fundamental difference in the principle of construction in which both regard their materials as means to be adapted to future ends? If anything nature is more selective than man in the construction of her machines. Bone cells are not found in muscle tissue; neither does man use wood to make a razor blade. Thus, from the conscious industry of man down to the unconscious construction of organic tissues, we have an analogous descending series, all uniting under the one purpose—the adaptation of present means to future ends.

The great objection of the Mechanist to the arguments of the Final Causist is what appears to him to be an a priori fallacy. We go upon the supposition that nature ought to create certain organic combinations; and, upon discovering that she actually does, we at once argue Final Causes. That is to say: we make an end for nature, a priori, where no end was intended.

We deny without the least hesitation the accusation of an a priori fallacy; and claim that we do not seek to prove the validity of our position thru any such justly questionable means. Let us start with pure facts. The truth of Final Causes in the realm of the human intellect is undoubted and undisputed. The Mechanists themselves virtually acknowledge it when they object to our analogies on the ground that it is not permissible to pass, in comparison, from man to nature. Allow, then, the relm of inorganic nature to the advocates of Mechanism. If, here, we can produce, simply by mechanical contrivances based upon the doctrine of chance—for, no matter by what ingenuities they may try to cover up the weaknesses of this monstrous hypothesis, it still remains, if they are true to their colors, the fundamental element in their theory—if, I say, we can, by such means, produce the wonderful and complicated organizations whose unimpeachable systems and harmony first began this argument; why not such a combination that, altho resembling the habitat of the ego and the ego itself in its activities, still, is totally void of any such abstract elements as feeling, thinking, willing, and the like—in other words, a pure automaton? This would be no more marvelous than all other contrivences attributed to the fortuitous combination of atomical substance.

Again, on what basis can you argue the origin of the nebula, its rotation, or the automatic combinations in the production of what we see about us as the universe. If you say that there is no origin to the primal substance, but that, upon the evidence of the indestructability of matter, all exists from eternity into eternity, you have no more explained away the difficulty than if you had said: The universe exists because it exists. If you say: in virtue of Mechanical and Chemical Laws, you not only abandon your position but revert to that of Final Causes. If you say: a vital principle, then you argue a moving and combining force which is the very thing that Final Causes seeks to prove; and thus you fail in the attempt to smooth over a very important difficulty by the use of some indefinite and indistinguishable term. There are but two horns to the dilemma: either Mechanism must destroy iteslf by appealing to a Vital Principle or to a coordinating and originating system of laws; or it must reduce itself to the absurdity of life based upon the principle of fortuity.

At this point we come to the new impulse in human learning and scientific investigation, known thru its most famous advocates, Darwin and Spencer, as the doctrine or law of Evolution. This, it is claimed, interposes to Final Causes an insurmountable difficulty and completes the triumph of Pure Mechanism. Let us see.

In reference to this so called doctrine of Evolution M. Janet asks: "In what does this doctrine consist?" and then proceeds to the explanation as follows: "Nothing in nature is produced at all in a complete or furnished form—nothing begins in the adult state; on the contrary everything commences in the infant or rudimentary state, and passes, by a succession of degrees, thru an immensity of phenomena infinitely little until it at last appears under its precise and determined form, which in its turn is itself dissolved in the same manner by a regression of phenomena analogous to the progress that produced it, which is called the Law of Integration and Dissolution." Everything is subject to this law.

Now what is the difficulty which this new hypothesis presumably interposes? 'It is not our purpose here to discuss the truth or falsity of the doctrine of Evolution.' Let us acknowledge the doctrine as explanatory, to a certain extent, of material things—there is a great deal of truth in it; but in no way does it explain an ordaining and coordinating principle thru which the elements are urged and directed in the composition of every variety of combination. In this connection Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace says: "I still maintain that, given the fundamental properties of living protoplasm and the hidden powers of life, natural selection affords a full and sufficient explanation of how all the varied forms of organic beings were developed." And that is all that Final Causes requires. Given the fundamental properties of living protoplasm and the hidden powers of life; given a rotating nebula; given this and given that it is not a very difficult undertaking to build up a hypothesis explanatory of the origin of this world-system. 'But that is just Final Causes and nothing else.'

Again, in justice to Dr. Wallace, let us further quote: "But we may hold this view and yet maintain that the great facts of nature, viewed in their entirety, compel us to recognize a power and a purpose in the vast world of life, that the organic forces and laws are its manifestations, and that without this conception of purpose and foreseen result the whole cosmic process becomes unmeaning and unintelligable." There is the whole situation in brief from the hand of a recognized authority; and the entire statement definitely and decisively allies iteslf to the position of Final Causes.

Not satisfied with the field offered by zoology, Mr. Herbert Spencer must needs carry the doctrine of Evolution, with its atheistic theories, into the relm of metaphysics. To quote from M. Janet: According to Mr. Spencer, "Correspondence and coordination are the two constituent characters of life." 'These are explained by the laws of Adaptation and of Integration respectively.' Which is to say that Mr. Spencer's elements are endued with a certain mysterious power to adapt themselves to certain conditions. How, on this hypothesis, can that learned philosopher call the belief in a Vital Principle, ordaining and coordinating all, "unphilosophical—a shaping of ignorance into the semblence of knowledge!" We should like to know what Mr. Spenecr himself is doing. What is this "power to adapt," this law of coordination?" Mr. Spencer has apparently unwittingly built up his hypothesis on an absolutely necessary vital principle; and as long as he appeals to some indefinate, indeterminable force, power, or law, in virtue of which all has been coordinated, just so long does he argue for Final Causes. In effect the theory of Evolution without this vital directing principle amounts to nothing more than, as M. Janet puts it, "a theory of fortuitous combinations under a more learned form."

Finally, in reference to this purely mechanical Evolution, let us again quote Dr. Wallace: "Every attempt to explain these phenomena—even Darwin's highly complex and difficult theory of pangenesis—utterly breaks down; so that now, even the extreme Monists, such as Haeckel, are driven to the supposition that every ultimate cell is a conscious, intelligent individual, that knows where to go and goes there!"

These unavailing efforts to explain the inexplicable, whether in the details of any one living thing or in the origin of life itself, seems to lead me to the irresistable conclusion that beyond and above all terrestrial agencies there is some great source of energy and guidance which, in unknown ways, prevades every form of organized life, and of which we ourselves are the ultimate and foreordained outcome." This is all that Finality seeks or asks; for this is Finality.

Heretofore, we have sought merely to prove or demonstrate the necessity of Finality to the living order and harmony that surrounds us, without inquiring into the nature of this vital principle, this force which regulates or constitutes all. It has seemed sufficient, at first, to argue simply Finality. But now, we wish to investigate very briefly the nature of this ordaining and coordinating principle.

In general, this coordinating force is described as a Supreme Intelligence. It has been so designated by Kant. According to Hegel, however, the force is an unconscious coordination of means to ends anterior to nature; which is to say that nature herself is the regulative power that produces the harmony and system of the universe.

Kant argues that all law is necessitated within ourselves by our own thinking, and not by the realities presented in nature. "The judgement contains a principle, a priori, of the possibility of nature, but only in a subjective point of view by which it prescribes, not to nature but to itself, a law—which it does not find a priori in nature, but which it admits in order to render palpable the ordinance of nature." According to this Finality is merely a pleasant deception of the senses. "The very liberty of our mind in the application of this law is the source of the pleasure we find in it." As we have said before, it is to be used merely as a hypothesis in affording the scientist or philosopher a means or clue for making his investigations.

Here Kant refuses the importance of necessity and probability. While it is true that Efficient Causes are imposed upon the mind with a dogmatic necessity; and that Finality is merely a very logical probability attained in the mind thru experience by deductions from analogous examples; still, one cannot argue from that the fictitiousness of all probability. As M. Janet has said: No one will maintain, as a constitutive principle, the intelligence of our fellow-men; but at the same time they surely will not fall into the absurdity of calling such a conception "a regulative principle and a symbolic fiction."

Again, how have we attained the idea of Finality if it be a purely subjective principle? Are there not certain conditions of order and system which mere Efficient Causes cannot satisfactorily explain? If an object, in relation to other objects, demands a further explanation is it not that object which urges us into the position of Final Causes? Herbart says, according to M. Janet: "If Finality were a necessary form of our knowledge, as space and time are the necessary forms of sense-tuition, all things would appear to us in the relation of means to ends. But no; according to Kant the help of Finality is called in when the explanation of Efficient Causes no longer suffices; it is the object itself that forces the mind to quit the road it was following. It is then the object that determines when we must apply the

purely subjective principle of Finality."

The origin and design of this world was attributed by Hegel to an Internal Immanence. The Idea was the moving force. "God was the effect of the world." This was the so-called Optimistic Hypothesis held by Hegel himself; and stood in opposition to the other branch of the Hegelian School known as the Pessimistic. Under Schopenhauer the "Hegelian Left," as the Pessimistic branch was called, advanced the theory of an Immanent Unconscious Finality, with Instinct as the representative of this hypothesis.

When Schopenhauer says: "Because Finality exists for intelligence it does not follow that it exists by intelligence," he lays himself open to the same objection that Herbart made to Kant's Subjectively, namely, why do not Final Causes, like Effiicient Causes, appeal to us in all things? To say that Unconscious Finality has the predetermination of a geometric figure—three hundred and sixty degrees in every circle; or two right angles in every tringle—is to confuse the "possibility" of mathematics with the actual "existence of things." Now Unconscious Finality, without some agency, power, or force to make it active, becomes nil. If they appeal to a force or the usual Vital Principle, that principle must contain the idea of the end toward which it tends. If it contains the idea of the end toward which it tends it becomes at once, not an unconscious but a Conscious Intelligent Force. Again, on the other hand, if it does not contain the idea of its end, we grant that this would be an Unconscious Finality; but here we revert to the hypothesis of mere chance. In effect it simply amounts to this: Immanent Finality does not exclude a separate, external, absolute, Vital Principle. "This relative immanence of natural Finality," says M. Janet, "does not imply an absolute immanence and, on the contrary, can only be comprehended by its relation to a transcendent terminus." There are presented to this hypothesis of an Unconscious Finality two horns of a dilemma, and both are destructive to it: either we must acknowledge the paradox of a conforming and combining Idea; or rejecting the Idea, we must turn to the absurdity of fortuitous combinations, in which event we have not advanced so appreciably much beyond the hypothesis of Pure Mechanism.

Up to this point we have endeavored to show the impossibility of the mechanical explanation; and together with it, under the same head, that of an Evolutionary Principle without a guiding intelligence. We have indicated how Kant's theory of Subjectivism is overthrown by the objection of Herbart; and how the basic principle of Unconscious Finality is either a paradox or an absurdity. All these theories have proven themselves utterly incapable of explaining the harmony which makes for the preservation of this universe and all that it contains. There is but one other theory to which we can revert—that of an Ordaining, Coordinating, All-Wise Intelligence.

This theory is more logical, more psychological, and more philosophical than any or all of the others. It unites all reasonable elements in the ultimately unreasonable theories into one grand hypothesis. It obliterates any suggestion of chance—an element so obnoxious to all true scientists.

From the beginning of history down to the present time no nation has been found without its religion, its forms

of worship, its subjection to a higher, mysterious, immortal power. There is in man that feeling, that longing, that grasping after a Perfect Idea, which he calls his God, that has influenced his involuntary actions in behalf of that which is just, best and noblest, not only toward himself but possibly more so toward his fellow-man. From whence does this innate tendency come? Where did man obtain this idea of a Divine Omnipotence?

We have seen that a consistent explanation of nature demands an Intelligent Cause as a Final Cause; that such a principle alone suffices to explain the universe. On the other hand, man, without suspecting thee xistence of any such thing as Finality in nature, has been, throughout all ages, worshipping a Perfect All-Wise Intelligence. The conception of God to man upon ages ago; that of Finality is not more than twenty centuries old. How else can we account for this than by the voluntary revelation of such a Divinity to humanity!

Altho admitting the necessity of an All-Wise Intelligence, Kant cannot, from the point of view of philosophy, bring himself to acknowledge the creative activity. Final Causes, he says, does not prove a Creator, but a Divine Architect only. Acknowledging the objection of M. Rabier in favor of Kant's position, M. Janet has seen fit to withdraw his declaration and defence of the absolutism of God.

While it may be true that Final Causes cannot demonstrate the creative power of God; still there are moral and philosophical considerations that cannot be overlooked, which point most strongly to such an activity. In how far can we argue the contingency of matter? To the extent that our senses permit? But how contingent are our senses, our nerve action, our mental activities? If, as Kant himself declared, all reality is an ideal composition, what is there that precludes the creation of this universe by the fat, as it were, of an Omnipotent, Omniscient Intelligence!

Troxell '12 (at noon in locker-room): Fellows, take care of those notes, they are, they are my brain.

(He certainly has a note-worthy brain.)

Fink '12—A great thing happened, Ernst had a girl.

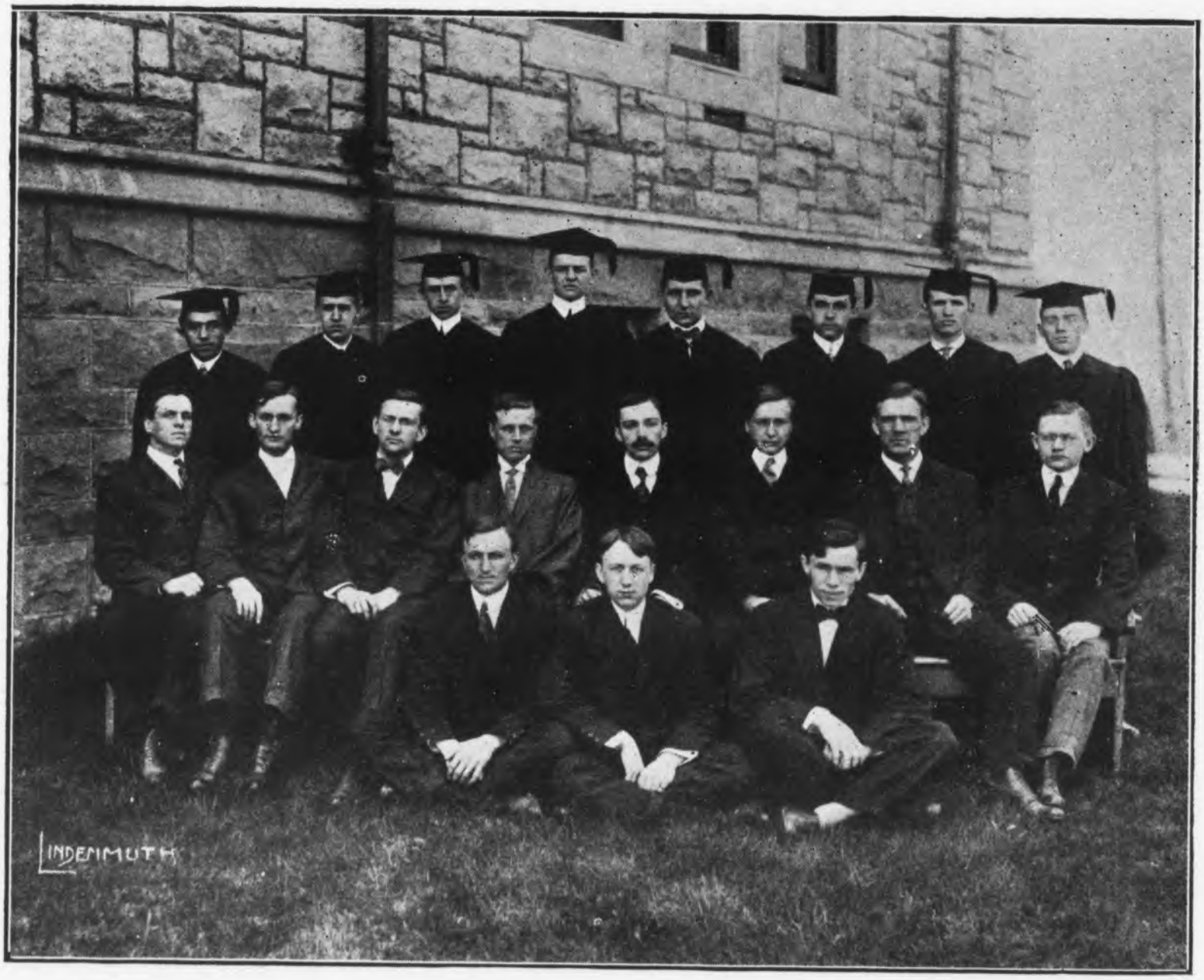
Huyett '10—Yes, but it was a pocket edition.

Dr. Haas (in Theism to Horn '10)—Did you ever see an atom in the Laboratory?

Horn '10—Well, I saw something that I supposed to be atoms.

Brossman '12—Say Kohler, do you have a "date" for to-night.

Kohler '13—Yes, but not fixed.



THE CLASSICAL CLUB.

THE CLASSICAL CLUB.

PROF. HORN.

The Classical Club of Muhlenberg College, consisting of students and professors who are interested in the Classics, was organized in April of this year. A great deal of interest was shown. At the first meeting of the club in this academic year, on Thursday, September 30th, the work for the year was discussed and new officers elected. The purpose of the association is to foster a real interest in things classical, Greek and Roman literature, life, and art. The club meets once a month. Last year Aristophanes' Plutus was read; this year we shall read Plautus' Amphitryo. A portion of each meeting will be given to the reading and discussion of papers, on Greek and Roman Private Life; while the club will also seek to gain a general knowledge of the progress made in Classical Philosophy and Archaeology. It is hoped that the discussions will be free and general. The social feature is prominent; light refreshments are served at each meeting; there will always be music, and at times some ancient Greek music as interpreted by musicians of today. At some future time the club hopes to present a Greek or Roman play; and expects to close a successful year with a Roman banquet. The interest already shown has been most gratifying. There has always been a need for such a society, where interested students, whether they are electing Greek or Latin or not, and professors can meet freely and without the restraint of the classroom; where all alike, fired by the same zeal, can show a real interest in Classical life and literature, engage freely in discussion, broaden the view, and cultivate that genial, sociable spirit which is expected of all those who have been influenced by the spirit of ancient Greece.

The classic literature is always modern.—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

Literature is the first fruit of thinking souls—*Carlyle.*

Literature is the garden of wisdom.—*James Ellis.*

WHEN SPINSTER ENTERTAINED BACHELOR.

WALTER W. BROSSMAN, '12.

I.

SOME HISTORY.

The Spinster's Club of W. had existed there for oven ten years—I say *existed*—because at times the manner in which it passed Old King Time could hardly be termed "lived," "flourished", or the like. As the name well implies this club was composed of *Spinsters,* i. e. (to interpret a portion of the constitution), such ladies as had never entered into matrimonial compacts, and, who had succeeded in existing to date without the assistance of husbands. In other words—and, with greater brevity—these respected ladies had never married, and according to their public—not private, *certainly*—statements, hoped never to marry. But, alas!—what strange frills Cupid can play.

But something concerning the history and organization of this club. In days past, a certain unmarried maid of importance—and of forty years—(now unfortunately deceased)—during a meditative moment conceived the idea that a closer union of the spinsters of W. would be conducive to much good to all affiliated with such an organization. Result: The Spinsters' Club of W.

All the unmarried maidens of thirty summers or more, simply "yearned" and "pined" for admittance until the membership of the club consisted of more than thirty of these adorable (possibly) "creatures". At that time the club was in truth in a flourishing condition—but now—must it be confessed that the ravages of time and the cruel, though welcome, shafts of Cupid had thinned the "ranks" to such an extent as to leave but six of the original odd thirty? Nothing in reply to this question but nods and acclamations of affirmatory character. It may seem strange that no new members were added, but an unexplainable eccentricity of these six, who styled themselves the "Peerless Sextette", prevented this, consequently making the members at the time of the occurence of these events number but six.

Even, although few in number, each, if necessary, would have taken refuge behind the much quoted words, "quality before quantity." But, since these six "antique damsels" are to figure prominently in this tale, possibly, it might prove of interest and certainly much in place, to name them and to speak briefly concerning such things which should be of interest to all persons—even those not intimately interested in "ancient maids."

To begin with, Miss Amanda Schnockleberger was the esteemed president of the "affair". Miss Amanda, a scared veteran of many fights with Dan Cupid, used to boast how many offers of marriage she had *.spurned.* The strange thing, however, was that she was the only one who knew of these rejected marriage proposals. Nevertheless, to give her merited credit, let it be said that her popularity had caused her friends to elect her to this exalted office in the "Spinter's Club." Also to her credit—not discredit, of course, let it be said that she was the oldest member of the club, her age having been variously estimated from thirty-five to forty-seven.

Still, no matter how widely her critics differed, as to how many years she had "breathed the breath of life", all were unanimous in conceding that she positively was the oldest member of the club. Further, it might prove of interest to know that, besides the oldest and most popular member of the club, she was also, it was frankly admitted, the greatest gossip in that organization.

However, not to bore the unfortunate readers of this article more than necessary, the author shall endeavor to be as brief as possible in making known the other members of the club. They answered to the following roll-call: Eliza Smithers, Rebecca Spinster, Maud Jones, Virgina Perry and Lemona Dickory. Not having made a personal study of these aged, yet respected dames, no attempt will be made to depict their individual characteristics (which might prove a rather difficult task even after an extended study of each individually) —but, from the conversation and actions of the "Peerless Sextette", the reader is left to form his own conclussions.

II.

THE "PEERLESS SEXTETTE" IN SESSION.

The time was the forepart of the month of December, the place was the meeting room of the Spinsters' Club (a cozy little room), and the persons there assembled were none other than the already mentioned six, assembled for the purpose of holding a regular meeting. *A regular meeting...*Oh! yes. Whenever a "regular meeting" of the Spinsters' Club was held, latest styles in dress were discussed, tea, cakes, candy and other toothsome delicacies were disposed of, while, in order to make the most of time, each would bring her sewing along. In this manner one evening each week was spent, which, as calculated by the persident was simply of immense benefit to all.

"By the way," remarked Miss Amanda Schnockleberger, who had finished her sewing and, who now, evidently, was in a conversational mood, "have you considered the fact that next week this club will have existed exactly eleven years? I think we ought to have a reception or celebration of some sort. But, great goodness, how time flies! Who would have thought it? Why, I remember quite distinctly, how many years ago,—which really seems like only yesterday to me—how when I went to public school, the teacher used to praise my brightness. And, then, when I came to high school! Goodness!—of course this needn't be repeated—but, really, I do velieve the teacher was in love with me when I *entered*. I was fourteen then. Do you know that I can't see even at this moment how he managed to refrain from proposing marriage, even before the completion of my high school course? He did afterwards. I didn't accept him, though. No sir—e-e-e. Nor would I accept any man for that matter. No married life for me! But perhaps you don't know that the dear old fellow—well, I just struck a haughty attitude and refused him, spurned him. Yes, I positively declined him."

As may readily be perceived Miss Amanda's gossiping tongue had not lost any of its cunning in a week's time (since the spinsters' last meetings and she was again—which, as previously remarked, was not unusual—busy telling how many proposals of marriage she had "haughtily refused".

"What! do you mean to say, Amanda, that you really refused James Schock-

ley. "Do you know girls, that I'm inclined to think that James Schockley never proposed at all," said Miss Rebecca Spinster in her accustomed rapid manner of speaking, and with a mischievous light in her eye.

"Well, let me—", Miss Schnockleberger began.

She was interrupted 'ere she could finish by Miss Spinster who kept on with unabated vigor: "Now, wait, Amanda, I'm not finished. What I wanted to say, is that—as I believe—if Mr. Schockley—did treat you kindly he never went to such an extent as to propose marriage—and to *you!* Why, the thing's preposterous. I always thought Mr. Schockley the possessor of at least an iota of common sense," she would up with unabated rapidity and with the mischievousness in her eyes, increasing.

"Is that so?" demanded the president of the club rather brusquely. "One would almost think that every time I relate how I refused to marry—which perhaps I shouldn't make so public—you regard 'em as—as—as—whatever you please. And propose marriage to *me!* Something awful isn't it? Even though my views are decidedly adverse to marriage, still let me say that it's not as preposterous as it may seem to *you!*"

How much longer such talking might have continued, is left to the conjecture of the reader. Happily, Miss Lemona Dickory was not slow in seeing that Miss Schnockleberger was becoming rather riled and in consequence, she concluded that the wisest thing in order would be to attempt to change the subject.

"Oh! let's drop it," said she, in an apparently discontented and authoritative tone. "As none of us is married, what in the world's the use of going to a lot of trouble, and "killing" a great deal of time simply in gossipping. I don't believe in it. But, Amanda, a while ago you said something about this club being eleven years old and sort of favored some sort of a celebration or banquet. Of course, we had one last year and must have one this year. Don't you think so, girls?" she finished and turned to each in order, to see whether silence might not be indicative of their opinions on this subject.

"Why, certainly, we don't want to be without a banquet this year," said they all in attempted unison.

"And may I suggest," went on Miss Dickory, "that we invite the Bachelors' Club that day? You remember we had an awfully dry time last year. Of course, no one of us cares for a husband, but still, *really* I think we might *really* have a much nicer time than ordinarily."—The number of "reallys" which she was accustomed to use in a few moments was almost enormous.

The Bachelors' Club of W. invited to partake with the Spinsters' Club of the latter's annual banquet! Of course! Just the thing! It certainly would be the event of the season in W. The town of W. was accustomed to but few affairs of more than common importance and the Bachelors of that town present at the Spinsters' anniversay banquet would certainly prove to W. an event of more than ordinary importance.

All were agreed that the Bachelors' should be invited to the banquet on the evening of December, the twenty-fourth. The date had been fixed thus, so that the event might properly be called an event of the Christmas Season and accordingly an invitation was written and mailed to the President of the Bachelors' Club. (To be continued.)

THE AMERICAN TENDENCY.

ROBERT R. URICH, '10.

Every question that affects the public wealth is a national question. Among the questions of primal interest to the American people is the question of political and social morality. In the ultimate analysis every problem effecting the nation is reducible to the basis of government and of social economy; of justice on the one hand and of morality on the other.

In the firmament of nations, history affords no parallel to the rise of our government. Thru an all-wise Providence, planted, as we were, upon virgin soil of incomparable richness, fanned into existence by a patriotic outburst against the tyranny and oppression of a foreign power, torn asunder by civic strife that threatened to subvert the very principle of a national integrity, reunited by the combined wisdom of a galaxy of great men; rededicated anew to the principle of peace and guided back into the channels of prosperity and national growth, our government is preeminantly entitled to the claim of supremacy in the constellation of world powers.

The American people are not lacking in patriotic fervor. The teacher of history, seeking an example of a people who loved their country, need not chronicle the heroism of those who hurled back the ambitious advance of a Persian Prince. The artist must not paint the picture of that world conqueror whose legions struck terror into the hearts of the adversary. Let him not even speak of that magnificent sweep of national feeling that stirred the heart of every Englishman; shattered the dreaded Spanish Armada and shook the throne of Spain itself.

In America every boy is rocked in the cradle of a liberty loving spirit. We do not make much of a standing army to defend our borders; but we foster a spirit that at the first call to arms sends men to the front in solid ranks. As a people we are justly proud of our commercial and industrial development. The national resources of our country have contributed their share to our internal and external progress. Our ships sail to every port carrying the products of American ingenuity and the rewards of a fruitful soil. From a struggling nation we have grown to be respected in every court of international importance. But the very impetus of our commercial and industrial development has insidiously fastened upon our society a gradual weakening of the social and civic conscience. In the intense struggle for material riches, in the demands of the strenuous life, in the competition of commercial forces for a share in the social wealth, the high ethical and moral standards, which are a nation's best resources, have suffered an alarming decline in recent years. In our eagerness to share in the material things many of us have become materialists.

There is a growing suspicion and a well-founded one, that the old standards of religious thought and altruistic dealing have been vastly degraded by multifarious influences, chief of which is this national delinquency of letting go the eternal verities for the power of the American dollar.

The socialistic unrest that breeds socialistic panaceas and the social disorder that is traceable in the current of American life to-day are the reflex of this

pernicious tendency. No economist has the temerity to assert that our ethical and religious growth has been commensurate with our material advancement. The wide awake preacher is diligently setting himself to a serious study of political and social economy in an effort to stem the tide of social and religious deterioration.

The tendency of our national and social life is not toward the church; but toward a freedom of thought and conduct that strikes at the very root of our social order.

The church whose primary business is to teach christian truth and to enforce the principles of morality upon society, has herself suffered, in the first place, from a failure to recognize the trend of social thought and in the second place from the spectacle of a part of her ministry who in a mistaken zeal for dressing the old gospel in modern clothes, have weakened the authority of the church thru sensatianalism and incompetence.

The home, upon which rests the ultimate destiny of government and which is the basis of a well regulated society, has not been exempt from the ravages of this American tendency. When the ten commandments lose their force the first blow is necessarily sustained by the home. The alarming increase of divorce in America may not be a proof of this tendency; but it is a sad commentary upon the integrity of our American morals.

This decay of ethical and religious ideals is hastened by the injudicious and godless teaching of the so-called non-sectarian, colleges and universities. Such is the poison injected into the stream of our civilization at its source. One unscrupulous expert in social science enthroned in a university chair breeds thousands of minds tinged with the claims of the new thought and the negative criticism.

The education that disregards the manifest proofs of science in its relation to religious thought is fatuous and superannuated; but that form of it which derogates from the authority of the law of God is a blow at the very fudamentals of our social structure.

The preaching that exists too much upon the doctrines of another world and eternal life and becomes recreant in demanding a more responsible and competent life here will not be able to offset the reign of commercialism and the prevalence of social disturbances.

But when men can be gotten to feel that they are socially responsible to all the moral communities the dawn of better things will come. There is no panacea for a weakened civic consciousness. The remedy if found at all must lie in simpler and saner habits of living in loftier moral principles, in the uplifting power of the evangel of human brotherhood.

The principle of patriotism will not avail to rout the arch enemy within our ranks. Standing armies are powerless to right the wrongs within the body politic. Battleships can not withstand the ravages of a nation's internal disorders.

The remedy for commercial greed and a paralized civic and social integrity is individualistic. It is the application of the principles enumerated in the Sermon on the Mount to Individuals.

The cry of the demagogue is, "down with the church and dispense with the ministry." The need of the hour is for the old creed and a ministry that is unafraid and undaunted. The world

needs to be taught that its safety lies not in sporadic eruptions of a dissatisfied citizenry and in the manufacture of utopian schemes for social amelioration but that the interests of the home, the state, society and the church are best conserved by the great restorative of law and gospel.

The reign of visionary programs for the betterment of society is ataivistic and impossible. We do not need a new plan of right living but we are emphatically in need of a return to the old and abiding way proclaimed two thousand years ago by the greatest Teacher that ever lived.

When the whole law of God penetrates the social and economic structure men will so live here as not to be terrified by the hereafter. The lawyer will so interpret the civil law as not to confound the moral law. Then will it become impossible for the jurist to frame the legal statute into equivocal tenets and an ambiguous construction. Then will it become feasible for judge and magistrate to take a fearless stand for civil order and the supremacy of the law. Such a stand would speedily banish the fetish of the unwritten law for the protection of rich malefactors in the social cesspool. What chance would there be for the man with a debased business conscience? What hope would be held out for the predatory interests which at present override? The intent of justice and usurp the prerogative of the judiciary.

This reign of commercialism, the American tendency, must be antagonized by the dynamics of God's law which calls sin sin and refuses to temporize. It is not the business of the church to teach sociology, but to announce that our business in the world is not simply to work also to worship.

To love God with all the heart and to keep His commandments is still the first duty of man. It is in the inspiration of this deathless truth that all strength and virtue lies. God is not dead. The evil to be attacked need not appall us. Evil thru all the ages reincarnates itself, is routed and overthrown and driven out of our national life and human character, to appear again in other forms and in successive generations. But each fresh incarnation, seen by the eye of faith, which alone sees right, is weaker than the last; and thru the darkness of the political firmament comes the divine assurance that God will reign till He has put all evil forces and tendencies under His feet and is truly all in all.

(To Soph, out calling on young lady): She: You don't have any business kissing me.

Soph: I don't call it business; I call it pleasure.

Kresge '12 (in Latin)—An ancient school whose purpose was to learn better English.

(How about that evolution of chronology.)

THE EUMENIDES.

BEN. HALL, '10.

The opening scene of this play is at the temple of Apollo. The first person on the scene is the Pythian priestess of Apollo. Before she enters the inner chamber she stops to offer a prayer. But as she is about to enter the door she quickly turns in horror for she beholds a murderer, as she says, and the Furies his pursuers, lying around him asleep. The ones whom she beholds are none other than Orestes and those Erinnyes, who have been following him and giving him so much fear and anxiety.

Apollo now appears accompanied by Hermes. Apollo has heard the appeal of Orestes and comforts him by telling him that he would not fail him; that he had urged him to take his mother's life, and that now he would guard him to the end. He bids Orestes go to Pallas' city and there clasp the image of Pallas that he be made forever free of these ills. He bids Hermes to accompany Orestes as his guide. They obey Apollo's command and Apollo passes within the shrine.

Upon the departure of Apollo, Orestes, and Hermes, the ghost of Clytaemnestra appears. She calls the Erinnyes, or Furies, who are still sleeping, and commands them to follow Orestes. At this point Apollo appears again. He bids the Furies to get out of the temple. After some discussion in which the Furies declare that they will pursue Orestes, and Apollo declares that he will free him, the Furies leave his temple.

The scene now changes to Athens in front of the temple of Athena, on the Acropolis. Here we behold Orestes clasping the statue of the Goddess. He declares his innocence and begs Athena to receive him. He also states that in his travels he has been in many homes where he has passed through many cleansings. Very soon after Orestes' arrival appear his pursuers, the Furies. They listen to the appeal of Orestes after which they pass harsh remarks concerning him. Athena appears in her chariot. She explains why she has come and then asks who these people are and what their purpose is. The Furies then arraign Orestes but he declares that he is innocent. Athena now states that she will select some of the citizens who shall decide this case brought against Orestes.

The scene now passes to the Aeropagos. Athena enters followed by the herald and twelve Athenians. The twelve Athenians are to constitute the jury. At the sounding of the trumpet by the herald Apollo appears. He has come, as he says, as a witness for Orestes. Athena then opens the case. The Furies bring forth their charges and Orestes explains his deed, but pleads innocence. Apollo speaks in behalf of Orestes. After some discussion Athena declares that she will cast her vote for Orestes. The vote of the jury now follows, and upon counting the votes it is found that they are equally divided. Athena's being necessary for a decision, she casts it in favor of Orestes and thus acquits him.

Athena falls into an extended and heated discussion with the Furies who threaten her. She finally succeeds in pacifying them and in persuading them to accept a shrine in her land. This

shrine shall be a cave beneath the Hill of Ares. A procession of women headed by Athens escort the Furies to their new home, and thus the scene closes "with a great reconciliation" and a general rejoicing.

This is the third play in the trilogy of Aeschylos, and forms a very fitting conclussion to it. We notice in this play very many curious and remarkable features. Among these interesting features we may note the frequent and rapid changes in scenes. This, however, is a violation of the ordinary niceties of time and place." In the opening scene we find ourselves on the rocky fane at Delphi; from this we pass to the inside of the temple, with the sleeping Furies camped about the suppliant. We next find ourselves at the Aeropolis of Athena, and then, apparently, the neighboring Areopagus.

Let us also note the extraordinary character of the chorus. Here we find that "they are not only the chief actors in the play, but are in hostility with the other players, and representing a separate principle. Their terrible appearance, their awful attributes, and the dread incantations whereby they seek to charm their victim, so impressed the ancients, that all manner of anecdotes are current as to the effect they produced."

This play portrays the final outcome of the deed of Clytaemnestra—the killing of her husband. It also brings out the influence of the oracles and the gods as held in the minds of the Athenians of that time, and even later times as well. It shows the idea, then prevalent, that the guilty shall be punished, or that sin shall receive its reward.

In this play as in other plays of Aeschylos there is a great problem around which the interest centers. This problem bears some moral or religious issue. The climax is found in the solution of the religious problem. It was a custom among the early Greeks that the nearest relative of a murdered man was bound to avenge him. To perform this duty would mean a further shedding of blood, and thus the fulfillment of a moral obligation would result in the violation of a moral law. These conflicting duties, which constitute the moral side of the problem, Aeschylos represents as reconciled by "the institution of a court, the Areopagus, which shall take upon itself the decision of questions touching murder."

The religious problem is to reconcile the commands of Apollo, the god of vengeance and the representative of the younger dynasty of gods, with the claims of the Erinnyes, who represent the older gods, and are punishers of those who spill human blood. The institution of the Areopagus fails, however, in fully reconciling the conflicting claim, but where it fails these claims are harmonized by the worship promised in the play to the Erinnyes, whose religious rites were connected with the Areopagus, and are explained by Aeschylos as "a compensation to their powers which might conceivably be regarded as resulting from the foundation of the court of the Areopagus."

THE ERROR.

ALLEN FREDERICK MARSHALL, '12.

For days, weeks and months I had been in love with Anita Clark. I adored her beauty; I admired her dignity and great sway in society; I was jealous of her family connections; and, merely as a minor consideration, I longed for the power I would attain by possessing such a vast inheritance as that to which she would be sole heir upon the decease of her maternal uncle, who was in ill health.

Aside of her what was I? My inheritance was nothing; the only possession of my family was honesty; my income maddeningly small and my awe of her was so great I had not the courage to tell her of my ardent adoration. In her presence I could only blush and stammer. And what was more aggravating it appeared to me I was only a very pleasant amusement to her. In addition to all these drawbacks I had an ever increasing premeditation which grew to actual expectation that on the morrow I would lose her.

This morning my fear that, to-day, the charming Anita might accept one of my rivals was greater than ever. The thought that at this very moment she might be pledging her future to another was distracting to me. I became frantic. Like a desperate man making a plunge for the only thread which would save him I rushed to the telephone and rang up 8741.

A soft sweet voice answered my call. How well I knew that voice. My hand, holding the receiver, shook.

"Is that you?" I foolishly asked.

"Yes, this is I," replied that sweet dear voice, "Who is it, please?"

"It's me," I said ungrammatically, "It's—ah—I, and I've got a few things that I want to say to you right now and straight to the point."

"Oh! my!" said the voice, "Oh, it's you, Mr. Brock!"

"Yes," said I, "and now to come down to brass tacks, you know of course, that I love you and have done so for a long time. This nonsense must stop immediately—that is I mean I want an answer right now. Will you marry me or not?" — "Don't hesitate, Hello, — Hello! Will you or will you not?"

"Why, Guy, — dear, of course I —will—but I can't say what I want to over the phone. Won't you please come down to the house?"

In about seven seconds I was ringing the Clark doorbell at a lively rate. The butler as if expecting my visit ushered me at once into the drawing room.

Soon I heard some one coming down the stairs. My knees began to shake. I looked around for an open door or window as an avenue of escape. But before I could determine whether there was such a means available the door slowly opened and Tessie, Anita's orphan cousin confronted me.

For a second we stared at each other, then impulsively throwing her arms around my neck she said, "Guy, why didn't you tell me about it before? I, always, thought it was cousin you wanted until you phoned to me a few seconds ago."

Looking down into her face I, for the first time, realized what a truly beautiful angel Anita's cousin was.

What glorious eyes and what a handsome crown of hair she possessed. Knowing I was in love I kissed her. This true-hearted girl, sincere in all she did had entirely wiped away all thoughts of Anita, who aside of her cousin, I, now realized was nothing but a coquette, courting the admiration of those easily beguiled young men, who, as was the case with me, could not see the fickleness under the surface of the magnetic beauty.

As you can easily imagine I never told Tessie of the telephone error.

EXCHANGES.

The editor of this department has at his elbow quite a list of exchanges, most of them, however, June issues, having come in during the summer. All of them are a credit to their respective institutions, but there are some, who, in the editor's opinion, merit special praise.

The High School News, Lancaster, Pa., and the Perkiomenite, Pennsburg, Pa., are exceptionally good reviews of the year's work. The material is well arranged.

The Levitt Angelus, Turner Square, Maine, has a well regulated exchange department.

The Hall Boy, Nazareth, Pa., is an excellent paper. The editorial entitled "Shop-worn Girls," is especially interesting.

The exchange department of the Buff and Blue, Washington, D. C., presents us with a happy view of an ideal college journal. We assure you that you are voicing the sentiments of all live editors when you make a plea for storiettes in school papers. After all there is no line of literary work better qualified to show the writer's individuality and originality than fiction. With all due respect to classics, we feel that orations, essays, and literary criticisms belong to the regular college curriculum and, ergo, should be used sparingly in college journals. We regret that we cannot practice what we preach. The world is not over-populated with *good* short story writers.

The editor acknowledges the following exchanges with thanks and an invitation to the future issues: The Leavitt Angelus, Turner Square, Maine. The High School News, Lancaster, Pa. The Monthly, Hartwick Seminary. The Seminary Opinator, Kingston, Pa. College Chips, Decorah, Ill. The Touchstone, Easton, Pa. The Mercury, Gettysburg, Pa. The Perkomenite, Pennsburg, Pa. The College Student, Lancaster, Pa. The Buff and Blue, Washington, D. C. The Hall Boy, Nazareth, Pa. The Ursinus Weekly, Collegeville, Pa. The Coyote, Sioux City, Pa.

Freshman: "How long can a goose stand on one leg?"

Senior: "Try it and see."—Ex.

Caesar's dead and buried,
And so is Cicero.
Where these two gents have gone,
I wish their works would go.—Ex.

"Nature plans well for mankind's needs."

"I should say so. What could be more convenient than ears to hook spectacles over?"—Ex.

EDITORIALS.

Perhaps one of the most appropriate subjects that would present itself to a college student at this time of the year is the subject of athletics. This is indeed, quite an extensive subject, but we shall confine ourselves more closely to the consideration of that great college sport—football, which we shall endeavor to discuss briefly.

"The busy American needs what Professor James calls 'the gospel of relaxation', and athletics, duly placed among the educational influences, will forward this interest." "Before athletics came to occupy its present prominent place in education, the college student was supposed to be a monument of erudition, whose body shadowed forth in pallid face and attenuated figure his nights of groping for the light of knowledge. Today, athletic contests, reenforced by other agencies as human, have transformed this college student into a college man of superb physical strength, of applicable mental furnishing, and with all the interests of real life at heart." It is true that athletics may be overdone: they may be carried to extremes, but as long as they remain within the bounds of reason and propriety they ought to be defended and encouraged.

Football, like every other atheltic sport, has its strong and its weak points. It has its friends and its enimies. Is this not the case with everything else? Someone calls football "the prince of games" in moral quality. Another will decry it and would abolish it. Some disparage the game on the grounds that it is too dangerous. Reports tell us, however, that the actual number of fatalities in football, the world over, is less than in any other sport except tennis, skating, golf, and boxing. Football is commonly played at educational institutions. Occasionally a professor has brought the charge that it interfered with studies. This may be the case in some instances, but it gives the student a training for life, which after all is the object of an educational institution.

It is the most highly organized of all athletic games and consequently affords a broad and varied experience and training. The training which football gives may be placed, under three main classes, namely, the physical, the intellectual and the moral.

First, the very nature of the game requires the player to exert muscular power and in every way exercise his physical make-up. Thus he develops not only physical strength, force and power, but also ease, grace and swiftness.

Second, it develops certain desirable intellectual qualities, it makes the player quick of thought and alert; it gives him a knowledge of self as well as the ability to think in a crisis.

Third, it develops certain moral qualities such as patience, self-reliance, obedience, self-denial, self-control, submergence of self, courage and endurance. Patiently the "scrub man" works until he wins for himself a place on the varsity. Since it is a well organized game each man has his duty to perform and he dare not rely on anyone but himself. The orders of the coach must be obeyed. The player ought to abstain from all foods which do not form muscle, harden his bone and strengthen his wind. The coach will hardly permit any "back-talk".

Not the success of self but the success of the team is to be considered. Courage is a requisite, for without it the player can not enter into the spirit of the game. It is not the first half alone that determines the score, but the second as well, hence endurance is also a requisite.

Thus we must acknowledge that it develops not only brawn but also the brains, and these have always flourished side by side from the time of the supremacy of Greece to that of the United States. In conclusion let us quote "any pursuit whatsoever that makes a man deny himself present luxuries for future ends, that causes him to subordinate self to others, that teaches him implicit and cheerful obedience to orders, that forces him to put every bit of brain and strength into every effort—such a pursuit, whether it be theology or football is good for a man."

At the first regular meeting of the Mission Society, held in the chapel, on Tuesday evening, September 14th, the new constitution was adopted. It was agreed that the society should be known as the "Frankean Mission Society." It was decided that a study of the Psalms should constitute the work of the society for the first part of the year. Weekly meetings will be held every Tuesday evening. On the last Tuesday of each month the society expects to be favored with a lecture, bearing on some missionary problem, the lectures to be given by such men as the society may see fit to call. On Tuesday evening, September 28th, Dr. Adam L. Ramer gave us a very interesting and instructive talk on his experience with the Slovaks, both in their country and in America. The attendance at our meetings is encouraging, but there is a good deal of room for improvement. At each meeting there will be present either Dr. Haas, Dr. Wackernagel or Prof. Fritsch, under whose supervision we feel sure that each meeting will be made interesting and enlightening. This is an opportunity for everybody and we hope that as many as can will grasp it.

This issue is expected to be out by about the middle of the month; it shall be our endeavor to have all succeeding issues out by the middle of the month.

LITERARY.

One is never happier than when we meet old friends. One of these has again favored us with a neat example of poetic art. The theme though short brings out thoughts both true and sweet.

The opening address by Prof. R. K. Buehrle deserves the closest study. Every sentence is alive and direct. The compression of thought shows labor and the hand of a master.

"The Renaissance in the Student's Life" clearly shows that Alumni of our institution have the "proper spirit." The aim and scope of an ideal college life is forcibly given in a language which only a mature mind could produce.

"Moonstricken" would have been decidedly better if it had been lengthened. The author shows much scientific knowlege and a vivid immagination. The names of his characters might have been more enphonious. However the story is a direct proof that the short story is a possibility here. Advance it and remember "Never backward."

ATHLETICS.

FOOT BALL 1909.

MUHLENBERG VS. WEBB ACADEMY.

Our foot-ball season opened on Saturday, October 2, by playing the Webb Academy of New York. Our boys won the game by a 6—0 score. It was an interesting game from start to finish and great things can be expected from our team. The team of this year is composed of nearly all new men and when we consider this fact we can gratulate the team on their victory against Webb.

Webb kicked off to Muhlenberg, Fasig received the ball and advanced it for fifteen yards. Muhlenberg was held for downs and was forced to punt. Our team also played well on defense and Webb was forced to punt. Our boys made one first down throughout the first half while Webb made three. No long gains were made through the line by either side. The half ended with neither side having scored.

After a 10 minutes rest the teams ran on the field for the second half. Our boys were determined to win. The only change in the line-up was that Coleman replaced Reno at right half back. Aberly kicked off to Webb. Drove failed to advance the ball and after Webb was held for downs they punted to Skean, who ran back the punt for a good gain. Muhlenberg was again held for downs and Skean punted to the visitor's five-yard line. In their next attempt to advance the ball they were again penalized and were compelled to resort to punting behind their goal line. The kick was blocked and Brandt, the centre leaped for the ball and scored the only touchdown. Skean kicked the goal.

Webb kicked off to Miller who advanced the ball ten yards. Our boys now showed what they could do. They broke through the visitors' line and made good gains around the ends. Coleman fumbled the ball when their goal line was endangered and the ball was captured by Webb. The ball was punted to mid-field where the play centered for the remainder of the half. The half ended with the final score of 6—0.

Aberly, Skean and Miller showed up well for our team as far as individual work was concerned, while Reisling and

Bush starred for Webb. All the men came out of the game in good form and after another week's practice we hope to see the team prepared for Medico-Chi's scalp. The line up follows:

Muhlenberg		Webb
Shupp, R.	L. E.	Colley
Kerstetter	L. T.	Offerman
Savacool	L. G.	Karcher
Brandt	C.	Corbett
Snyder	R. G.	Rickey
Miller	R. T.	Bigelow
Quinn	R. E.	Halpine
Fasig	Q.	Reisling
Skean	L. H.	Drove
Reno	R. H.	Bush
Aberly	F. B.	Husson

Touchdown, Brandt; Goal, Skean; Referee, Dietrich, Lafayette; Umpire, Taggart, University of Rochester; time-keeper and head linesman, Ruloff. Time of halves, 15 minutes.

PERSONALS.

Coleman '12 (at the table)—Yes, we caught that freshman Beer, turned his shirt inside out and rolled his legs up to the knee.

Prof. Smith (to Seniors in English): Yes, Pope, inherited his deformity from his father and looked like a Spider.

(A general laugh went around the class.)

George Bixler and Christopher Quinn have entered the Freshman class.

Carbon Miller has entered the Sophomore class, taking the Ph. B. course.

Wunder '11 (in Physics)—Prof., why is a dry battery wet?

Dr. Haas (in Theism to Urich '10)—Concerning a man with more than one wife in the "grand old times."

Urich '10—Well, at that time, it was a necessity.

Ernst '10 (to Dr. W. in German)—Doctor, did you ever eat the rind of the watermelon?

Dr. W.—Ach, Mr. Ernst, they feed that to the donkeys and camels in the holy land.

Ernst '10—Well, doctor, I eat that.

Troxell '12 (translating in German): The workmen on the scafiolding were ascending up and down.

Hassler '10 is substituting in the Emaus High School for several weeks.

(Now watch the organization of a high school glee club.)

Schmoyer '10—back at college again.

In German, trying to convince Dr. W. that Hassler '10 was actually teaching school.

Aberly '10—Well Doctor, if you don't believe it, du kannst der doctor Haas aska.

The Junior class elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Pres., Philip H. Baringer; Vice Pres., Roger Rentschler; Secy., Raymond R. Ammarell; Treas., Fred. R. Wunder; Monitor, John Bauman.

Reisner '10, Wunder '11, and Kleckner '10 took the parts of the Prince of Morocco, Prince of Arragon, and Grat-

iano in "The Merchant of Venice" given at Catasauqua, Pa., Tuesday evening, October 5th, before a large audience. All acquitted themselves creditably.

Moyer '13, a promising candidate for a backfield position on the Varsity, is suffering with an injured knee.

Here's hopes you will be in the game again shortly.

Aberly '10 (to Dr. W.)—Oh, Doctor, I know a good story.

Dr. W.—No, don't.

The "Freshies" at a recent class-meeting elected the following officers: Pres., Harvey L. Reno; Vice Pres., Earl Bush; Secretary, Charles E. Keim; Treasurer, Harry S. Klingler; Monitor, Albert Skean.

Dr. E. (reading an ode of Horace on Jealousy in which there was some osculating) to Snyder '12—Was Horrace married?

Snyder '12—It seems like it.

Dr. E. (on same ode) to Toebke '12—Go about it in a business-like manner, and don't let it take you so long.

The "John Lear Biological Society" held its first meeting of the collegiate year, Thursday, October 7th. Plans were made as to the work and subjects for discussing for this, the second year, of the society's existence. The society is composed exclusively of men taking the full B. S. course.

At a recent meeting, the "Classical Club" organized for the coming year, after which the club had speeches and refreshments.

The Sophomore class elected the following officers: President, Robert G. Kleckner; Vice President, Luther Waidelich; Secretary, Ernest Reiter; Treasurer, Carl Toebke; Monitor, Paul DeB. Keever; Historian, Walter Brossman.

Election results of student-body organization, working in conjunction with the College Atheltic Association: Pres., John Aberly '10; Vice Pres., Wm. Brandt '11; Cheer-leader, Karl Reisner '10; Song-leader, John Hassler '10; Asst. Mgr. track, Fred. C. Wunder '11; Asst. Mgr. Football, Philip Baringer '11. Student representatives to College Athletic Association: Fred. C. Wunder '11 and Warren Eberts '11 of the Junior class and Martin S. Kleckner '10 and Roy R. Shupp '10 of the Senior class.

The Muhlenberg College Dramatic Association, in view of the fact that preparations should be made for the annual college play, reorganized by electing the following officers: President: Martin S. Kleckner, '10; Vice President, Charles Grant '11; Secretary, Paul Wolper '11; Business Manager, Robert R. Kline '11; Assistants, Walter Brossman '12 and Robert G. Kleckner '12; Propertyman, Karl L. Reisner '10; Stage manager, Arthur H. Schmoyer '10; Electrician, Harvey R. Miller '11.

The association claims to be stronger than it ever was.

The entire cast of last year's freshman play "Nathan Hale" was elected members of the association.

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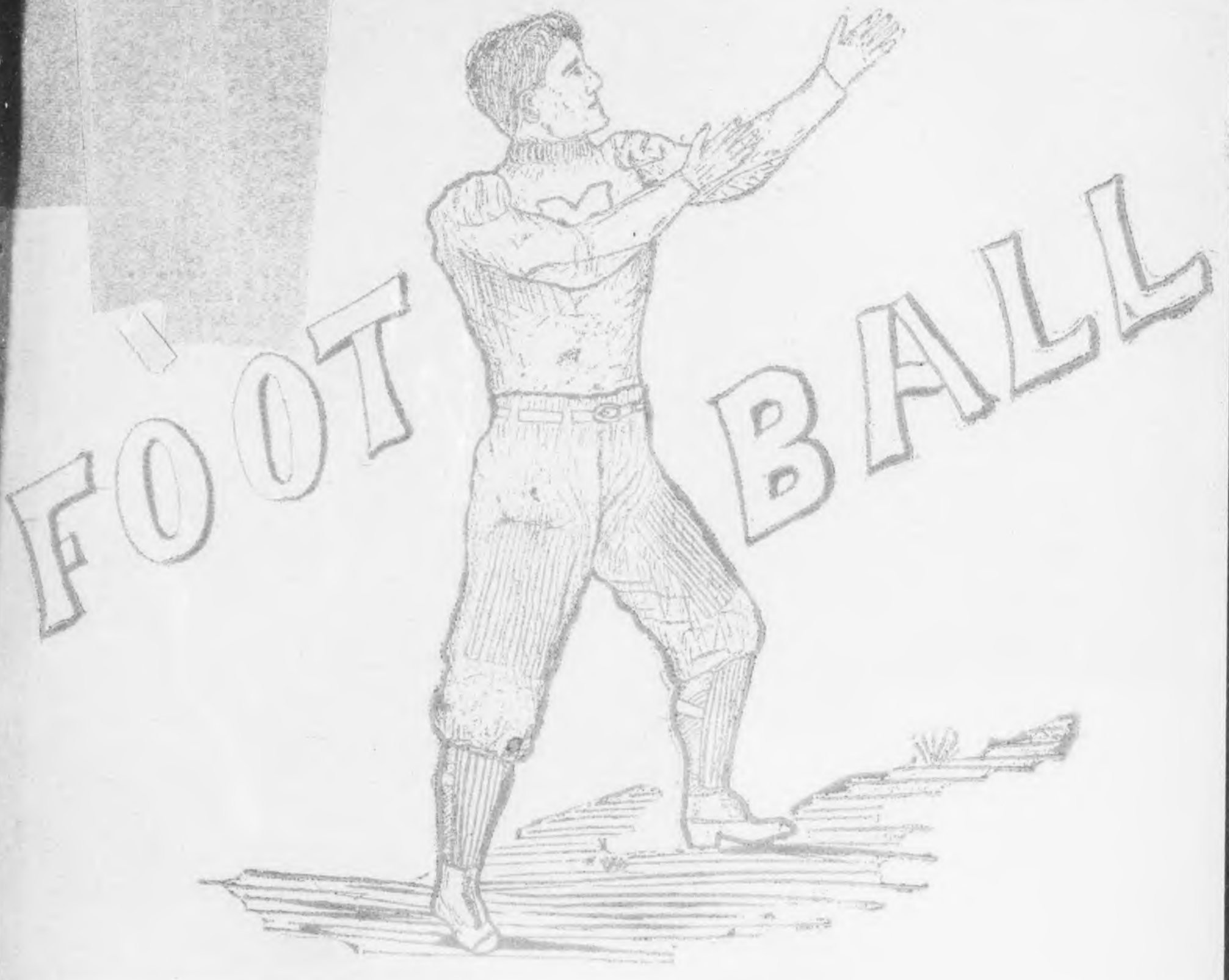

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LOVE'S OUTSET.

And in that world illumined Seraphim
Flood down the world, and so encompass him,
As one would stand who saw a sudden light
Brooded above and gladdened to his sight;
So stand I in the flame of one great thought,
That broadens to my soul from where she waits,
Who, yesterday, drew wide the inner gates
Of all my being to the hopes I sought,
Her words came to me like a summer-song,
Blown from the throat of some sweet nightingale;
I stand within her light the whole day long,
I lift my head towards all that makes life wise,
And see no farther than my lady's eyes.

Gilbert Parker.

THE CHARACTER OF POE'S POETRY.

GEORGE H. SHIERY.

Poetry is metrical, imaginative discourse, the "embodiment of beautiful thought in sensuous form." It is one of the fine arts. Poe's idea of poetry was that pleasure and not truth is the great object of poetry. To his mind it must be subtile. "Music when combined with a pleasurable idea is poetry." Music embodied in a golden midst of thought and sentiment—this is Poe's ideal." He says "Beauty is the sole legitimate province of the poem."

Poe was one of the most inspired and spontaneous of American lyrists. As a poet he pours out the fears, struggles, and despair of the human soul. He became bitter in his attacks on some of the other American poets because he was so completely misunderstood. Poe had the great quality of losing himself in his work. He put his whole heart and soul into all he did. As an artist he was true and consistent. He took up the lyre only in the moment of passion. As an artist in tone color he has not had his equal in America, and in this respect he holds an enviable position in Europe.

Poe was a melodist. He achieved great wonders in a single strain. He was not a single poem man, but a poet of a single mood. It would seem he had somewhat of a narrow imagination, because he loved to dwell on one theme—destruction either of body or of mind. He never dared to trust his imagination implicitly.

He was an artist and a complete master of open and closed vowels. No poet seems to have used the refrain and repetent as effectively as he. Some think that the music to his poetry may have come from the plaintive melodious negro songs. Others resent this.

He was a verbal poet. He selected and coined many of his words. With all his knowledge of the technique of poetry he could never succeeed in blank verse. Poe seemed to be wanting in genuine humor. His satire was so keen that one usually sides with the victim.

Poe was not undevotional. His sense of the sublime filled him with thoughts of other worlds. He was a worshiper of beauty. To him it was a reality. He was not immoral but unmoral. His idea of poetry was that it should be unmoral, but in his age this was not comprehended, and he was severely criticized for it.

Thoroughly devoted to his art, and in accord with it, he would not prostitute his talents for the sake of the loaves and fishes. It was only when in the greatest need, and in the direst despair that he degraded his talents to write for money—then he turned to the writing of tales. He could never write poetry to order.

His quality of poetic deduction was remarkable. Given a clue, he could unravel the most intricate plots. This is illustrated in his working out "Barnaby Rudge" which was then running as a serial. It has been said if a single thing of another world had been given him he could have supplied conditions.

He has again and again been accused of plagiarism; be that as it may, if Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers tuned the strings, we must acknowledge that Poe swept them with the hand of a master. The phrase of Lowell "Three fifths of him genius and two fifths sheer fudge."

has been the norm for too many minds in their estimation of our great American poet.

Poe's poetry is a series of musical diversions, weird, sorrowful, sepulchral, and sensuous. It does not stimulate effort, but it makes you feel. His poetry conveys no moral, it sounds no call to duty, *it celebrates beauty*. "Beauty is the sole legitimate province of the poem. Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears. Melancholy is thus the most legitimate of all the poetical tones."

All of his poetry was dedicated to beauty. To his mind beauty was the essential quality. He could exclaim with Shelley:

"I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine; have I now kept my vow?

His poetry cannot be measured arithmetically,—it must be appreciated by the inner ear. It seems simple because of its great perfection. His work is constructed with great ingeniousness and finished with painstaking care. It shows the truth of his statement, "I make a study of my poems, line by line, word by word, and revise and correct them until they are as perfect as possible." To his mind everything in poetry is subordinate to sound. He excludes all metaphysical ideas from his poetry.

In all of his poetry one is unable to find any unchaste expressions. This seems strange to us when we reflect upon the fact that he was a great lover of Byron whose poetry would scarcely be read in a promiscuous audience except from an expurgated edition. It seems even more strange to us when we think of his great appreciation for French literature, and of his profound knowledge of it.

His material is varied. He is equally conversant with angels and demons, and lays great stress on dreams, echoes, ghouls, gnomes and tarns. The number of his themes is very limited, and his variety of treatment still more so."

"A poem, in my opinion," he says, " is opposed to work of science by having for its *immediate* object pleasure, not truth; to romance, by having for its object an indefinite pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained; romance presenting preceptible images with definite sensations, to which end music is essential, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception. Music when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music without that idea is simply music; the idea without the music is prose from its very definiteness."

Poe's poetic efforts confirm this theory —that a poem should be short. He did not believe that there could be anything like a long poem, this to his mind was "simply a flat contradiction of terms." He thinks no long poem will ever be popular again.

"Eureka" is a prose poem. In this he has been accused of overestimating his ability, soaring as a layman into the precincts of a savant.

"The Conqueror Worm" is unique in that it expresses in one moan the helplessness in his watchings at the tomb. It is the most despairing of all his lyrics.

"Out—out are the lights—out all.
And over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
While the angels, all palid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy "Man"
And its hero, the Conqueror Worm."

"The City in the Sea" as a picture reminds one of the great English painter Turner. It is an unearthly landscape as a setting for his gloomy and morbid fancy.

"There shrines and palaces and towers
Time-eaten towers that tremble not.
Resemble nothing that is ours,
Around by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie."

"To Helen" is one of his grandest and most perfect lyrics. Every critic longs to repeat it. It is a veritable gem.

"Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That greatly o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in your brilliant window niche
How statue like I see thee stand.
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche from the regions which
Are Holy Land."

For the "power of words" "The Bells" is the most perfect of his poems. Stoddard gives it greater prominence than Dryden's "Alexander's Feast." It is important for its great beauty in rhyme. In technique it is the climax of his art as a poet. It is an allegory of life, courtship, marriage, disaster, and death.

Poe's poetry holds its place in American literature on account of its beautiful individuality, its distinctive form, its excellent workmanship, and the purity of its art. It occupies a place by itself in our literature. It is the poetry of idealism. "To Helen", "Israfel", and "The City in the Sea," are free from all time and toil. In these he has caught the spirit of art. His poetry struck an unknown note in our literature. To appreciate it, we must be sympathetic.

"In his poetry Poe was a consummate matser of language, that he had sounded all the secrets of rhythm; that he understood and availed himself of all its resources,—the balance and poise of syllables, the alternations of emphasis and cadence, of vowel sounds and consonants, and all the metrical sweetness of 'phrase and metaphrase' is not to be questioned."

The entire number of his authenticated poems is but forty eight. One of these is known as scenes from "Politan" which might better be called an unfinished drama of five acts.

His love lyrics, or his poems of personal address are characteristic. The personal element is very evident in them. This is plainly seen when we note that in thirty-nine of the forty-eight of his poems the pronoun of the first person serves to join the poem and the author. In thirteen of these the subject not only is personal but even the object. This entire number is without exception addressed to women, and in every case expresses some form of love.

"Annabel Lee" is a tuneful dirge. It is the simplest of all his melodies, and the one which is most likely to please. It is by no means a mere jingle. Throughout its entire melody, in its words, and between the lines breathes forth the spirit of a pure and noble woman,—no other than his wife Virginia Clemm. The poem shows us his great love for his girl wife from whose spirit his could never be seperated.

"But our love it was stronger by far than the love
of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

In his "Philosophy of Composition" Poe gives us a description of the method he employed in the composition of "The Raven". "A raven, having learned by rote the single word 'Nevermore' and having escaped from the custody of its owner, is driven at midnight, through the violence of a storm, to seek admission at a window from which a light still gleams,—the chamber window of a student, occupied half in poring over a volume, half in dreaming of a beloved mistress deceased. The casement being thrown open at the fluttering of the bird's wings, the bird itself perches on the most convenient seat out of the immediate reach of the student, who, amused by the incident and the oddity of the visitor's demeanor, demands of it, in jest and without looking for a reply, its name. The raven addressed answers with its customary word, 'Nevermore'—a word which finds immediate echo in the melancholy heart of the student, who, giving utterance aloud to certain thoughts suggested by the ocassion, is again startled by the fowl's repetition of 'Nevermore'. The student now guesses the state of the case, but is impelled, by human thirst for self-torture, and in part by superstition, to propound such queries to the bird as will bring him, the lover, the most of the luxury of the sorrow, through the anticipated answer 'Nevermore'."

After his decision to write a poem, the great question remained—its length. His first idea was to make it a short poem, and use the owl, the bird of wisdom, entering the vault where he sat by the tomb of his Lenore. Later he changed this for a room, keeping ever in mind the word "Nevermore". Even in his later decision, he did not obliterate all traces of the owl. This is seen in the fact that the raven does not fly by night, neither would it sit on the bust of Pallas, this would be more suitable to the owl.

The poem, so as to secure unity of expression, should not be too long to be read at a single sitting; and it should not extend beyond the power of the soul to bear the emotion. He thus decided that it should consist of one hundred lines; but it really contains one hundred and eight.

He pretends no originality in the rhythm or meter. The meter is acatalectic, alternating with heptameter catalectic repeated in the refrain of the fifth verse, and terminating with tetrameter catalectic. The feet employed are trochees, one long syllable followed by a short one. The first line consists of eight of these, the second and a half (in effect two thirds), the third of eight, the fourth of seven and a half, the fifth of seven and a half, and the sixth three and a half. These lines have been used before, their originality in "The Raven" depends on their combination into a stanza.

Poe adopted the refrain to obtain "artistic piquancy". He left the refrain unvaried in itself, but varied the application of it a great deal to secure higher artistic effect. He selected the word "Nevermore" because of the sonorous vowel o, and the most producible consonant r. The night was made stormy (1) to account for the raven's seeking admission and (2) to contrast it with the quietness of the chamber.

He determined to put the lover into a richly furnished chamber made sacred by the memory of his loved one. The idea of introducing the bird at the window was to make the lover suppose the flapping of the wings on the shutter was the tapping of his mistress at the door, and thus arouse his curiosity so that he

would open it. The bird comes in through the window and flies to the door, perching on the bust of Pallas (1) because it was most in tune with his scholarship and (2) for the *sonorousnesss* of the word Pallas.

The next great task of the poet was to reconcile these two main ideas—the lover and the word "Nevermore". This he did by a query of the student to which the bird gave its answer "nevermore". He began at the climax, so that he might vary and graduate, in regard to the lover's former queries and secondly that he might arrange the rhythm, meter, form of stanza, and put them in proper order.

The nature of the subject, which is bare to the inartistical eye needs (1) adaptation and (2) suggestion. To overcome this and remedy it the last two stanzas are added. "From out my heart" is the first metaphorical expression in the poem. This and the "Nevermore" compel the reader to look for a moral in the poem. It dawns upon him now that the bird is emblematical, but this is only to be noted in the very last line of the poem, when the reader sees that it represents "mournful and never ending remembrances."

It seems to be altogether out of place to try to point out any defects in the "greatest poem that ever was written." Poe himself says that he thought the following lines the hardest to remedy,—"and each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor." Ember was the only word to rhyme with the preceding lines, and he could dispose of it in no other way. It remains the worst line in the poem. He tried to get rid of the word beast in this poem also. Mouse was suggested but it was never applied.

"With my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining."

There was trouble in the word lining. A cat and a dog fight in the same room distracted his attention, and it was never changed. "And the lamplight o'er him streaming casts his shadow on the floor." Poe regarded the poem as hopeless on account of this line.

Though Poe had worked on it ten years, nevertheless he said it was not completed. Necessity seemed to have forced him to publish it before the final touches were given. Many times he was on the point of destroying it. It seems he had no confidence in it. This is perhaps the reason why he published it under the nom de plume "Quarles". If it had not become popular in 1845 on its publication in the "Evening Mirror" he might never have acknowledged it. It fairly took the world by storm. This seemed to be a great reflection on "Graham's Magazine" to which it had been offered before while the employees simply passed it by. But it was not destined to die at their hands as has perhaps many a noble poem before.

This is perhaps the most widely known Aemrican power. It has a place of its own in our literature. It is the most original poem in American anthology. No poem ever gained the ear of the public so quickly, and held it so well as "The Raven". There is no other lyric of Poe's that is so determinate in its repetend and alliterations. In none is he so self-possessed.

It has been translated into French, Spanish, Russian, Latin, Hungarian and Penna. German. This poem suggested to Rossetti the "Blessed Damozel." Poe had portrayed the grief of a lover on earth; Rossetti gave utterance to the yearning of the loved one in heaven.

The motto which precedes his great poem "Israfel" is not taken from the Koran as is usually supposed. It is taken from Moore, who in his notes on "Lalla Rookh", correctly attributes it to Sale's Preliminary Discourse to the Koran." Here it reads: "And the angel "Israfel" who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures."

In this poem Poe leaves the tomb and ascends into the clear light. It is the most logical of all his lyrics. It is fairly charged with music and light. In "Israfel" and "Helen" we have Poe the sane and undying. "He jumped clear of his critics as a stag does of his pursuers." There is no space or time in it. He simply cuts himself loose from local life, selfish and cruel haste, and from fever and thirst.

As an illustration of his musical rhythm one can hardly do better than:

"If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky."

"Ulalume" is a soul poem. It is an epitome of the poet's last years. It is the picture of one hovering between hope and despair, longing for sympathy which he cannot attain, struggling unsuccessfully for light, seeing all possible human joys but destined not to experience them.

Willis, who said it was "a curiosity in philologic flavor" was its first critic. To some it has appeared as "the wild vagaries of an insane master poet;" to others as an elegy to his dear wife; and some have even regarded it as inexplicable.

No matter whatever is said, it is an honest lyric; it shows us a throbbing heart. It is the cry of utter despair from a man's inmost soul. It was written in the autumn of 1847 at the close of Poe's year of horrors. It is an allegory, but not all of its imagery is symbolical. In it he has entered a region which is neither of life nor of death—one of unrelieved horror and blackness. There is suddenly a ray of hope, someone has come into his life who understands and appreciates him.

Despair again seizes him. His sluggish brain remembers. The one gleam in the darkness simply tortures him the more. He follows it but he sees that he is mocked in his helplessness. It is the sobbing not of the God-forsaken. It is his cry out of deep sorrow and out of the depths of blank despair. This is a genuine requiem, the most pathetic poem in our literature.

The poem is unfinished. "It has a certain monotony of expression, a snail's pace, frequent discords, cockney rhymes, and an abundance of pleonasm. It has a great deal of repetition. It will not stand criticism." Many of its lines and rhymes are indefensible, nevertheless it is an exquisite lyric. The title has been selected for its euphony. There are really two personalities within himself conversing with each other.

The geography is not of the world. The proper names belong to another region. Its weird music comes from its abundant alliteration and rhyme, and even more from its repetend.

In this poem, Poe brings to notice in a very forcible manner his great skill in handling vowels. In the first four lines out of thirty-four vowel sounds, twenty-seven are *a, e* or *i,* and only seven are *o,* or *ai.* In "The Bells" in the first four lines out of thirty vowel sounds, twenty-six are *a, e* or *i.* These are the

more open, the less constricted, and consequently the more euphonic sounds.

The slightly obstructed vowels are less euphonic as *o,* which is the dullest and least tuneful of the vowels. It is used to denote grief. The entirely unobstructed vowels are the most euphonic, such as the Italian *a.* This is the reason for using Italian words in Grand Opera. The scale of openness generally runs from o (long) to Italian *a.*

Poe was a master of these vocalic differences,—his poetry bears evidence of it; as also does his reputation as a master of tone color. This poem seems to defy complete analysis. Its meaning is lost in mist and music.

The future for Poe is bright. The world is beginning to realize what a treasure of beauty is in his poetry. He has waited,—he can wait. His fame is bound to come. He will receive his due share of praise as soon as he is looked upon sympathetically, and his works are regarded from the standpoint of beauty.

"His faults were such
As thousands live and die with, unobserved,
But, being his faults, because of his mind's light,
They loomed like towers upon a sunset hill.
Broken upon the wheel of his misfortunes.
Toiling, alone, where life's dark pathway leads,
Close by the step and treacherous brink of hell
Haunted by the spectres, vexed by easeless griefs
His soul went down to death, in loneliness,
A death too pitiful save aught for silence,
Too mournful in its wrtchedness for tears.
But not with death he dwells, above his dust
Time's slow impartial hand has made for him
A shaft, memorial, builded of the stones
Which Hate and Envy cast upon his grave
He dwells not with the shadows."

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the Jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

William Cullen Bryant.

WHEN SPINSTER ENTERTAINED BACHELOR.

WALTER W. BROSSMAN, '12.

(Continued from Oct. issue.)

III.

Something about the Bachelors' Club.

Similar to the Spinsters' Club, both in organization and in purpose was the Bachelors' Club of W. Practically the only differences between the two clubs were that women composed the one, men the other (of course!), and, that the Spinsters' Club was older than the Bechelors' Club by almost three years. The purposes of the clubs were most minute coincidences, even to the membership, but six being also on the Bachclors' roll.

In their elegantly fitted meeting room they assembled almost nightly, to enjoy themselves, smoking as they chatted, in the end filling the entire room to almost the point of suffocation with dense clouds of tobacco smoke.

At this place, one evening, the president, Frank Schockley (distantly related to the Schockley from whom Miss Amanda Schnockleberger claimed to have received the proposal of marriage which she had "spurned" so "haughtily") appeared with his countenance lit up more than usual.

"Boys," said he to the other five middle-aged men, who had been there for quite a while before his arrival, as he hung his hat and coat on a nearby hook, "I have something to read to you which I'm sure will greatly interest you." Whereupon he took from a coat pocket a note and read:

"To the President of Bachelors' Club
of W.

Dear Opponent of Matrimony:

Presumably it is known to you and to the other members of your organization that it is customary with us to celebrate each anniversary of this club by having a quiet little social time. Nor is it our intention to depart from this established event, but, in addition, we shall, if you furnish your presence, add a new feature to the affair; and I, writing in behalf of our club, do most cordially invite the members of your club to partake with us, this little event in the meeting room of our club on Thursday evening, December, the twenty-fourth, at eight o'clock.

Sincerely yours,
Rebecca Spinster, Sec."

Need it be said that after the briefest sort of a discussion it was decided to accept the invitation? — I should have said after the unfavorable (to him) consideration of declination on the part of Mr. Dallas Black.

Mr. Dallas Black did not favor going. "It has ever been so. If we go there is the pressing danger of infatuation. No one knows this better than you, Schockley."

Mr. Dallas Black, had, in his younger days, it was rumored—and, possibly with just the least bit of truthfulness—entertained most repugnant feeling toward all members of the "fair sex"—generally called thus by "lackdaisical young sponners" to quote, with no malignant intentions toward anyone, the—to the author—most impressive portion of "David Copperfield."

Practicing what he thought, Mr. Dallas Black had furthermore kept away from femininity whenever possible—

nearly always or at the most one-third of always. So well had his aversion toward the "gentler sex" saturated him, that, now, not even *he* could bring himself to believe that these characteristics of his younger days had been totally oblivionized.

Mr. Claude Hydroxyll, a jolly appearing old gentleman—he of the illuminated visage—thought possibly Black made this suggestion on account of his decidedly mediocre knowledge of society and social laws. In continuance of said supposition, Hydroxyll was not slow to condemn the suggestion of declining the invitation.

"From your suggestion, Black, it would almost seem as though the anti-matrimonial attitude of this club was upheld only by avoiding women. If this is so, and we are weaklings to this degree, than bachelorhood is positively missing its calling. You must remember that the members of the Spinsters' Club are upholding the same points that we are and that infatuation may be the *awful* result of our attending their celebration, I would decry. Is there any man here who has not read and who has not concurred with every statement of Frank Schockley's volume, "Guarding Against Infatuation." None of us, I believe, would be *infatuated* even one-sixteenth of a degree. For my part, I say, let's accept."

The others thought the same. Dallas Black's views had counted for naught and it was decided to accept the invitation. An acceptance (in which there was a rather generous sprinkling of thanks, and all that) was written and mailed, and after another hour of smoking, and of discussing the event, these venerable men retired to their homes.

* * * * * *

That night, Dallas Black, in troubled sleep, rolled over and said "Infatuation."

IV.

President calls upon President.

A knock sounded on the door of the Schnockleberger residence. Opening the door, Miss Amanda Schnockleberger found, awaiting her invitation to enter, Mr. Frank Schockley—, president of the Bachelors' Club.

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Schockley?" she said, suprisedly. "Come in, I failed to recognize you at first."

"Yes, it's I. And now I'm in. But that you failed to recognize me I consider an almost unpardonable offence."

"Well, in that instance, I shall have to implore pardon, Your Excellency," Miss Schnockleberger smiled, bowing low," on the grounds of it being my first offence."

"Granted. Any number of times."

As understood, Mr. Frank Schockley had already entered. An explanation was plainly in place. *He* call on Miss Amanda Schnockleberger, or any other woman for that matter! To date, the members of both organizations had most dutifuly kept the broad line between them. Why, then, should he call without previously sending word, or, without giving any previous information regarding his call? Some words on the questions were certainly demanded. Realizing that explanation was due, Mr. Frank Schockley rose to explain.

"I suppose,' he began, having removed his coat and hat and having seated himself as per invitation, "you're trying to imagine what noble plans I have to unfold to you this evening, or, simpler, why I summed up sufficient courage to call."

She regarded him quizzically, and, he began to think she wasn't altogether homely. He began to see in that slightly wrinkled face, some color, some inspiration, something admirable; he began to see in those eyes, something lovely, something kindly, something infatuating (awful word!); he began to see on her firm lips—but, "bosh," Frank Schockley told himself. He had come to see her for an altogether different purpose, and not for silent admiration. The fact that her eyes,her lips, and her facial make-up in general did possess interesting qualities should be of no interest to *him, sturdy bachelor* that *he* was.

"In the first place," he continued, "personally I desire to express my thanks for the kind invitation for the twenty-fourth."

He was welcome, surely. But, why was he saying this? He wasn't going to decline it now, was he? But she would wait and hear all. There was some satisfaction in waiting and in hearing all. She pictured him as he was, tall, broad-shouldered (so novelists generally say and the author supposes he must follow suit or risk *originality*.) She told herself there was something to compel admiration in the touch of gray to his "raven locks" (hardly the first time the reader has been tortured with these words.) She found his personality quite interesting. "He's real handsome and a gentleman," she confessed to her inmost self. She believed she could even put to the rear Sprinsters' Club dities, if—if—but, she stopped, conscious that she was thinking of things the *she, sturdy* opponent to matrimony, had no right to think of.

He was speaking. She breathed more easily when he declared that he had not come to decline the invitation, but, rather to discuss with her a subject that had come up upon receiving the invitation. He had come to discuss the "Possibilities of Infatuation."

The reader may smile at the idea, but let him remember that these unmarried individuals found it a very absorbing subject. They discussed every phase, and, a very interesting conversation did Miss Amanda Schnockleberger and Mr. Frank Schockley have on this subject, this subject of possibilities. Both, probably, underestimated these possibilities at first.

* * * * *

Three hours later when Frank Schockley left there was an understanding between them. However, the world was not to find it out until a week afterwards.

* * * * *

Again, that night Dallas Black's dreams concerned infatuation. He dreamed of Schockley and Miss Schnockleberger, and woke up with a start. Then, he remembered that the twenty-fourth was but a week off, and he shuddered.

(To be concluded.)

Teacher: "Why weren't you at school yesterday, Willie?"

Willie: "I went fishing."

Teacher (kindly): "Did you catch anything."

Willie: "Nope, not until I got home."

Ex.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

JACOB H. HORN, '10.

Many are the motives which guide the actions of men. It is for us to weigh and to determine which of these is the greatest. We are living in a commercial and industrial age. In this age we have a tendency to look upon the material things and consider these as power. The American people have been so stimulated that the quiet and normal activities of life, no longer attract their attention; it takes something abormal, something out of the ordinary. In spite of this lamentable fact there does exist something, which like electricity is invisible and indefinable, but the product of which is potent.

What we are concerned with most, in this world, is life. Of all life, human life is the greatest and most powerful. What is it that makes man more powerful than any other living creature? Is it due to his physical strength, or is it due to his powers of symbolic thinking, his ability to solve the problems of metaphysics?

You will all agree with me, when I say, that power is a causal and sustaining force. If that be true, then ideas rank first as power, for the whole universe was thought into order and beauty. The word was, "Let there be light and there was light",—Nature is the language and imagery of divine ideas. Thinking is first, action follows, each one reproduces the other. The thinking man is the eye of the world. Through him we see the beauties of nature and the possibilities of man. He is the heart of the world. Destroy him, and activity and life shall cease.

The sublimest and most beautiful thought is everlasting. As the great Teacher said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my word shall not pass away." Carlyle said, "Thought once awakened does not again slumber; unfolds itself into a system of thought; grows, in man after man, generation after generation—till its full stature is reached, and such system of thought can grow no farther, but must give place to another." It brings sorrow, it comforts; it defaces, it beautifies; it destroys and it builds up.

For centuries this great universe of ours was lying practically idle, not until the great thinker came, did the capability of all awaken into thought and action. He is the one who awakened men from no being into being, from death into life. By applying his thought to the material world he has made it his servant. The vast and mighty forests he has hewn down and converted into houses, palaces, vessels and instruments of power. The fields thus cleared now form the great agricultural regions which supply the markets of the world. He has dug deep and taken from the riches of the interior. The sea which at one time was an impassable barrier, he has made the great high way of trade and commerce.

The great necessity of a machine to free the cotton from the multitude of seeds it contains, set the master mind of Eli Whitney to thinking, the result of which was the cotton-gin. An invention which has had incalculable influence on the industry, wealth, and political history of this country. Impressed by the phenom non which exhibits itself on

the fur of a cat's back, when stroked vigorously the wrong way on a winter's night, Benjamin Franklin was led to lay the practical foundation of that mysterious power, by which to-day we light our cities, propel our cars, ring our fire-alarms and send our messages across continents and under oceans. Impelled by the theory that electric currents, under certain conditions, are able to pass through any known substance, William Marconi becomes the inventor of wireless telegraphy, an instrument by which recently about three thousand lives were saved. By a similar application of thought Robert Fulton gave us the steamboat. Dr. Charles T. Jackson put an end to all suffering under the surgeon's knife, by producing artificial sleep. Luther Burbank has made the common fruit tree the bearer of fruit, the very sight of which tickles our palates. There may be those who say that discoveries and inventions are due to existing conditions. I grant that the existing conditions may have been necessary, but had there been no human mind to grasp those conditions and to conceive the new, those conditions might have existed until the end of time and we would have had neither inventions or discoveries. The government has realized the influence, which such men have on the industry and progress of a nation; it has protected them.

Not until there had been a flow of Eastern thought and civilization upon the Western mind, could the poet sing, "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

Influenced by the teachings of Confuscius the Chinese for centuries closed their doors to foreign nations, refused to receive new ideas, crammed the memory with the old, seldom if ever conceiving anything new, the result of which is known to all. Inspired by the fatalistic idea the Mohammedans became the bold and daring soldiers and almost conquered the world. Prior to the time that Peter the Great went to Holland and England to obtain new ideas of civilization, the powerful nation of Russia was a land of barbarians. In the short space of about half a century, American ideas and plans changed the insignificant, unrecognized nation of Japan into a world power, the strength of which manifested itself clearly a few years ago.

The greatest revolution is the revolution that is carried on within in the individual himself. Never are the bayonets so sharp and terrible as when charged with thought. Darius could oppose a hundred spears to each one of Alexander's, not because the spears of Darius were so inferior, but because the spears of Alexander were charged with thought, courage and enthusiasm. Paxton tells us "Ideas go booming through the world louder than cannon. Thoughts are mightier than armies. Principles have achieved more victories than horsemen and chariots. It may be hard for us to affirm this statement, but a moment's meditation will make clear the truth of these words. Where is the man who changed the history of the world as did Martin Luther? Strike him out of the last three centuries and you tear out the very spine of our liberties and mechanical arts. From his rough generic thought radiate most of the material forces of Protestant civilization. Who was the more powerful? Who the more influential, Alexander or Aristotle, Xenephon or Socrates, Caesar or Cicero, Bonaparte or Kant? "Books are sepulchres of thought." Where is

the power, that has exercised more influence in shaping the character and destiny of nations, than has the Book of books?

In the settling of international disputes the tendency is no longer to employ the sword and cause the destruction of human life; but rather to employ the more powerful weapon, the weapon which brings peace without the destruction of life, the weapon which conquers and uplifts the individual, namely persuasive eloquence and compelling logic. The council, the convention and the assembly-rooms, now form theg reat fields of battle. There mind is brought against mind; ideas are contrasted with ideas; new plans are conceived; problems are solved, upon which depends our strength, our liberty and our prosperity.

The strength and character of our nation depends on the proper education of our youth. It is the ignorant and the thoughtless that form the prey for our shrewd politicians and imperil the nation. We cannot strengthen, until we know the weakness. Weakness is only known to us by bringing substance against substance and mind against mind. In our methods of instruction, as did the Great Master Teacher, we place side by side the wise and the foolish, the white and the black. We contrast. We compare. We set the individual to think for himself. Thus he learns to know himself, his relation to the material world, to his fellow-men and to his Creator. In this way, and in this way only, does a man become truly happy, independent and powerful.

IN LESS THAN THIRTY WINTERS.

JOHN HASSLER.

On the side of a beautiful green knoll stood the humble and unimposing country cottage of a laboring man. A short distance below, less than a stone's throw from the house, flowed a stream, whose placed waters, just having come from the rapids above, were silently making their way on, so that but for an occasional dry leaf floating on and showing the direction of the current, one would not have been able to tell the direction of the stream.

Just below the second bend on its course, at this place, it passed the house of a tanner. Each morning shortly after sunrise one could see the little feet from the tanner's roof, go to meet, in a small woods, the children from the cottage near the rapids, for a day of childish play. The laborer greeted his children each day upon his return, for whom he was working and enjoying life, while the tanner soon found employment for his oldest son and he was no more found among the playing group.

During the long winters at school, Richard—for that was the name of the young tanner—found the most satisfaction in the company of May, one of the fair damsels from the cottage. As time went on, the thermometer of cupid registered a higher degree of friendship. Dick's mind began to reek in whims and fancies—for he had reached twenty-one—as to how he would provide for, and some day call her his queen.

May was even more fired with the idea, and Dick, on various occasions remonstrated with her, only to recollect to his mind the fact that his present position was not a lucrative one, and would on this account have to postpone all such intentions and considerations.

About this time the Spanish American conflict arose, and Dick's heart longed to serve his country. He did not let Cupid stand in his way, but volunteered and offered his services. On that ever memorable day of the sinking of our gallant warship, "The Maine," Dick was seen for the last time by that bright blue-eyed girl, in whom he had found seemingly such a true friend. It was of course understood that he would be in Cuba only as long as the conflict there lasted.

It was not the happiest day in Dick's life when the next morning he was enroute to the scene of the strife, but "to do or die for his country," stood foremost in his brave big mind; and he consoled his aching breast, that if he should not meet a friend in his future new experience, he would at least meet one upon his return—if permitted to return —to the cottage and tannery by the stream.

One day a young soldier was brought into the army hospital on the field, with a severe wound in the upper right arm. The surgeons upon examination, insisted upon amputation.

This seeming to be the only alternative, he at length submitted. That night a dispatch went out of camp, addressed to Richard Brown, Sr., tanner, with these words: "Dear Father: Have been wounded in the right arm; but am happy; will soon be on the field again, and have not only another arm to loose in the course, but a life to give. Yours, Dick."

The following three weeks were weary ones for Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and their breasts heaved with a mingled feeling of joy and grief over the fact that their son was offering his life in the cause. About this time these words reached them: "Happy, well and on the field, Dick."

Meanwhile the cottage home and center of Dick's thoughts, was the scene of a transformation, of which he was in total ignorance. A young trader who had for a number of years stopped at the tannery on account of business, had become acquainted with her, who was uppermost in the mind of the soldier in distant Cuba. She did not resent the attention which the trader was lavishing upon her, and rather craved it. At a certain function in the cottage about this time, it was learned later, that May and the trader had become husband and wife, and as the parents were both dead, the trader would reside there. The cottage was renovated and the family, in a number of years numbered four, and the scene was vastly changed in the old fashioned house near the stream.

At twilight, on a black winter's day, the train puffed up to, and as it stopped at the flag station, just across the bridge from the tannery, a figure garbed in a blue overcoat, one sleeve dangling in the air, alighted from the train. It did not go to the home of Mr. Brown, tanner, but right on along the bend of the stream, to the cottage. It was no other than Dick, who upon his return had hastened to the cottage to *first* greet *her*, in whom he had placed absolute confidence, and love, ere even he went to meet his grey haired father and mother.

But lo! the sight which was now to

meet his eyes, was vastly more heart-rendering than any that he had experienced in the hard, hard life of a soldier; yea, it was to rend his breast, to make life itself seem like the very pangs of hell. On his approach he noticed the cottage changed. As he passed the window, to lay his *left* hand on the door, in the form of a rap, he saw thru the window several two year olds, which seemed strange to him, for all were older than this when he left, and he was gone five years. This caused him to look at the lady of the house who was at work in the same room. They were the same blue eyes, fair features upon which he had feasted his eyes so many times since childhood, thru schooldays, up to the time of his leaving, when she was near and dear to him. He realized that he had while serving his country, become the victim of bitter disappointment, and grief racked his honest breast woefully and immercifully. He staggered to leave. He would have another look at that face. He wondered whether his eyes informed him correctly. Diagonally in the corner at a desk sat the husband. Again his eyes fell upon that sweet form. He turned, and would rap and have a word from her whom he once loved, even tho she should not recognize his maimed form. She came to the door, and ere he could inquire who the occupants of the house were, she slammed the door, and these unkind words, "You must not interrupt us now," fell from the lips which once he pressed his own, and which only a short time ago, plead love and faith.

With a breast too full to contain itself any longer, he turned away wondering why the world has thus rudely dealt with him. In his grief he did not go to see his aged parents, but after a long walk, inquired for lodging. It was denied him. The weather had by this time turned extremely cold, and a sharp, cutting rain and sleet came down, all of which was too much for him. He fell by the road side, maimed, heartbroken—dead.

When found and identified, it was said, that he was overtaken by the cold on his return home. He had lived a good, noble, honorable, brave life, served and honored both his parents and his country; he *had loved, but had not been loved*, and all in "Less than thirty Winters."

OUR ALUMNI.

'69. Milton J. Kramlich, Lutheran clergyman, teacher and ex-Legislator, died at his home, No. 824 Cedar street, at 5 o'clock last evening, in his sixty-fourth year. He had been a sufferer with a complication of infirmities for over a year, but only became confined to the house a short time ago, when his illness became severe from an attack of stomach trouble. He sank gradually until death relieved him last evening.

Milton Joseph Kramlich was a son of Levi and Anna Kramlich, and was born near Fogelsville, this county, November 15, 1845. He received his preparatory training in the public schools of his native township and at the Keystone State Normal School, Kutztown, after which he entered the Sophomore Class in Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, in January, 1867, and in September of the same year at the opening of Muhlenberg College, he enrolled at the new institution. With R. F. Weidner he thus constituted the first junior class of the college. He graduated on June 24, 1869.

On graduating, he entered the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, graduating from that institution in 1873. On June 11, of this year, he was ordained to the office of the ministry in the Lutheran Church by the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, and for many years, beginning immediately after his ordination, he served as pastor of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Upper Milford, this county.

He served in this charge up to 1892 when he accepted the pastorate of St. Joseph's Lutheran Church, East Allentown. This he served for a year. He then resumed school teaching, becoming the principal of the East Allentown schools. He had previously taught at Macungie from 1869 to 1872, and at Fogelsville for a number of years, from 1878 on. It was while principal of the East Allentown schools and having taken up residenceship in this city, that his political qualifications became more fully developed and he was elected on the Democratic ticket from Lehigh County, to the State Legislature for two successive terms, beginning in 1897 and concluding 1901.

Early in his career he became the pastor to the inmates of the Poor House and for 27 years without interruption he continued the work of carrying good cheer and comfort to the unfortunate there. He also preached very often in the jail. For several years he represented insurance companies.

Rev. Kramlich was married to Miss Amanda C. Miller, a daughter of Joseph Miller. She survives him with three children: Katharine, Margaret and George. A son, Paul, preceded him in death. These brothers and sisters also survive: Edward C., of this city; Richard, Fogelsville; Morris, Shamokin; Franklin, Milford, Del.; Mrs. Ellen Feldhoff, and Mrs. James O. Madtes, of this city; Mrs. C. A. Helfrich, Fogelsville, and Miss Annie Kramlich, Philadelphia. A brother, Albert, preceded him in death, as did an infant brother and sister.

'73. The General Council loses one of its staunchest and most loyal champions and defenders, in the death of Dr. John Nicum, of Rochester, New York,

in that city on last Monday morning. Though it has not been known to his friends, it appears that Dr. Nicum has been failing health for months, and that he made a journey to Europe during this last summer in the effort, proven to be unsuccessful, to seek a restoration to his old-time vigor.

An indefatigable worker, Dr. Nickum attacked any problem, which he sought to investigate, with characteristic vigor, and rested not until he had mastered it to the satisfaction of his own logical mind, when he ever was able to reproduce it in a manner at once logical, luminous, and convincing. He was a voluminous writer, contributing in earlier years to the *Herold and Zeitscrift,* and in later years to *Luthardt's Kirchenzeitung,* whose pages for many years have been adorned with articles descriptive of doctrinal controversies, historical growth, and other matters of interest in the American Church.

Taking a deep interest in statistics, in ecclesiastical law, in the application of sound doctrine to practice, Dr. Nicum throughout his career was involved in polemics, in which his positions generally proved to be so sound that he came forth from the issue as the victor. He was greatly respected by all denominations in Rochester as a learned and able defender of the Christian faith against open infidelity, and the more seductive inroads of the new theology.

Dr. Nicum was perhaps best known to the Church as a historian, and in special researches made by him in the archives at Holland with reference to the early history of the Lutheran Church in this country, he first came across facts, some of which he was able to publish, but others of which later writers, put on the track by his efforts, derived profit therefrom. Among Dr. Nicum's works, he published one, in 1884, on "Laws of the State of New York Relating to Churches;" another in 1888 on "The History of the New York Ministerium;" another in 1889 on "The Doctrinal Development in the New York Ministerium." In 1890 he was engaged with controversies with the Missourian Church on Secret Societies and on Congregational Rights in the General Council, and published several very telling brochures on this subject. In 1891 he translated Dr. Wolfe's "Lutherans in America" into German and considerably enlarged it. This year he also wrote "The Confessional History of the Lutheran Church in the United States."

Dr. Nicum contributed to Meusel's Kirchliche Handlexion, and furnished numerous articles for the Lutheran Cyclopedia. He was a prominent members of the American Society of Church History, and has held numerous ecclesiastical offices, including the German Secretaryship of the General Council and the Secretaryship of the German Board of Home Missions. He was a member of many of the important committees of the General Council and represented it as a special delegate on various occasions. Between the years 1894 and 1902 he was the President and Professor of mental and moral science and of Hebrew in Wagner Memorial College at Rochester, and advanced the standard of that Institution to such an extent that it stood very high in the estimate of the Regents of the State of New York under whom all examinations in educational institutions in New York are conducted.

Dr. Nicum was born in 1851 at Winnenden, Wuerttemberg, the birthplace of the celebrated scholar, Bengel. His mother was a woman of earnest piety, and

his father obliged him, every Sunday after dinner, to give a minute account of the service, the hymns sung, the introduction, theme, and divisions of the sermon; if the examination did not prove satisfactory, punshment would be sure to follow. A visit to America to his aunt, in Blair county, Pennsylvania, proved to be the turning point in his life. He felt a strong desire to become a foreign missionary and go to China, but was persuaded to enter Muhlenberg College in 1869. After having been ordained in 1876, and an active propaganda and pastorate in Pennsylvania, in 1880 he received a call to St. John's German Church in Syracuse, which, amid many trials, he rescued from un-Lutheran practices. In 1887 he was unanimously elected pastor of St. John's Church in Rochester, which grew rapidly under his direction, and whose people leaned upon him for spiritual advice and for counsel in many ways. But he reached out far beyond the local, and was in touch with the Church in New York, in Pennsylvania, in Canada, in the West, and with the Church in Germany.

Dr. Nicum was powerful as a thinker, as a speaker, as a writer, as an investigator, and, because of the clearness of his faculties, as a committee man and diplomatist. He will be sadly missed in the Lutheran Church, in which he has been a leading figure on the German side for many years.

The Lutheran.

'97. Miss Edna E. Graessel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter C. Grassel, of No. 528 Walnut street, and John F. Stine were united in marriage at noon today. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. Steimle in St. John's Lutheran Church, South Fifth street, in the presence of only the immediate relatives of the bride and bridegroom. There were no attendants.

Immediately after the ceremony the bride and bridegroom left upon a honeymoon trip which will include Washington, D. C., Old Point Comfort, Norfolk, Va., and other cities in the South.

The bride is a graduate of the Allentown High School and was connected with one of the local telephone companies. She is actively engaged in affairs connected with St. John's Lutheran Church and Sunday School.

Mr. Stine is the son or the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stine, of Fogelsville. He was graduated from Muhlenberg College and was at one time Prothonotary of Lehigh county. At present he is the general agent of the product of the Horlacher Brewing Co.

1905. One of the prettiest weddings that Allentown has seen in a long time will be that of Miss Althea L. Kline, only daughter of former Congressman and Mrs. M. C. L. Kline, '74, and Claude Grim Shankweiler in St. John's Lutheran Church at 5 o'clock this evening. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. A. Steimle, pastor of the church, in the presence of about a thousand friends. It will be a pink wedding and as a nuptial and social event will be one of the most charming in the entire history of this city.

The church has been decorated with palms by Ellsworth, and is otherwise also especially prepared for the event. White satin ribbon has been utilized to close up the pews so that there will be uninterrupted access and agress for the bridal party and reception guests. The bride will be given away by her father.

She will be attended by Mrs. Edwin Keller Kline, her sister-in-law, as ma-

tron of honor; by Miss Edna Shankweiler, a sister of the bridegroom, as maid of honor, and by Miss Anna Shankweiler, also a sister of the bridegroom, as flower girl.

The bridegroom's attendants will be Henry Mosser, Jr., of Williamsport, as best man, and Captain Henry A. Reninger, Warren Bittner, Frederick H. Herbst and Edwin Keller Kline as ushers. The decorations, arrangements and carrying out of all the preparations for a pretty marriage ceremony are most effective.

The bridal gown is of white satin charmeuse en train, trimmed with Duchess and rose point lace. The bride will carry a shower bouquet of Bride roses and lilies of the valley, and will wear a tulle veil and orange blossoms. The matron of honor will wear white satin and Duchess lace, and the maid of honor will be gowned in pink crepe de meteor, while the flower girl will be arrayed in a soft white fabric, trimmed with white lace. The matron of honor and maid of honor will carry bouquets of Bridesmaid roses and the flower girl a basket of roses of the same appropriate variety. All the bouquets, including those of the bride and her attendants, are of the choicest product grown at the Horn greenhouses in Rittersville.

The gift of the bridegroom to the bride is a handsome pendant of diamonds. The bride's presents to the matron of honor and maid of honor are pendants of coral, and to the flower girl a pearl pin. The bridegroom's gifts to the best man and the ushers are scarf pins. The gift of the parents to the bride and bridegroom is a magnificent new home, elegantly furnished. It is a beautiful residence at 28 South Sixteenth street, where they will live.

An elaborate musical program has been arranged for the occasion by Dr. C. A. Marks, organist and choirmaster of St. John's Church. From five to six the wedding music from "Lohengrin" will be played and as the wedding party enters the church the organ will burst forth with the wedding march from that opera. The prelude will include the opening music of one of the acts of "Lohengrin" and at the conclusion of the ceremony Mendelssohn's wedding march will be played.

After the ceremony there will be a reception at the residence of Congressman and Mrs. Kline, across the way from the church, at which the guests will include only the families, the Bridge Club, and a few of the most intimate of their younger friends, about 75 in all.

Later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Shankweiler will leave on a wedding trip, which will occupy about 10 days. They will be at home in their new house after Jan. 1, 1910.

The bride, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kline, is a graduate of the Allentown College for Women (of which her mother is also an alumna), where she won the reading medal, and she later took a post-graduate course at the fashionable Fairmount Seminary, at Washington, D. C. She also studied music under Dr. Bischok, composer of "Good Night, Sweet Dreams," and many other beautiful compositions. Since then she has been the pupil of Dr. W. W. Gilchrist, of Philadelphia, and Dr. C. A. Marks, of Allentown. She has, for the past several years, been leading soprano singer of St. John's Lutheran choir. She has also appeared as a soloist in Washington, Philadelphia, Allentown and other places. She pleased her

friends greatly as soloist of the Allentown Band concert last year, on which occasion Klingler's famous organization had the largest audience in its history.

She is a member of the Musical Club, the Oratorio Society, the Bridge Club, the Sewing Club, and the Allentown Assembly, and has been very active in the social life of Allentown. Equally active also has she been in religious circles, both as a member of St. John's choir and teacher in the Sunday School. As the daughter of the president of the Allentown Trust Co. and representative of the Berks-Lehigh District in the 56th and 59th Congresses of the United States, Miss Kline spent four winters at Washington. There she enjoyed the best educational and social advantages the country afforded. Her father was a member of the District of Columbia Committee and she met many old Washington families, besides being a participant in all official functions.

Intellectually, one of the bride's most noted gifts is her dramatic ability. She has for many years been a member of the Alumnae Dramatic Society of the Allentown College for Women. Three times she took the leading roles in the annual plays, in all of which the bridegroom was the leading man. In the famous and successful play, "Henrietta," which was presented by the Alumnae Society, the bride and bridegroom of to-day's wedding played lovers.

The bridegroom, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis O. Shankweiler, of 1104 Hamilton street, is a graduate of the Allentown High School, which he represented as orator, and of Muhlenberg College, where he won the Junior oratorical medal, and in his Senior year the all-round athletic gold medal, presented by Dr. H. H. Herbst.

Later he took a post-graduate course of a year at Princeton, after which he returned to Allentown to engage in business with the extensive clothing firm of Shankweiler & Lehr, in which his father, who is vice president of the Lehigh Valley Trust & Safe Deposit Co., is the senior partner. He is a member of St. John's Lutheran choir, the Oratorio Society, and the Allentown Lodge of Elks, the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity, the John Hay Republican Association, and the Sophronia Literary Society of Muhlenberg College. In the dramatic line, in addition to college plays, he took part in several Y. M. C. A. presentations and was also a member of the Y. M. C. A. Minstrels. For some years he has been a Bible class teacher in St. John's Lutheran Sunday School.

In the Masonic Fraternity he has attained the 32nd degree, and is also a popular member of Rajah Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, of Reading.

The guests of the reception at the house will include friends from Allentown, Philadelphia, Norristown, Pottsville and Stroudsburg, while those at the church will come from Philadelphia, New York, Williamsport, Reading, Scranton and Mamphis.

The bride received a dazzling array of presents from friends in and out of town, which will convey both to her and the bridegroom the best wishes for a long and happy wedded career.

Allentown Chronicle and News.

EDITORIALS.

Dr. George Lansing Raymond, professor of Aesthetics in Princeton University has recently given to the public a number of volumes treating on the important subject of art. These volumes are a virtual storehouse of interesting knowledge, and are of the greatest possible service to the student of artistic theories. These books aught to be of special interest to our students, because the author was kind enough to donate to the college library copies of the following,—"The Representative Significance of Form", "Poetry as a Representative Art", "Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture as Representative Arts", "The Genesis of Art Form", "Proportion and Harmony of Line and Color", "The Essentials of Aesthetics", "Rhythm and Harmony in Poetry and Music", as well as a copy of "Dante and collected verse". We realize that the author has, by his donation, provided a great opportunity for us, and we take this occasion to express our appreciation of his gift. It is our sincere hope that these volumes may be instrumental in creating a new love for art and in performing the work intended by the author.

Our students have this fall enjoyed a lecture course which was without its equal for many years. The lecturers and their subjects are as follows: Professor William S. Hull "International Arbitration"; Professor Samuel C. Schmucker, "Some Interesting Superstitions"; Professor Gustav Straubenmiller, "Some Aspects of the New York schools"; Professor Cornelius Weygandt, "The Celtic Renaissance"; Professor Arthur W. Goodspeed, "Wireless Telegraphy" and President Edwin E. Sparks, "An Unknown Patriot."

On Wednesday, November third, the new students were admitted into the Literary societies. Twenty-two of the new men saw fit to connect themselves with Euterpea. Sophronia added fourteen to their number. On this day society spirit was at its height. Every man was filled with the spirit of loyalty as was manifest by the endeavor which each member put forth to procure new members. The spirit which then prevailed aught to make itself felt not only on such occasions, but throughout the entire year. We regret to say that this is not the case. The interest shown in this kind of work is somewhat lax. Every member should bear in mind that he is a part of the whole and, as such, he will either strengthen or weaken it. A college course is expected to give a man training for life. Are we really being trained for life if we neglect this important phase of our college course? One of the marked characteristics of a successful man is his ability to utalize all that he possesses. Many a college man has been handicapped because of his inability to use, with credit, the knowledge which he obtained in the classroom. A literary society presents a grand opportunity to develop such ability. We are glad to announce that one of our alumni also felt the need of such a training and has offered a prize to be given to the society coming out first in an intersociety debate. But Muhlenberg aught not to be satisfied with mere intersociety debates, she should strive to participate in inter-collegiate debates. She has always held a prominent place in the intercollegiate oratorical contests and we see no reason why she should not hold a similar position in intercollegiate debates.

It is not often that a student will undertake to discourse at length on any deep philosophical question. In our last publication we were favored with a well worked out discussion of the important subject of Final Causes.

The content demonstrates the fact that the writer is well acquainted with the theories of Plato, Aristotle and Kant. Hagel, Descartes and Janet are also discussed in an able manner.

The author does not attempt to prove that the theory of Final Causes is absolute, but he clearly shows that strong arguments still remain to back up its contentions.

In "When Spinster Entertained Bachelor" one finds pleasant mental diversion. The author, evidently, has made a study of the independant feminine. The very names of the characters breathe the air of Spinsterdom.

We feel quite sure that the subsequent chapters will introduce rediculous though interesting scenes and it is very likely that the "Peerless Sextette will finally succumb to the wiles of the "Bachelors" or vice verse.

Every one should carefully read "The American Tendency." It is too true that America is rapidly permitting its financial interests to control our laws and morals. This will mean ultimate ruin. The only salvation for our country will be a new awakening of patriotism and the wide spread influence of sound Christian models.

Such an awakening and moral regeneration should have its inception in the Schools of our land. On us lies the responsibility of keeping unstained the Flag of the Free.

"The Eumenides" is a carefully written, though much compressed, story of the Aeschylean play.

As stated, this is one of those plays which is a direct argument against the idea that the Greek author adhered firmly to the idea of "Three Unities."

In this particular play the supposed law, regarding the unity of place, is violated. The problems presented by the Greek plays are worthy of close attention.

The "Error" is thoroughly American in its quick way of accomplishing its purpose. All the world loves a lover but it wants a little more of him.

Our advice to this writer is that he lengthen his stories either by description or by adding a few complications.

The literary standard of the October Muhlenberg is certainly far above what it has been, but we can do better. Always forward.

EXCHANGES.

The editor of this department wishes to express his thanks for the many well-edited and attractive school journals received during the past month. Never before has such good material passed before his eye. Every publication seems to have made it a rule to try to improve upon former attempts and they all seem to have succeeded admirably.

The dominant element is the short story or as someone has called it,—and very appropriately, I think—the storiette. Invariably, the stories are bright and cheery, few are dramatic, some pathetic, and all interesting. Our advise is "keep it up", for who knows whether the authors of our storiettes may not be the future magazine contributors and exponents of the world's literature.

The first exchange that meets our approval is the M. A. S. Monthly. "The Fairy Ball," is exceptionally pretty.

The exchange department of The Magnet is very attractive, but we fail to see the real aim of the department, namely, a list of exchanges. The Magnet offers a prize for the best story published during the year. We feel that this attitude is highly commendable.

We especially welcome as a paper of no little interest, The Carlisle Arrow.

The Red and Black (Reading) contains some very fine short stories. "A Tale of the West," is a very clever story.

College Breezes greets us with a very fine poem on "Dreams".

The Buff and Blue favors us with a very pathetic story "Regeneration." It is very impressive.

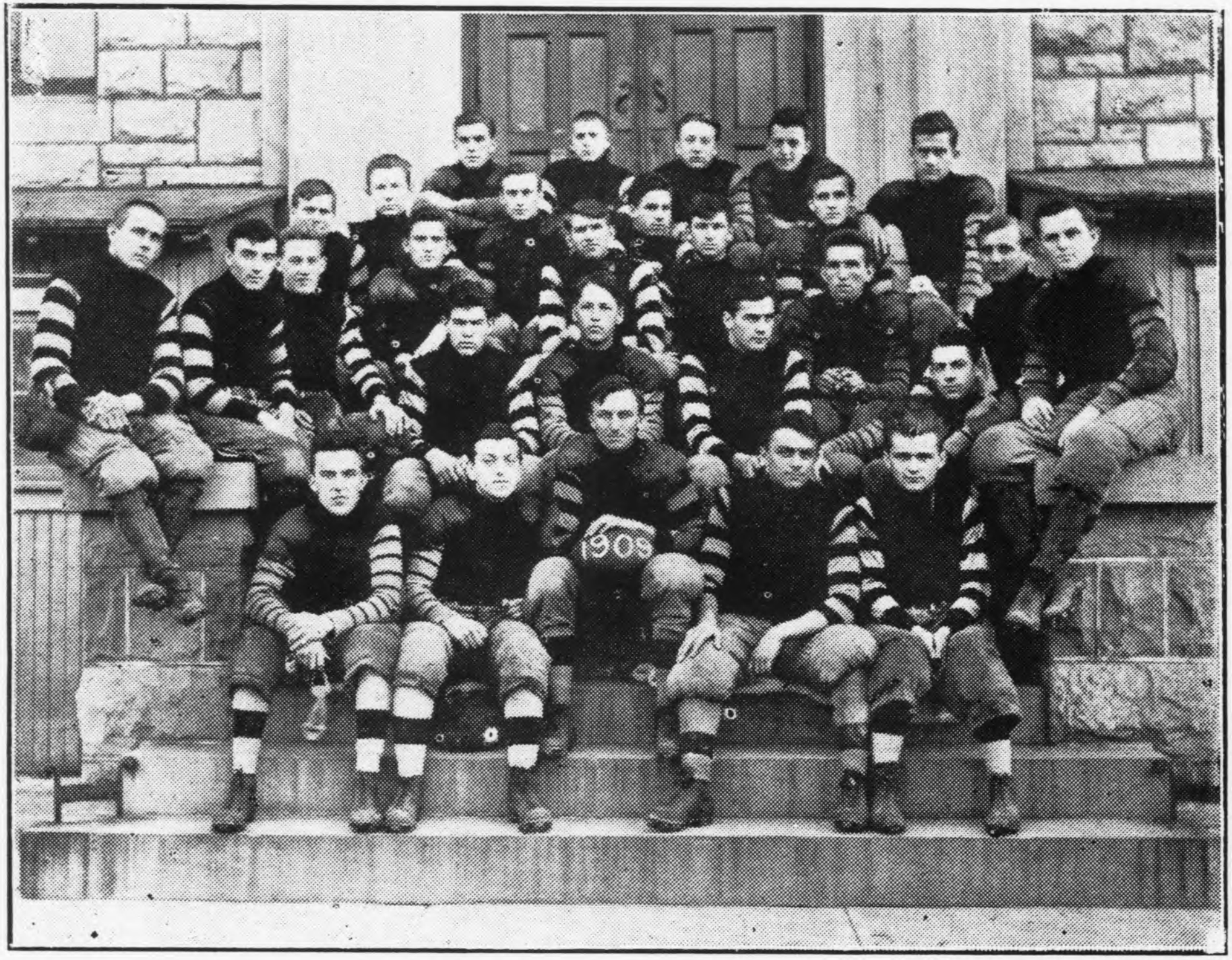
The Comus comes to us with a very attractive cover. Our compliments to the artist.
paper. The arrangement of material is very good.

The Comenian contains a story "At the Pekin Gate," that gives us a gentle reminder of Edgar Allen Poe. The story has the true ring of good fiction.

Exchange departments, in our opinion, would greatly improve "The Canary and Blue," "The Susquehanna" and "The Red and Black," (Bethlehem, Pa.)

The following exchanges have been received during the past month. Many thanks to all.

"The Midland," "The Monthly" (Hartwick Seminary), "Old Penn," "The Breeze," "The Normal School Herald," "The Theleusian," "The Bethany Messenger," "The Narrator," "The School Journal," "The Carlisle Arrow," "Res Academicae," "The Ursinus Weekly," "The Mirror," "The Hall Boy," "Normal Vidette," "The Albright Bulletin," "The Mercury," "The M. A. S. Monthly," "The Magnet," "The Red and Black" (Reading), "College Breezes," "The Buff and Blue," "Junto," "Comus," "The College Folio," "The Comenian," "The Canary and Blue," "The Susquehanna," "The Red and Black" (Bethlehem, Pa.)



OUR FOOT BALL SQUAD.

ATHLETICS.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the active members of the "Muhlenberg College Athletic Association of Allentown, Pa.," will be held in the Assembly Room at Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa., on Thursday, the second day of December, 1909, between the hours of eight and ten P. M., for the election of four directors to serve for the ensuing year.

EDWIN H. STINE, *Secretary.*

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the sustaining and associate members of the "Muhlenberg College Athletic Association, of Allentown, Pa.", will be held at the office of Edwin H. Stine, 538 Hamilton Street, Allentown, Pa., on Thursday, the second day of December, 1909, between the hours of 8 and 10 P. M., for the election of seven directors of said association to serve for the ensuing year. EDWIN H. STINE, *Secretary.*

MUHLENBERG vs. MEDICO-CHI.

On Saturday, October 9th, the strong Medico-Chi team was pitted against our team. Although outweighed about twenty pounds to the man, yet our boys played a fine game. Chi's team was stronger than it was last year when we held them to a 0-0 score. The weather was extremely warm and this handicapped the teams considearbly. We were indeed well pleased when the whistle blew and saw that Chi was again not able to do more than leave us with a tied score, no less than 5-5. Each team made a touch-down and each missed the goal. Coleman was a good ground gainer for our team and Fasig played a good game at quarter.

There were no trick plays. We tried one forward pass and that was captured by a Chi man. The team resorted to end runs and cross bucks.

Chi won the toss and chose to kick off to Muhlenberg. Aberly received the kick-off and advanced the ball for a short distance. Shupp gained five yards. Aberly failed to gain and Skean punted. Chi made six and twelve yards on two end runs and Captain Hain dashed around end for thirty yards and a touchdown. Swartz missed the goal. Quarterback Lynn, who had been hurt, was forced to retire. Aberly kicked off and Lyon received, advancing fifteen yards. Chi was soon compelled to kick, and Engle, their left end, recovered the ball.

Chi was again forced to kick and Skean advanced the ball ten yards. Muhlenberg kicked. Chi fumbled and kicked. Chi was penalized. Muhlenberg failed to gain, Shupp recovering the ball on the five yard line. Coleman crossed the goal line. Skean missed the goal. Chi now kicked off and Williams received. The half closed with the ball in Muhlenberg's possession.

At the beginning of the second half Muhlenberg kicked off to Chi. At only one time in the half was either team's goal in danger, and that was when Young dashed around end. Fasig made a fine play by stopping Young and the interferance. Chi was penalized repeatedly for holding and off side.

The line up:

Medico-Chi		Muhlenberg
Engle	L. E.	Shupp
Keegan	L. T.	Kerstetter
Goldstein	L. G.	Savacool
Young	C.	Brandt
Snyder	R. G.	Snyder
Ringgold	R. T.	Williams
Lyons	R. E.	Quinn
Hain (Capt.)	L. H. B.	Skean
Swartz	R. H. B.	Aberly (Capt.)
Young	F. B.	Coleman

Touchdowns— Hain and Coleman. Referee, Dietrich, Lafayette.

MUHLENBERG vs. LEHIGH RESERVES.

Saturday, October 16th, our team lined up against the Lehigh Reserves. Our team went on the field with a number of new men in the line up. Quarterback Fasig was not able to be in the game owing to a sprained ankle. The Reserves outweighed our men but could not gain consistently enough to score. Our line is to be commended for its excellent showing. Our defense was strong and this enabled our team to end the game with a 0-0 score.

Our team made only two first downs owing to the fact that the ball was frequently fumbled. Lehigh lost quite a bit of ground through penalties. In the first half of the game the visitors had the better of the argument. In the second half our team braced up and put up a stiff fight. When the Reserves were within fifteen yards of their goal the ball was sent down the field into our territory. The ball was again sent to our end of the field. After making several good gains Lehigh lost the ball on downs and afine punt by Bixler put the ball into the enemy's territory. The line-up follows:

Muhlenberg		Lehigh
Shupp (Reno)	L. E.	Gorman
Kerstetter	L. T.	Reiss
Kohler	L. G.	Aberly
Brandt	C.	E. C. Smith
Deibert	R. G.	Strauch
Butz	R. T.	Butz
Quinn	R. E.	Swope
Bixler	Q. B.	J. Smith
Skean	L. H. B.	Cann
Williams	R. H. B.	R. Wood
Aberly	F. B.	C. Smith

Referee, Dietrich, Lafayette; Umpire, Ellicot, Lafayette; Timekeeper, Ruloff.

MUHLENBERG vs. SUSQUEHANNA.

On Saturday, October 23, our boys met their first defeat at the hands of the strong team from Susquehanna University. The weather was all but agreeable for foot-ball and that largely accounted for our defeat. It was seen that our team had developed greatly during the last week, but owing to the wet ball could not play the open game.

The game started by Muhlenberg kicking off to Susquehanna. Our team was strong and Susquehanna was compelled to punt. Skean carried the ball back 15 yards. Our boys were penalized shortly afterward for holding and were compelled to punt. Susquehanna now carried the ball around the ends and crossed their goal line. The goal was kicked, making the sore 6-0. Aberly again kicked off to Susquehanna, who, after a short time made a good gain on a side kick. After a repeated number of downs Susquehanna succeeded in making an end run for the second touchdown. No goal was kicked, score 11-0.

Aberly again kicked off to Susquehanna, who at once punted the ball back to midfield. Muhlenberg braced and carried the ball down the field. Aberly now made a sensational end run and the ball was on Susquehanna's 25 yard line. We lost the ball on downs. The half ended with the ball in midfield.

In the second half Susquehanna kicked off to Bixler, who ran back 20 yards. We punted and regained the ball on the visitors' 40 yard line. A beautiful forward pass to Shup gave us our only touchdown. Aberly failed to kick the goal. Score 11-5.

We now kicked off to Susquehanna, who lost the ball on downs. From now on both sides resorted to punting. Muhlenberg came near scoring when Shupp could not reach a forward pass on account of the wet field. Susquehanna came near to our goal line, but our team held them for downs. The game ended with the ball in midfield.

The line-up follows:

Muhlenberg		Susquehanna
Shupp	L. E.	Curran
Kerstetter	L. T.	Wilson
Kohler	L. G.	Garnes
Brandt	C.	Christman
Deibert	R. G.	Dentler
Williams	R. T.	Miller
Klingler	R. E.	Campbell
Bixler	Q. B.	Dagget
Skean	L. H. B.	Kauffman
Aberly	R. H. B.	Crawford
Reno	F. B.	Hartman

Touchdowns— Kauffman, Crawford, Shupp. Goal kick, Dagget. Time of halves, 25 minutes. Referee, Dietrich, Lafayette; Umpire, Ellicott, Lafayette; Timekeeper, Ruloff.

MUHLENBERG vs. F. & M.

Saturday, October 30th, was a great day for Allentown, when our team lined up against the strong Franklin and Marshall aggregation. The rivalry between the two institutions, is keen but friendly. The local alumni of both institutions worked hard to have a large attendance at the game. The Lancaster boys have been exceedingly successful throughout this season, but this fact did not weaken the Muhlenberg spirit. Never has so much spirit manifested itself in our halls and it is hoped that it will continue.

The intensity of the interest was increased by the presence of a large number of F. & M. students. These together with the Alumni and friends occupied the last end of the grandstand. Headed by the Pioneer Band they marched across the field at 3.00 o'clock. They cheered their team throughout the game. The Muhlenberg cheerers occupied the west end of the grandstand. Our cheering was without doubt the best that has ever been heard on Muhlenberg Field. Our section did not cease to cheer when the odds turned against us. About 3.00 o'clock three tally-hos and a large sight-seeing car arrived on the

field, occupied by the students of the Allentown College for Women, They divided their loyalty which was indeed highly appreciated by us.

The spectators were given an excellent exampel of college spirit between the halves. The alumni and students of both institutions paraded around the gridiron. The Pioneer band headed the F. & M. contingency, while the Allentown band led our section. There was plenty of cheering and singing. Before the teams came to the field for the second half our section sang "Hail, hail, dear Muhlenberg", which aroused all the hearers.

The business men showed their interest in the game by decorating their windows and fronts with blue and white and cardinal and gray. There was a large supply of chrysanthemums on hand and many could be seen who wore the Muhlenberg flower. The F. & M. followers wore a dark red rose.

While the game was disappointing to us, yet we appreciated the great interest that is being manifested in this game. The Lancaster boys outweighed us by at least fifteen pounds to the man. They are without doubt a good set of players and understand the open game. Their interference was the best that has been seen on our field. Our team was indeed handicapped by being outweighed and was not able to make consistent gains. Our boys played their best and are to be commended for their fighting spirit. The gains through our line were not great and if our team could have broken up the long runs around the ends by Richards the score would not have been so high.

Shortly after 3 o'clock the teams ran upon the field and after a few minutes practice the game started by Richards kicking to Muhelnberg. After about four minutes of play Weller picked up a short kick and scored the first touchdown. The Franklin and Marshall offense was now put in motion. Their backs came around the ends at will. Our team played an excellent defense against the forward passes. Bixler starred in this work. It did not take Bridenbaugh long to see that our team was not strong in tackling in the open field. Our line held well, but F. & M. succeeded in scoring another touch-down during the first half.

Our team was not dismayed when it came upon the field for the second half. We braced and in a short time made four first downs. Franklin and Marshall kept plugging away until they scored three more touch-downs. The final score was 33-0.

The Lancaster team had a fine pair of ends and under the high punts by Richards were able to stop the man immediately. Bixler played a star game for our team, but the ends could not get down the field to stop those who took the punts. Bixler punted as good as Richards. The work of the Franklin and Marshall backfield was a distinctive featuer of the game.

Toward the close of the second half Franklin and Marshall changed its lineup considerably. Their style of play was by far superior to any that has been seen on our field. Bridenbaugh was exceptionally strong in dodging our men.

The line-up follows:

F. & M.		Muhlenberg
Hartman (Brandt)	L. E.	Shupp (Fasig)
Saylor	L. T.	Williams
Shantz	L. G.	Savacool
Dickey	C.	Brandt
Walp	R. G.	Deibert (Snyder)

Glessner	R. T.	Kohler
Rabert (Pontius)	R. E.	Fink (Klingler)
Bridenbaugh (Leonard)	Q.	Bixler
Weller	L. H. B.	Skean
Saeger	R. H. B.	Aberly (Capt.)
Richards (Watts)	F.	Coleman

Touchdowns—Weller, 2; Richards, 2; Bridenbaugh, 1; Hartman, 1. Goals—Bridenbaugh, 3. Referee, Davison, U. of P. Umpire, Hopkins, Haverford; Field Judge, Dietrich, Lafayette. Time of halves, 30 minutes.

PERSONALS.

The third of November was the day on which the new men were taken into the literary societies. As great rivalry exists between the Euterpean and Sophronian Socities, a good deal of interest was manifested. The administration building resembled the interior of a stock exchange, especially during the rise in price of some commodity. There was a sudden and unexpected drop, and in went the lambs, some to the east and the rest to the west.

Dr. W. to Huyett, '10 (unprepared in German literature)—Cannot we make an impression on you?

Huyett, '10—My dad used to make impressions on me, and that's how I learned to grunt.

Smith '13 (passing a young lady on Hamilton street, salutes her with a wave of the hand and says): "Hie-ya."

Hamm '11—I went to Institute to hear Dr. Haas speak on "Darwinism", but was a day late on account of Misinformation.

Eberts '11—Miss, who?

"Spider" Ernst walking into German recitation several minutes late—

Some one, '10—Dr. W., shall we catch him?

Dr. W. (laughingly): No, you don't.

Dr. Haas '10 (on discussion of Hell in Theism to Miller '10, who is reciting): Well, Mr. Miller, what would you do if a child would come home and raise Hell.

Stuart '11 (to Dr. W.)—What do you know about the nurses, Doctor?

Dr. W.—You must leave those alone.

Lawall '11—That's all right, but—

Ernst '10 (painfully): Don't—

Dr. W.—Ach, who would be afraid of Ernst, he can be twisted and put into a bucket.

(In Economics class, after the exam.)—Prof. O.—Well, Mr. Huyett, what do you think is meant by Distribution.

Huyett '10 (looking into his corrected exam. book)—I don't know, in my book, it's chalked out.

Schmoyer '10 (says to another upper classman)—Life to me is one long spoon.

Dr. H. (in History of Philosophy, hearing a crack in wall from room above)—Is that Physics breaking thru?

(Erust '10, interrupting in German).

Dr. W.—Some animals are known for their voracity.

Ernst '10—Oh, Doctor, whom do you mean, and what are you talking about?

Dr. W. (softly)—It is the "Spider".

Huyett '10 (banished by Dr. W. and interrupting the gentleman reciting)—Say Doctor, —

Dr. W—You keep quiet, you are in disgrace.

Huyett—You mean in disgust.

Clark Heller, a former student at Gettysburg College, has entered college and is taking the B. S. Course with the Sophomores.

Coleman '12, and Brandt '11 will possibly be unable to play their respective positions on the Vasity the remainder of this season, on account of illness.

Capt. Aberly '10 and Right end R. Shupp '10 will be out of the game for some time.

Altho these men will undoubtedly be missed greatly, they have all worked faithfully and will receive a much needed rest.

Reisner '10 (to Dr. H. in Hist. of Philosophy)—How do you know that your intelligence is correct?

Dr. H.—I don't know, but as soon as you prove to me that your intelligence is right and mine is wrong, I will accept yours.

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DECEMBER.

Ice everywhere! The skater's iron heel
Scars the gleb plain with many a curious score,
Which to essay, with quips untried before,
Brings the crank urchin sudden woes to feel!
Down ring the daggered icicles like steel,
As the chill chore-boy opes the stable door,
While Dobbin whinnies for his morning-meal.
Frost lords it o'er the scene and more and more,
Grimly prevails. The landscape glints with ice—
Wher woodland streams from tht hoar precipice
Leap and congeal; or where, a silver thread—
The joyless brook pines in its frozen bed;
Or where by drifted roads the sign board stands,
Stretching toward the sun its ice-mailed hands!

H. S. CORNWELL.

THE SUMMIT VISION.

FREDERICK C. WUNDER, '11.

The present age is one of intense movements, of great experiences, of marvelous manifestations of genius; an age which will be recorded on history's pages as one in which man has been thinking, has been framing and constituting new methods for advancement in every path of human activity, not only here in America but in every part of the earth.

But the development of the present age is being effected thru the medium of increased specialization. In Education scholars are centering their efforts on particular fields of study and research to the utter exclusion of other subjects. The mind is narrowing its range. New religions rise up daily and creeds are without number. The individual man is so completely wrapt up in the attainment of his own ends, is so vigorously repeating the same mechanical movements from day to day in his own limited sphere, that he is becoming a mere machine. His vision stops with the pursuit of his local interests. He is forgetting that the world is really large, that other men exist, that he has a closer connection with them and with existing phenomena, in general, than he is manifesting. In every phase of human activity, the tendency of the times is not to bring men into a closer bond of union where the sympathy of the common brotherhood is felt, where class distinctions, secular and religious, are obliterated and forgotten. On the contrary, the tendency is to narrow man's view of life. As a result his moral standard is generally low and perverted.

In such a time as this what remedy can be found to withstand existing tendencies, to restore to man normal equilibrium in the face of the onward rush of progress with its infiinitude of detail and complexity, to show him his place in the great world purpose, and to raise the world standard of morals?

The desired remedy is not to be found in transforming environment by mighty re-organizations or revolutions, but it is to be found in altering the individual attitude to life as it is. Attitude springs from within and is affected by mental and soul qualities.

Of all human qualities there is none which tends to truer and nobler life purpose than vision—broad vision, deep vision, lofty vision; that kind which reveals men and things in their proper relation to the great world purpose.

Man has too long been dwelling in the valleys separated from the warm rays of the sun. Obstructions arise on every side to interpose and limit his view. Let him, in spirit or body, climb some loftly steeple or cloud encircled mountain peak, and dwell for a season in undisturbed meditation apart from the deadening whirr of earth's busy wheels. Let him imbibe a panoramic view of the world. Let him cast his eyes far off across green hills, and broad plains, made fertile by winding, crystal streams. In the clear, inobstructed, mountain atmosphere he can see for leagues and leagues into the haze of the distance. He is perplexed at the mighty expause of the earth. As he gazes far into the depths below, new and strange forces act within his breast. The impulse of the moment forces him to abandon his worldly pride for he is struck with the realization that after all man is but an

atom in the awful scheme of the universe. Now for the first time he realizes that the many and complex activities and industries of man, play but a small part in the large conception of life. His very being is changed. He is a new man.

He has caught the Summit Vision.

Overawed with the grandeur and extent of the scene which unfolds before him, he exclaims, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the Son of man that Thou visitest him?"

Casting his eyes once more to the dark valley below,—the habitation of man,—he beholds his brethren; yea, he now considers all men his brethren. He wishes from the depths of his own enlarged soul that they, too, might catch the vision from the summit, not only for its revolutionizing influence on the individual life, but because in that vision rests the solution of many of the world's problems, be of what nature they may. Graft, manners, lust, and the other vices of humanity cease to control the hearts of men, for, in the new state of mind and consciousness, he has a deep sense of the vanity and shortness of time and of the length and importance of eternity. With that sense and appreciation, his affections and conduct toward his fellow men are regulated.

When the great body of humanity will have caught the spirit and power of the summit vision of life and of the world, men will move among men with less friction, with better understanding and judgment, and with a deeper appreciation of life. In that day the world will enjoy a more undisturbed peace, and will well nigh have realized the true brotherhood of man, for such vision gives men to see the world with the eyes of a god.

O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by.
Yet, in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years,
Are met in thee to-night.

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THE UNITED STATES AS A PEACE POWER.

MARTIN SELER KLECKNER, '10.

The American Union, itself the product of rebellion, was born into society which was divided against itself by wars, revolutions, and counter-revolutions. Its infancy was spent in a world torn by the titanic Revolutionary and Napoleonic struggles, under the partial shelter afforded by a new continent and an ocean undisturbed by trans-Atlantic steamers, submarine cables, and wireless waves.

Although favored by such conditions, the life of the Republic was still precarious and uncertain, but under the skilful guidance of our early forefathers, it escaped shipwreck, and entered upon that *marvelous career* of material and territorial expansion during which, it seemed to ignore the very principles upon which our government is founded.

What enabled the American nation, not merely to survive, but also to increase and multiply? The underlying principles were undoubtedly due to these causes: First, and foremost: "Our Republic was founded upon principles of liberty which were in concordance with the aspirations and ideals of the time, and served to make it attractive to others as well as ourselves. The second factor was "the encouragement of foreign immigration, justified by the wonderful ability for the assimilation of kindred races, due largely to our public school system. The determination neither to meddle in trans-Atlantic affairs, nor permit Europe to assist in the solution of American questions; together with our insistence upon the enforcement of certain rules relating to neutrals proved a third cause.

Another cause was "the immense and still largely undeveloped natural resources of the American continent." Last, but not least,—that factor in the salvation and progress as a nation,—the United States as a Peace Power."

Owing to the very conditions under which the United States grew, it was evident that it should thrive and develop along industrial, commercial, and therefore, peaceful lines. This development was influenced by a policy of peace, broken only by two aggressive wars, the "Mexican" and the "Spanish-American"; and a great "Civil War", which has only served to cement our unity and strengthen our national life. With these exceptions, the United States has lived up to its professors as a peace power.

As early as 1794, the determination to establish and maintain a policy and neutrality, was manifested in two important State acts. From that day to this, it has been the constant policy and one of the chief glories of our Republic,—that it has been the world's leading champion in the cause of peace and international arbitration.

The total number of arbitrators of the United States, down to 1900, was 57, 20 of which were with Great Britain.

The influence of the "United States as a Peace Power" seems to have grown with its opportunities. While our country has almost invariably been on the side of peace and neutrality, it is only since, the outcome of the Spanish-American War has manifested our strength to the world, that we have been recognized as a great world power and have fully awakened to our opportunities and responsibilities.

The diplomatic interposition of President Roosevelt which resulted in nego-

tiations leading to the "Treaty of Portsmouth" and the termination of the "Russo-Japanese War", as well as, the enthusiastic welcome given our fleet by Japan and other eastern nations, call attention to the position occupied by the United States in international politics. It was only the "open door" policy in the Far East, which saved China from dismemberment, and the diplomatic action on the part of the United States, which tended to preserve its territorial integrity during the Russo-Japanese war.

Respectfully the affairs of Morocco, in which the United States delegates played an important role, Chancellor von Buelow said: "Germany has reason to be grateful to the United States for its attitude at the Conference of Algeciras. America took an attitude of reserve, and maintained its neutral position thru-out, omitting no opportunity to remove difficulties and aiding toward an agreement which should be satisfying to all the parties in interest. *That was* a great service which the United States rendered to the peace of the world, because the failure of the Conference of Algeciras would *not* only have broken the relations between Germany and France, but would have disturbed the general political situation in the world, and would have introduced a disturbing and treatening element into the politics of all nations." Von Buelow added: "This was the second great service which the United States rendered to the peace of the world, the first being the establishment of peace between Japan and Russia."

Although American diplomacy has been frequently criticized on the ground of failure to conform to conventional standards of etiquette, it is not claiming too much for it to say that, on the whole, it has been characterized by a frankness, a disposition toward fair dealing, and a freedom from duplicity and avarice.

Indeed, our leading authority on the diplomacy of the United States, bears witness that "the conduct and policy of our government from the beginning of its history, in its relations with the Orient, have been marked by a spirit of forbearance, justice and magnanimity."

Not only has our government been desirous of preserving peace, but has become aware of the power which has lain with it in the past, and has taken a great forward step, as was shown in the second Peace Conference held at "The Hague". There, the aims of the greatest peace power on earth were revealed when the United States delegates proposed the establishment of a "Supreme Court of the Nations" to be composed of permanent, salaried, and impartial judges, who were to decide all international disputes, and whose decisions were to be final.

We are, as yet, only on the threshold of this most desirable reform. At present, The Hague tribunal has little, if any, real authority. It can take cognizance of cases, only by the mutual agreement of the litigant parties, but has no means of enforcing its decisions.

When the reference of all international disputes was first recommended, it provoked ridicule, and was regarded as impracticable and visionary. But it paved the way for the first Hague tribunal; and as this tribunal has decided several important cases, it gives promise for a great future; of a time when public sentiment will demand the enlargement of powers of this tribunal, and when civilized people will have a higher

and more rational method of adjusting their differences.

Although this generation may never see the good results brought about by the "United States as a Peace Power", the next (generation) may witness the establishment of a "World Supreme Court", with a recognized authority over all nations, and conducted in a manner similar to that of our own high court of last resort.

Then, but not before the art of wholesale murder, now dignified by a less offensive term, will become unpopular, and the services of the martinet and the soldier will be replaced by those of the diplomat and the statesman.

THE ELEVATOR BOY OF THE LA GRANDE.

P. PHILLIPS HUYETT, '10.

The Gentlemen's Reading Room of the La Grande was almost deserted. The soft and balmy air, the pleasant sunshine, and all the allurements of a beautiful spring morning drew everybody out of doors except a single individual leisurely sitting on the edge of the reading table.

The figure was that of a young man who would attract attention in any crowd, because his faultless attire, his handsome face, his small hands and wrists, all had an air of culture and refinement about them.

Suddenly, with the air of a man who makes a quick desicion, he turned and walked to the desk. "Any mail for number four?" The clerk handed him a letter. A glance at the hand writing showed that it was the one expected. He hastily tore open the envelope and read:

"At Home,
10.00 P. M.

My Dear Mr. Wilson:

'To err is human. To loaf is Parisian.' Be an American. Do something that will make a name for youreslf and then I'll give my answer.

(Signed) May."

The letter dropped to the floor. He was entirely lost in thought. "Do something that will make a name for yourself and then I'll give my answer," he repeated half aloud, half whispering. Nor was he aroused from his reverie until two men, talking in excited voices, and gesticulating wildly, appeared in the door way.

"Confound it all!" ejaculated the proprietor of the hotel and then he paused for breath. "What do you think is the matter?" he continued to the bewildered clerk, who was hastily trying to recollect whether he had done anything wrong. "Number one skipped with all his baggage last night and who the deuce is going to run that elevator on the night shift?" The clerk looked bewildered and after a few fruitless attempts to scratch something out of his scanty locks he gasped "I don't know," in answer to the first question.

The conversation had resulted in entirely awakening the young man's mind to the issue at hand. Not, however, until he touched the breathless proprietor on the arm was his presence known to the two men.

"What is that you need, an elevator boy?" began the intruder by way of introduction. The proprietor gave him one of those 'is—it—any—of—your—d—d—business' looks for his pains. "If you do," continued the stranger pleasantly, "I'll help you out." The proprietor's wrath knew no bounds. "You can't make a fool out of me," he thundered. "You, run an elevator! Why you couldn't run a wheel barrow!" "See here," said the young man rather severely, "I mean business, give me a trial." Whether it was Dame Fortune or Kismet that compelled the proprietor to lead the stranger to the elevator door neither could ever tell and neither ever cared much to know.

The dreamer was all business now. Taking off his coat, he took the wheel and dropped the car into the pit. Then, taking out his watch, he carefully noted the time. Again he took the wheel, raised the car to the top of the house, and immediately dropped it again into the pit, taking out his watch, he consulted the power gauge and made his report. "That's pretty good," he reported, "a single trip every three minutes and a round trip every five in a nine-story shaft not including a basement. Say, boss," turning to the proprietor, "don't you fellows ever clean your shaft? Ah! I thought so," putting his ear to the wheel, "that valve is worn pretty hard. You want to put a new one in there."

The astonished proprietor stood ilke a Greek statue and his face would have been a wonderful study for a painting labelled "astonishment." In a moment he was the business man again. "I guess you'll do," he decided. "You know enough about elevators to talk about them. That's more than some do," he admitted. "Your shift begins to-morrow evening at six,"—this by way of instruction. "I'll be there," said the stranger and grasping his hat, he, too, was swallowed up in the fine morning.

Number one's life as elevator boy of the La Grande had but one disquietude. Again and again he reported the insecurity of the machine, but to no purpose. It was with reluctance that he took the wheel when times were busy and runs numerous. The rememberance of that letter alone kept him there. Was he really doing anything to make a name for himself? Not to his knowledge.

The expected happened but not when it was expected. It was late in the summer. The hotel was crowded. Some one, whose idle brain had nothing to do but brew trouble for some one else proposed an informal dance in the solarium of the hotel. The propreitor was consulted and the announcement of the event posted all over the house.

That evening when Number One came to the elevator door to relieve Number Two he saw the announcement. Immediately he turned on his heel and walked to the office. He told the proprietor that he must refuse to handle a crowd with the car in a bad condition. His answer was "You run that car tonight or pack up and clear out." Number One thought for a moment. "I'll run," was his decision.

It was about nine o'clock. He had taken all the people to the top of the house. The most dangerous part of his work was done and a sense of security once more calmed his rather adgitated mind. More than that, he even felt light-hearted. For had he not taken a certain letter-writer to the top of the house without being recognized? Could he bring her down without being noticed? Certainly. Who would ever dream of looking for him here? And

thus his imagination ran looser until the end of the dance.

The dance over, every one crowded towards the elevator door to get down first. Everything went smoothly. It was his last trip. The car was guaranteed to carry ten passengers. There were thirteen outside waiting to get in. One of them was a certain May Armstrong. He opened the door. The crowd came in. "That's enough," he called when ten had entered but it was unheeded for already there were thirteen in the car.

Number One was excited. With a quick movement he turned the wheel. The car dropped suddenly. The first floor reached, he again turned the wheel with a jerk. For a moment the car seemed to quiver. There was a noise of scraping iron, the sensation of a sudden plunge, and the consciousness of having snatched someone from certain death and all was darkness.

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Number One awoke as if from a long sleep. Had he fallen asleep on the elevator seat? No. He was in a little white bed. He glanced all around the room. It was so neat, so clean, so cosy. There was something familiar about it, too. Why, it was his own room. He raised himself on his elbow and immediately fell back on the bed. How was this? Too weak even to sit up. But how came he here? Why was he not on the elevator?

In his bewilderment he called aloud. The door opened and a figure enveloped in blue with a white cap and apron appeared. He felt a soothing draft administered and a sense of security came over him. He was quiet for a long time. Suddenly a chill passed through him. It was all clear to him now. It seemed but yesterday that it happened. "Was anyone hurt?" he suddenly asked the figure in the white cap.

"One," replied the figure.

"Who?"

"Yourself."

There was a short pause. "Where is May?" he asked. The nurse hesitated as if to recollect. "Oh, May? You will see her soon."

"How soon?"

"As soon as the doctor says so," and she gave him a little note. He read:

"May I come to give my answer. The girl you saved in the elevator was, —

May."

Prof. S. (after reading the following from Burns to Seniors in English): "The sky was blue, the wind was still, The moon was shining dearly.") "Now what do you think of that?"

Schmoyer '10: "That was an ideal night."

Prof. S. (laughingly): "That's it exactly."

THE MENACE OF SOCIALISM.

ELBERT E. LANDIS, '10.

We, the people of the United States of America, are to-day enjoying great freedom and prosperity. We are at peace among ourselves, because of the stability of our national government, and we are in a position to compel relations of peace with the rest of the world. But our fore-fathers have endured great hardships, to the end that their posterity might enjoy these very privileges. It is safe to say that our fore-fathers never dreamed that their work was done so well. They knew nothing of luxuries which to-day the working class regard as necessities. Inasmuch as our fore-fathers enduerd, so much for the future generations, is it not also our duty to do all in our power to preserve such a nation? There are many things which tend to the perpetuation of this mighty power and comparatively few which tend to its disruption; the former we must guard, the latter we must fight. At the basis of all that which is powerful for good, is a fundamental conception of morality—not a morality of choice, but a morality of obligation. Any force which aims at this, aims at the roots of society itself; it is a menace to all that civilization has achieved. This anti-religious sentiment is not to be passed over in silence; we must prepare to cope with it, especially when it assumed the proportion of a definitely organized world movement. An essentially irreligious nation cannot endure. Our Christianity is as vital to the solidarity of our nation as our laws, or any other detail of our organization.

The greatest foe, with which Christianity must cope to-day, is not the fanatical representative of another religion, but the stealthy intellectually-warped enemy within its own camp. This enemy has donned the weapons of Christianity and goes about as a wolf in sheep clothing, making sad havoc everywhere; rooting up and tearing down, but not building anew.

Such a force is Socialism. This menacing foe which is rapidly gaining strength everywhere, is hard to fight in its many phases. It relies for its growth upon the spreading of disconduct, and achieves this end by using arguments so specious, that an ordinary man is unable to resist them. Ordinary writings which purport to give an explanation of socialist doctrine, often fail to reveal its true nature.

It is my purpose then to prove that socialism is trully an enemy of religion, and that it is impossible for Socialism and Christianity to go hand in hand. When anyone attacks socialism on the ground that it is irreligious, the ordinary socialist will not deny the statement; but will endeavor to evade your assertion by saying, that with many persons socialism is a religion in itself. But what is that religion? It is Atheism or Materialism. It's only ideal looks forward to the material welfare of man and neglects his moral virtues.

Prof. Flint, one of the best authorities on socialism, says that "Socialism is antagonistic to religion for these reasons: it allies itself with Atheism; it assumes that man's chief aim is merely a happy social life on earth; it attacks more importance to the condition of men than their character; it does injustice to the rights of individuality." That these assertions are not mere myths, is evident

from what the socialist leaders themselves assert. Mr. Ernest Belford Box, one of the most prominent socialist leaders of England, describes socialism as Atheistic Humanism; that it holds social progress as its highest end and aim. He then goes on to say that just as paganism was the religion of slave-industry; and just as Catholic Christianity was the religion of serfdom; and just as Protestant Christianity is the religion of capitalism, just so is socialism the religion of collective or co-operative industry. That these views are not only held by a few of the socialists is also evident from the fact, that *The Social Democrat,* the official paper of the German Socialist Party, asserts: "As a matter of simple fact, it must be candidly avowed, Christianity is the bitterest foe of Social Democracy." It further states that when "God is driven out of the brains of men the whole system of privilege by the Grace of God comes to the ground, and when heaven hereafter is recognized as a big lie, men will attempt to establish heaven here. Therefore, whoever assails Christianity assails at the same time Monarchy and Capitalism." Dr. Schæffle, a noted critic on socialism, affirms that socialism is out and out irreligious and is hostile to the church. "It says that the church is only a police institution for upholding capital, and that it deceives the common people with a check payable in heaven; that the church deserves to perish. The church and indeed all religion is fanatically hated by many socialists."

The ideals of the socialists are also very evident from the fact that they encourage every kind of irreligious literature, and that not one socialist writer has attempted to defend Christianity or any other form of religion.

Socialism is antagonistic to religion, not only because a great number of socialists are unbelievers and deny the existence of a Divinity, and not because they are evolutionists; but because they have reasons to think that both cannot exist at the same time. "They consider religion and socialism as two antagonistic creeds, and that a belief in a future existence, places a powerful obstacle to the accomplishment of its aim, since socialism must depend for its success, upon the existence and promotion of the most bitter discontent and dissatisfaction." The leading socialists not only admit that this is the case, but firmly hold that such must be the case if it shall gain success. Monsieur Gabriel Deville, one of the ablest socialist leaders of France, says that if socialism shall attain its object, religion must be destroyed. Mr. Robert Blatchford, the most prominent socialist of England states: "Foreseeing that conflict between socialism and religion was inevitable, I attacked the Christian Religion. It had to be done, and it will have to be finished, no half and half work will serve, I believe that I did right and I believe that I did wisely."

Signor Ferri, an Italian, who is also a leading socialist, prefers according to his statements, a paradise on earth, rather than one in heaven.

In addition many socialists wish to do away with the family and with the sacred laws of marriage. They insist that free-love should take its place. It does not take much imagination to see what immorality and crime would be the outcome of this.

However it is time wasted to add argument to argument; on the very force of it socialism has but a very few really good arguments in its favor, and so

many against it that we need have no scruples in opposing it. This vicious system of teaching does constitute a real danger to the very basic principles which hold society together, and which are vital to the continued existence of our nation. It remains with those of us who still have the breath of patriotism in us to see, that such a movement be harshly dealt with. Let us be aroused from our slumber, and let us be infused with a spirit more like that which our fore-fathers possessed, when they rebelled against the tyranny of England. Then we shall be able to oppose destruction with success.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE JEW.

G. HOWARD GELSINGER, '10.

The Hebrew, known to us as the language in which the greater part of the Bible was written, belongs to the Semitic family of languages together with Phoenician, Aramaic, Assyrian, Arabic, Aethiopic (Geez and Amharic), and the Ancient and Modern Syriac. These languages have certain characteristics common to all of them: (1) A tendency to construct words on the triconsonantal root system, and to preserve this root as far as possible unchanged through all inflection; (2) The use of the Absolute and Construct "states"; (3) Inflection by the changing of vowels in the body of word and by the addition of significant particles, rather than by a mere change in form as in Indo European languages. The members of this group are much more closely related to each other than are those of any other group; Hebrew and Aramaic, for instance, seem to differ from each other but little more than strongly marked dialects of the same speech. The most important modern surviver of this group is the Arabic, whose sphere of influence is rapidly extending, and whose alphabet is more widely used than any other, not even excepting the Roman.

It is probable that the Hebrew went out of popular use some time before the Book of Daniel was written. We may gather this from the fact that a large part of Daniel is written, not in Hebrew, but in Aramaic—which language seems to have displaced Hebrew as the spoken idiom. The Aramaic was the speech of the earlier Semitic settlers of Canaan, and as the Hebrews had intimate relations with these people they came finally to adopt their language—although in a form somewhat modified by their own tongue. The Hebrew still continued in use among those learned in the Law, and in the Schools, but came to be less and less understood by the common people as their popular idiom diverged more and more from the standards of the now fixed and therefore dead tongue.

In the 131 A. D., after a continued residence of many centuries in their Promised Land, the Jews were driven from it, and forbidden to return to their Holy City. Thus their national existence was completely crushed out. They had now but one thing remaining to them as a bond of union, as a memory of their former greatness, and as a warrant of future hope—their Sacred Books

written in their ancient language. So it happened that instead of Hebrew being forgotten in the stress of the times, new impetus was able to its study. It became less and less the property of a learned class, and instead became familiar to a large proportion of the people. Some writers declare that education was more general among the Jews than among any other people of their time.

After the Dispersion, the Jews were scattered everywhere; and by the time of the Middle Ages, they were spread over a large part of Europe. They used accurately and well the language of whatever country they lived in; but, compelled by law to occupy separate quarters of the cities, they were left a great deal to themselves. The Jewish men were great travellers, and so the Ghetto (Jewish quarters) was filled with Jews speaking different languages; quite naturally, then, many Hebrew words came into every day use as the element of language best known to all. In this way arose the curious dialects of Ladino (Judaeo-Spanish), Judaeo-Persian, Judaeo-Arabic, and (most important of all) the Yiddish. These dialects were, and are to this day, unstable; for owing to the fact that they are merely mixtures of two languages widely different in vocabulary and grammatical structure, the proportion which each idiom contributes is a variable quantity. All of them have been used for literary purpose, but none so much and so successfully as the Yiddish. It is this dialect which we are now to trace.

In the Middle Ages, the Jews in Germany employed the High German of the times with the ease and skill of natives, writing it, however, with the Hebrew script. After the Black Death the Jews were driven from the Fatherland by the violent persecutions which arose against them in those troublous times, and fled for the most part to the Slavic countries of Poland and Russia. Here they remained in comparative peace for quite a length of time. Their language (which had been tolerably pure German) now received a large infusion of Hebrew and Slavonic words—the former from their Sacred Books, and the latter culled from the speech of those around them. Later, when they returned to Germany, they found that their German was not understood because of its mixtures with Hebrew and Slavonic words and modes of expression. Hence thelanguage received its unfortunate appellation of Jargon-Deutsch, by which name it is still known among a great number of the more educated Jews.

The Yiddish has received a considerable degree of literary cultivation, and has proven to be by no means a poor or unsatisfactory medium for the expression of thought—finely distinguished ideas being readily brought out. Contrary to what is usually supposed, the language is by no means hard to learn. It is true that the acquisition of the Hebrew alphabet offers very real difficulties; but when this obstacle has been surmounted, the thought can readily be grasped by anyone familiar with German. The written language employs a considerable number of Hebrew words, but in speaking they are very seldom used. Many newspapers, magazines and books still continue to be written in Hebrew and command a wide circulation.

WHEN SPINSTER ENTERTAINED BACHELOR.

WALTER W. BROSSMAN, '12.

(Continued from November issue.)

V.

Closing Incidents.

A day or so passed. The bachelors continued to congregate almost nightly. President Frank Schockley would be there, so would Claude Hydroxyll, so would Dallas Black, while the other three members of the organization could hardly be called to account for non-attendance.

The same topics as before continued to be discussed. However, now that the Spinster social was but five days off, that topic became the one absorbing subject. All sorts of discussions came up. Dallas Black no longer hinted at the possibilities of infatuation. He didn't trust to.

The strange thing was that a great change seemed to have come over Frank Schockley. Even Dallas Black saw that Schockley lacked just a bit of his former self. Instead of being in continual good humor as heretofore, he was frequently found as though in a thoughtful mood. If disturbed, he would start, and look up as though offended. Neither Dallas Black nor any other member could, for the greatest while, understand the reason for this mood. Why he should not be the same cheerful and conversational man of heretofore, was unexplainable. They even questioned him. None of his relatives or friends had departed this "turbulent and mundane sphere?" He had not been unfortunate in any business venture, had he? What, then, ailed Mr. Frank Schockley?

Was it love? Ah! Dallas Black, greatest woman hater of them all thought he had "the clue." Frank Schockley, he told himself, was becoming tired of the monotony of bachelorhood and—was in love! In love, truly and finally. For once Dallas Black did not communicate his suspicions to the rest, fearing that a verbal expression of them would receive denunciation just as had his efforts on infatuation. Instead, he watched Schockley with a suspicious eye and departed, meditatingly.

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It was almost mid-night. For an hour two individuals had been sitting and discussing it all. They were heavily dressed as if preparatory to a journey. Miss Amanda Schnockleberger was almost incredulous that such a thing could happen. She, sturdy upholder of "spinsterhood" for long years to be changed so suddenly to this. It seemed well nigh, impossible. She was to elope at mid-night with James Schockley. Oh! the unstability of bachelorhood and of spinsterhood. At mid-night Schockley's machine would put in appearance and their very sensational elopement would have it's beginning. Said elopement was to prove *the* topic of discussion in W. for many days following this.

"It seems almost impossible. I can believe it only with difficulty," she confided to him. "Just to think how we formerly upheld our ends of 'bachelorhood' and 'spinsterhood' and—now we're to elope! Can you believe it?"

"It does seem almost incredulous, but I judge it's so."

"Yes. But let's see—how did it come about. Oh! that discussion on infatuation. It's your fault, too," she reproved him, smilingly. "Aren't you ashamed?"

"Fearfully."

"You appear so."

"You don't seem to mind it so very much, though."

"No, not so very much."

Schockley was the recipient of a very sweet little smile.

"Let's see; it was this way," began Schockley. When we received that invitation to your social one of our members asked whether we didn't fear infatuation. Most of us 'sat' on him pretty thoroughly. All my previous guarding against infatuation had never made this point occur to me. Without telling anyone, I determined to call on you and get your views on the subject. I came, you could testify to that."

"Yes, I can testify to that," Miss Amanda smiled.

"And then, then—oh, well—really, I believe," boldly," that I became *infatuated* myself. Those eyes, those lips, that expression!" All his boldness could carry him no farther. "Who cares for infatuation anyway? We don't."

"We?"

"Surely."

"Don't you?"

"No."

"Then it's mutual."

But just then the clock struck twelve.

A few minutes later the chug—chug—chug of Schockley's machine was heard. It stopped in front of the door. A second later any observer might have seen two muffled figures enter. Everything had been heavily curtained, and after entrance, the curtains were again drawn. Then at a word from Schockley the machine was set in motion. They were off! Soon they cleared the town leaving the sleeping inhabitants to their dreams and to different dreams the following night.

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It was morning. W. had awakened. The elopement had not yet dawned on them. No one, for once, thought of either of them. Then came a telegram for the Secretary of the Bachelors' Club. A similar telegram, almost needless to say was received by the Spinsters' organization. They had eloped! Dame Gossip had a new topic to give her patrons; she did give it without delay; and, it was received with much surprise, interest and excitement.

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But to end this tale. No, readers, the author shall not tell you that the remaining members of each organization married. This, he supposes would be catering to the expected and not to the unexpected. Unexpected preferred! Instead, the remaining five of each organization assembled for the "Spinster Celebration," after which the activities of each were still fostered, even if in a rather lame and imperfect way.

However, at all later times any upholder of bachelorhood or spinsterhood would be told of the elopement of Schockley and Miss Schnockleberger.

END.

OUR ALUMNI.

'73. *From the pen of "T. H. D." in* THE LUTHERAN, *we reprint the following*:

It was a great shock to me, as doubtless to many others, to read in last week's *Lutheran* of the death of Dr. Nicum. My close relations to him for many years of his earlier life impels me to endeavor to place a tribute on his grave; acknowledgment of his earnest endeavors to improve his mind, of his constant activity, of his quick preception to discover the heart of any controversial question, of his forceful logic, and of his constant zeal for the pure doctrine of his beloved Church.

As I remember him when he came to Muhlenberg College at Allentown, near the end of the sixties, he was a raw young German with limited preparatory training, but eager to make use of its course of studies. He soon attracted the attention of the late Rev. S. K. Brobst, editor and publisher of the "*Lutherische Zeitschrift*," der "*Jugendfreund*," "*Theologische Monatshefte*" and other publications as did in fact all German students, native or foreign. The College was still young in its career and he was exceedingly anxious that the German element should find in it the house which had been denied it at Gettysburg, and every German youth who entered its doors was to him a welcome accession.

At the same time his ideals of a *German*-English Institution, for which he had striven for many years and which he was largely instrumental in establishing threatened more and more to be unrealized, in consequence of which an ever increasing tension between him and the College developed. Into this strained condition of things John Nicum entered, and it did not take him long, with his already well developed positivism, to become an active exponent of Rev. Brobst's views and aims in college circles. This, naturally, did not help to create an agreeable atmosphere for him, at least so far as many of his fellow students were concerned. He seemed to mind this little, however, but applied himself the more strenuously to his work.

Rev. Brobst had an unusual faculty in finding and developing men, able and willing to be useful in his multifarious work, and John Nicum was soon one of his most valuable helpers. There was much printed material to sort out, to tabulate and index and he spent much of his spare time working in Brobst's office. There he became acquainted with an extensive German library of theological works, church and other exchange papers, as well as other printed matter found in such great diversity only in a newspaper office. Of all this matter he availed himself and here he developed the tastes for literary work which became so dominant a feature in his later life. Soon he gathered items of church news from the exchange papers for the *Zeitschrift*... That his activity in this direction resulted in friction with his German Professor, later connected with a Western institution, who also was somewhat active in the same sphere, did not disturb him greatly. It is not known to me that his College studies suffered from this outside activity, but I am certain that when he graduated from college he was a better all-around equipped young man, than the great majority of his classmates, or, for that matter, of

any succeeding class. During his College years he was active in Allentown Church and Sunday-school work and to him is very largely due the organization of St. Michael's Lutheran church, Rev. A. T. W. Steinhaeuser, present pastor.

While at the Seminary in Philadelphia, John Nicum continued his relations to Rev. Brobst's work and this continued after his ordination to the ministry. The merging of the *Herald,* official paper of the New York Ministerium, and of the *Lutherische Zeitschrift* into one paper followed, made possible because of the inharmonious conditions in the Ministerium, and this also tended to bind the ties to the paper after he became Pastor of a congregation in that body.

After Rev. Brobst's death near the end of 1876, it became necessary that the writer should continue the publication of the paper, against his wishes, if the work of his departed partner was to live. In this crisis, with many open questions agitating the Church, men like Dr. Mann, Dr. Spaeth and others nobly gave the paper their countenance, and were constant contributors. But to Rev. Nicum must be ascribed even greater honor, since he worked more than they all to fill its columns with material of such diversified character as no other contributor to any church paper in my experience has ever approached. *The Lutheran* has already enumerated some of his greater and more lasting works, but only I myself can realize what a tower of strength he became to the paper, covering all the spheres mentioned by you to which he gave attention—statistics, church history, etc. The church papers of all denominations coming to the office were regularly sent to him and his Review of other denominations was a regular feature. His items of church news were acknowledged superior to those of any Lutheran paper in the country.

But as time proceeded, he developed and took up any question before the Church for discussion, and his weightier articles soon received attention from all sides. When asked to prepare an article on almost any question, he was prompt to respond, and his forceful, logical treatment at once commanded attention. In his earlier years particularly his naturally strong inclination to engage in contorversies had sometimes to be restrained, and the statement is due to him that he seldom objected to the blue-pencilling of an editor.

To what *The Lutheran* has said of his great ability, his wide range of information, his strong logical presentation of an argument and his useful work for the Church in many directions, I heartily assent. He was not possessed of a commanding personailty, but he achieved respect for himself by these traits of mind and character, even from those who were at one time disposed to jeer at him. He lived through a formative period of our Church, and by force of circumstances and his own strong impulses he became a very active factor in its development in sound directions. He did yeoman service for it and his work will bear fruit for many years to come. Of his pastoral and other phases of work, others who were closer related may testify; but I can safely say, that he was not accused by any of his congregations of neglecting them for outside work. It may be added, that he at various periods was Pastor of congregations at Frankfort, at Girardsville and at Frackville, Pa., in addition to those named in *The Lutheran,*

EDITORIALS.

We are about to celebrate the festival which is perhaps second to that of Easter. Already for some weeks there has been a change in the atmosphere. We are surrounded with an air which tells us of the coming of Christmas. This season, although it comes at a time when the trees are bare and nature has been robbed of a great deal of its adornment, brings joy and happiness to both young and old.

It was a gift which made this season the joyous and pleasant time that it was, and it is this gift together with the gifts which are at this time given by friend to friend, by lover to sweetheart and by the rich to the needy that still makes it a season of rejoicing and gladness. A gift is an expresion of kindness and of love. It is a Christ-like act. In the giving of gifts, *as in every good thing,* there are dangers into which we are liable to fall. The feeling of obligation to give when circumstances do not permit may drive some to action which can not be commended. The fact that there are some who miss weeks of school and some who fail to perfom other duties because they must have that time to prepare Christmas gifts leads us to think that the practice of giving gifts is sometimes overdone, that we should come down to a golden mean and not let custom get the upper hand.

Let us not forget that it is not alone the giving of gifts that makes this season a time of pleasure, but it is the laying aside of our regular duties, the meeting of old acquaintances, the renewing of friendships, the gathering in the family circle and the partaking from the old family table which at this time is laden to its utmost. In the midst of these many blessings let us not become insensible to their significance and forget the source from which they flow, but let us remember that we are enjoying the peace which was proclaimed almost two thousand years ago and that we are honoring the advent of our Saviour; then and only then can we fully appreciate the deep significance and meaning of the Christmas season.

According to reports great interest is being manifested by students all over North America in the Sixth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions to be held at Rochester, N. Y., from December 29 to January 2. At this time three thousand delegates, represeuting more than seven hundred institutions of higher learning will spend five days in conference with student leaders from all over the world. The present situation in the Orient, the Near East, Africa, South America and other lands will be reviewed, with the purpose of ascertaining what contributions the colleges of North America can and ought to make toward the solution of social, political, industrial and religious problems now confronting these lands.

The special feature of the convention will be the addresses by some of the greatest of modern missionary leaders, the discussions of different phases of Christian work—industrial and educational, as well as evangelistic and medical and personal conferences with men fresh from the great mission fields of the world who will be accessible for interviews regarding the work and opportunities in every land. Leaders in every phase of college activity, athletic, liter-

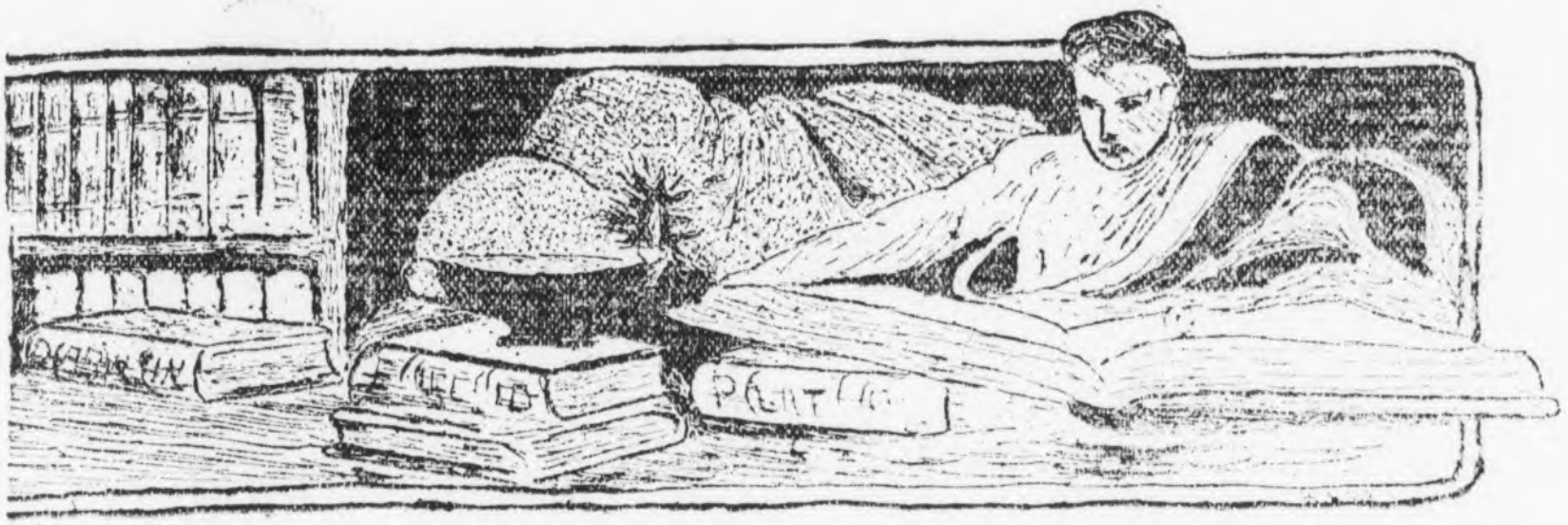
ary, religious and social attend these conventions. College spirit runs high and intercollegiate ties are mightily strengthened. It is a liberal education in itself to meet men of every type and race, and of widely varying experience, such as will meet at Rochester. It would be a treat to almost any student to attend this convention and every one who has the opportunity should not fail to do so. Since the birth of the Student Volunteer Movement in 1886, more than 4000 student volunteers from American and Canadian colleges alone have gone to the foreign field. The movement has spread to other countries, so that now more than 138,000 students and teachers in other lands are united with those of North America in the World's Student Christian Federation, working together to spread the gospel of love and service. The gathering ofs uch an army of workers in so short a period should convince every one that these conventions have been successful in their endeavors.

The Glee Club under the leadership of Mr. Hassler, assisted by Dr. Marks, has very good prospects. It is believed that this year's musical club will be the best that the institution has had for some years. A large number of candidates have presented themselves to the leaders. The club will be composed of twenty-five men. There will be no "minstrel stunt" this year but something equal to it, if not better. The manager, Mr. Eberts, has already arranged the following schedule: January 7, Kutztown; January 15, Sellersville; January 21, Quakertown; January 22, Philadelphia; February 5, Tamaqua; February 6, Mahanoy City; February 11, Reading. After the Lenten season the club expects to render its concert at Allentown, Ephrata, Pottstown, Lancaster and several other places, the arrangements for which have not yet been made.

Whether our students were taught in Geometry or whether they learned elsewhere that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, we do not know. But watching the fellows when they go for a meal or for a car we can not but beleive that a good many of them know it and that they take advantage of it. Although our campus may not show the results of the short cuts very plainly just now, the time will soon come when it will. We are quite sure that it is only in our hurry and at times of thoughtlessness that we make these short cuts. It is a bad habit and for the sake of the appearance of our campus we should get rid of it at once.

Reisner '10 (to a number of the fellows, who were talking about their grandfathers): "That's something I never had."

Prof. S. (in public speaking): "Who was the father of Richard III.?"
David '13: "Richard IV."



LITERARY.

In criticising a great poet or author our opinion is sometimes biased by his moral and religious attitude. If he is a dissalute character, as some of our literary artists have been, we discount his productions accordingly.

"The Character of Poe's Poetry" is an exception to this. The author of this criticism has carefully avoided references to the life of Poe and gives us instead the good and bad features of Poe's poetry only.

The songs of this master musician deserve study. We have examples of artistic production that are unrivaled in their music and perfection of diction.

Though many of his poems are gloomy and full of despair still their refinement lends them a peculiar charm.

Mr. Shiery must certainly be commended on his success in thus criticising our great "American lyrist."

The second part of "When Spinster Entertained Bachelor" is not as good as the instalment in the October issue. Parenthetical phrases are too frequent and in one instance punctuated so badly that it requires some study to interpret the sentence.

The author claims that an attempt at originality would be a risk. Take the risk.

We are much interested however as to the final outcome of the plot and know that the final issue will be a great deal better than the previous ones.

Mr. Horn has given us a short survey of a very wide subject. His illustrations are varied and show the author's intimate knowledge of historic events and characters connected with them.

The time has truly come when the Power of Thought and not Force of Arms rules the world.

We have been favored with a short tragic story. It is very interesting knowing that such sad incidents have actually occurred. How often fickle woman has worked man's ruin.

EXCHANGES.

The editor of this department is pleased to state that the influx of exchanges was exceptionally large during the previous month, so large, in fact, that the editor has, perhaps, not been able to give them all the required attention. Naturally there are some rough edges, but taken en masse the publications contain their usual store of good stories and well written articles on all topics.

We greet "The Acorn," "The Briar Cliff Spectator,' and "The Farnum Tatler," for the first time. Come again.

There is but one avenue, in our judgment, through which one school journal derives any benefit from another and that avenue is the exchange department. Its comments act as spurs on the ambition of the writer and the gentle criticisms tend to promote the general tone of the paper. From this it follows that journals which eliminate exchange departments destroy, as it were, their very means of promotion. Consequently we cannot see why certain magazines wish to exchange with certain others but fail to have an exchange department. Again an exchange department is the only means by which any journal can acknowledge the receipt of its fellow literary promoters, which acknowledgement it seems to us is necessary, absolutely so, as a matter of curtesy if for no other purpose. With these remarks in mind we recommend exchange departments to "The Hall Boy," "The Monthly," "College Mercury," and "The Mercersburg Academy Literary Magazine."

The "M. A. S. Monthly" gives us a bit of real romance in "The Burglar."

"The Steal-less Watermelon" in "The Buff and Blue" is a clever story.

"An Hour of Honor" in "The Mirror" contains a fine touch of good humor.

"The Red and Black" (Reading) comes to us with its usual line of good stories plus a very pretty cover design.

Friend—"In what course does your son expect to graudate?"

Father—"In the course of time, by the looks of things." Ex.

"The Blue and Gold" is a fine example of a neat magazine.

"The Purple and White" (Allentown) has an excellent illustration at the head of the different departments.

We advise everyone, especially Lutherans, to read "Early Lutherans in America," in "The Theleusian."

Of all the college journals on our shelves "The Mercury" and "The College Student," are most eagerly read by the students.

The cover design of "The Volante" is somewhat inartistic. A few good stories would improve the paper.

The following exchanges have been received during the past month. Many thanks to all and an invitation to come again.

"The Acorn," "The M. A. S. Monthly," "The Buff and Blue," "The Comenian," "The Bethany Messenger," "The Perkiomenite," "The Carlisle Arrow," "The Blue and Gold," "The Purple and White,' (Allentown)' "The Briar Cliff Spectator," "The Leavitt Angelus," "The Hall Boy," "The Coyote," "The Sorosis," "Old Penn Weekly," "Res Academicae," "The College Student," "The Susquehanna," "The Volaute," "The Monthly," "The Delaware College Review," "College Mercury," "The Mercersburg Academy Literary Magazine," "The Midland," "The Farnum Tatler," "The School Journal," "College Chips," "The Ursinus Weekly," "The Red and Black" (Bethlehem), "Nautilus," "The Thielcusian," "College Breezes," "The Breeze," "The Narrator," "The Red & Black" (Reading), "The Mercury," "Orphans' Home Paper," "Sweet Charity," "The Lutheran."

A PROBLEM.

Seniors were born for greater things,
Sophs were born for small,
But it is not recorded
Why Freshmen were born at all.—Ex.

"What is the difference between vision and sight?"

"See those two girls across the street? Well, the '10 girl I would call a vision, but that '11 girl's a sight."—Ex.

"Sure an' what under the sun is a chafin' dish?"

"Whist, man," answered Nora, "it's a fryin' pan what's got into society.—Ex.

ATHLETICS.

Another foot-ball season is past and can now be regarded as history. We are glad to say that our season was not marred by any serious accident, such as many of the institutions suffered. We cannot boast about our season in respect to the number of games won but the glories of victory do not always speak the truth. We believe in the motto that there is "victory in defeat" and that we will be able to demonstrate it by another year.

When we consiedr the fact that Coach Bull had to develop a team out of new material we can see the difficutly under which we labored. I rejoice in the fact that our team was a team that played clean foot-ball and I furthermore rejoice in the fact that we represent a college that fosters only such foot-ball. There are too many colleges that make intellectual training subsidiary to physical training. We often lose sight of the fact that the prime object of a college course ought to give us intellectual training and in connection with it physical training. Many of the small colleges aim primarily at developing winning teams by offering "special courses" to the physical giants. We grant that a certain class of people is attracted by such false standard but the thinking class of people will not approve of such methods. We wonder how such colleges can say that they are sending out men in the strict sense of the word, when the authorities foster methods of misrepresentation.

Foot-ball is the king of college sports and if it is to retain that title all professionilism must be abolished. Many of the large institutions have abolished it and the small colleges can do likewise if they will require foot-ball men to do intellectual work and not ony allow them to pose as actual college students when they have actually done no more than paid their matriculation fee.

MEETING OF THE MUHLENBERG COLLEGE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Athletic Association for the election of directors was held Thursday, December 2, from 8 to 10 P. M. The following men were re-elected to represent the alumni: Rev. Charles J. Rausch, Max S. Erdman, Malcolm W. Gross, George H. Hard-

ner, Robert L. Stuart, Edwin M. Stine, and Dr. Howard S. Seip. The following men were re-elected to represent the students: Seniors—Roy Shupp and Martin Kleckner; Juniors—Fred. C. Wunder and Warren L. Eberts.

A business meeting was held when the directors re-elected Dr. Bull coach for next year. It is hoped that he will return since his work has been considered very satisfactory considering the odds against which he labored.

MUHLENBERG vs. TEMPLE UNIVERSITY.

With a team composed of Freshmen and Sophomores our team defeated Temple University of Philadelphia, November 6th, by the score of 26—0. At no stage of the game did Temple threaten our goal. Coach Bull had recognized the team completely and by our varied style of attack we experienced little difficulty in gaining ground. Bixler outpunted the opponent, Woodring, on the average of 20 yeards on each punt. Temple made but two first downs.

Temple kicked off and Muhlenberg defended the west goal. Bixler received the ball and advanced 15 yards. Skean rushed around right end for 10 yards. Quinn and Reno made substantial gains through tackle. Temple held the locals for downs and tried a forward pass which went out of bounds and it was Muhlenberg's ball. An unsuccessful forward pass cost our team 15 yards and Bixler punted. Temple was soon forced to kick. A second forward pass was unsuccessful and Bixler again punted. Temple unable to gain in the rushes tried an onside kick which Klingler regained. Bixler made 5 yards and on a forward pass Klingler advanced 10 yards to Temple's third yard line. Reno went across the line for the first touchdown. Bixler failed at the goal.

Muhlenberg kicked off and Temple advanced the ball 10 yards after which they tried an onside kick which was captured by Skean. On a forward pass Klingler made 5 yards and Reno made the same distance. With only two yards to gain Reno went over for the second touchdown. Bixler failed at the goal.

Temple kicked off and Bixler advanced the ball 15 yards before he was thrown. Quinn, Skean and Bixler made substantial gains and on a cleverly executed onside kick netted 20 yards bringing the ball to Temple's two yard line. For the third time Reno was sent over for a touchdown, but Skean failed at the goal.

Muhlenberg kicked off and a minute later Kohler recovered the ball for Muhlenberg on an unsuccessful forward pass. Bixler and Reno advanced the ball to the 25 yard line, when by a forward pass Bennet dashed through Temple for a touchdown. Bixler kicked the goal.

Muhlenberg kicked off in the second half but soon recovered the ball when Temple tried an onside kick. In the same way we lost the ball and Newlin dashed up the field for 20 yards. Temple punted and we advanced the ball to Temple's one yard line, where they held us for downs. Compelled to kick we then advanced the ball but were sent back 15 yards on an unsuccessful forward pass. On a kick Quinn recovered the ball and it was soon put back 15 yards on failure to work a forward pass. Bixler punted and Quinn, who recovered the ball went across for the last touchdown.

The line up follows:

Muhlenberg		Temple U.
Shelly (Bennet)	L. E.	Newiln
Kohler	L. T.	Brennan (Evans)
Snyder	L. G.	Gilday
Savacool	C.	Schmidt
Deibert	R. G.	Stull
Williams	R. T.	Koch
Klingler (Fink)	R. E.	Diadati (Blumenthal)
Bixler	Q. B.	Hoye
Skean	L. H. B.	Medd
Quinn	R. H. B.	Wilcox
Reno	F. B.	Woodring

Touchdowns: Reno, 3; Bennet, Quinn. Goals: Bixler; Referee: Dietrich, Lafayette; Umpire, Ellicot, Lafayette; Field Judge, Hauser, Muhlenberg. Time of halves, 20 and 25 minutes.

MUHLENBERG vs. RUTGERS.

November 10th our team journeyed to New Brunswick, N. J., to meet the strong Rutger's team, where we were defeated by the score of 32—5. Rutgers gained by long runs on the fake kick formation. Muhlenberg was good on forward passes and Shupp crossed the line for our only score. Rutgers scored twice during the second half. Our team played its strongest game during the first part of the second half.

Line-up:

Muhlenberg		Rutgers
Shupp (Fasig)	L. E.	Vanwinkle
Kohler	L. T.	Alverson
Snyder	L. G.	McMichael
Savacool	C.	Hanson
Deibert	R. G.	John
Williams	R. T.	McCallum
Klingler (Fink)	R. E.	McGovern
Bixler	Q. B.	White
Skean	L. H. B.	Smith
Aberly (Quinn)	R. H. B.	Traver
Coleman	F. B.	Leslie

Umpire: Dietrich, Lafayette; Referee: Thorpe, (Columbia; (Head (Linesman, Thorpe, Rutgers; Time of halves, 25 minutes.

MUHLENBERG vs. WYOMING SEMINARY.

November 20th our boys journeyed to Wilkes-Barre to meet the Wyoming Seminary team and returned with a 23—0 defeat. Our boys played an aggressive game but were not able to overcome the weight and experience of the Seminary team. During the first hali our team held them to a 6—0 score, but weakened during the second half and allowed Seminary to score 17 points. Our team made substantial gains around the ends but could gain nothing on line plays. Line-up:

Muhlenberg		Wyoming
Shupp	L. E.	Waddell (Russell)
Williams	L. T.	Haines
Snyder	L. G.	Hill
Savacool (Brandt)	C.	Snyder
Deibert	R. G.	Bell
Kohler	R. T.	Porbst (Capt.)
Fink	R. E.	Diamond (Pauksztis)
Bixler	Q. B.	Frantz
Skean	L. H. B.	Cross (Shadt)
Aberly (Capt.) (Quinn	R. H. B.	Cool
Coleman	F. B.	Corsen

Touchdowns: Cross 2; Probst, Corson. Goals from touchdowns: Frantz 3. Referee: Seeley, Dickinson; Field Judge, Taggart; Umpire, Ellicott, Lafayette; Timekeeper, Barber; Head lineman: McCabe, Pennsylvania; Time of halves, 20 and 25 minutes.

MUHLENBERG vs. INDIAN RESERVES.

The last game of the season was played on Thanksgiving Day with the Carlisle Indian Reserves and ended with a victory for our team by a 13—5 score.

Our boys played the best game of the season and although they were outweighed yet it did not hinder them from working their way to the Red Skins' goal line.

Muhlenberg kicked off to the Indians. The Indians were penalized three times for offside play. When the ball reached the ten yard line one of the Indians fumbled it and it rolled across the goal line and Russian, the Red Skin right end, fell upon it scoring a safety for Muhlenberg. After the line-up the ball was again worked to the Indian line by a series of plunges and Coleman was sent over for a touch-down. The half ended with an 8—0 score.

At the beginning of the second half the Indians kicked off to Muhelnberg. We lost the ball and then after a series of end runs Orcassa was pushed across for the Indians only score. Muhlenberg never allowed the ball in Indian territory after this. By a series of line plunges and end runs Coleman was again sent over the line for a touchdown making the score of 13-5.

Forward passes were only attempted twice and these failed. Bixler outpunted Coleman, the Indian full-back. The game was played on a gridiron covered with snow and this prevented the teams from resorting to frequent forward passes. The line-up:

Muhlenberg		Indian Reserves.
Shupp	L. E.	Smith
Williams	L. T.	Williams
Savacool	L. G.	McLain
Brandt	C.	Wounded Eye
Snyder	R. G.	Vincent
Kohler	R. T.	Yelolw Elk
Fink	R. E.	Russian
Bixler	Q. B.	Cornelius
Skean	L. H. B.	Orcossa
Quinn	R. H. B.	Owe
Coleman	F. B.	Coleman

Touchdowns: Coleman (Muhlenberg) 2; Orcossa. Goal from touchdowns: Bixler. Safety: Orcassa. Referee: Dietrich, Lafayette; Umpire, Ellicott, Lafayette. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

PERSONALS.

A. Shupp '10 (seeing Beer '13 walking along and wearing a new hat) "Aha! a new head on the Beer."

The following was seen on the Student Bulletin Board, one afternoon:

NOTICE:—The person who took the sandwich out of my lunch-box is known. If he does not make amends, "drastic" measures will be taken.

(Signed) Larash '13.

Huyett '10 (seeing two scientific students boxing in the hall): "Hay, no scientific inoculations."

Dr. E. (to the Sophs in Latin): "We often find a latin or greek book with about fifty pages of text and two-hundred pages of notes. I believe,—it is better to pay in cash, and not deal so much in 'notes'."

Who translated "Donnerwetter" as "bless me?"

Dr. H. (In Theism speaking on force in the world, to Seniors): "Now, gentlemen, what is force?"

From the hindermost depths: "A breakfast food!"

On the night before Thanksgiving the "Freshies" paraded down town to the residence of the "grand old man" of the college, Dr. Wackernagel. After giving the correct countersign, "Open, lest we're caught," and giving thirteen taps on the window, the key was thrown down and after experiencing some trouble, (these fellows not being accustomed to the "Muhlenberg lock") they all filed in, and the misery began. After persenting Doctor with one of the "survival of the fittest" of the turkey breed, the Doctor responded with a speech and toast to "1913", after which the following speeches were made: Scheel, in Greek; Beer, in Penna. German; Klingler, in Latin; E. Kohler, in French; Keim, in German; Reno, the president of the class, was master of ceremonies. After spending an enjoyable evening, the class departed to the place beyond the cemetery.

Schock '12 (in latin, translating, before which he had read this portion by comparison): "Os?" I cannot think of its meaning."

Dr. E. (to class, Schock becoming nervous): "Well, it's right before his nose and he knows it not."

Prof. F. (in religion): "How many people would be left in this world, if all the fools were taken out?"

Larash '13 (including the bunch): "None!"

Schuler '13 and Heller '12 have affiliated themselves with the interests of Sophronia.

Clarence Schuler has entered the freshman ranks, and is taking the B. S. course.

At an election held on Thursday, December the second, the following men were elected directors of the Athletic Association. These men are the student's representatives, who work in con junction with the alumni directors of this association. All desires on the part of the students in the line of Athletics should be referred to these men. The men elected were: Martin S. Kleckner, '10; Roy F. Shupp, '10; Warren E. Eberts '11, and Fred. C. Wunder, '11.

Physics Instructor: "Has absolute zero been discovered as yet?"

Smart Student: "Yes, sir."

Instructor: "Where, I never have heard of it?"

Student (sadly): "On my card."

Prof. B. (in Bacteriology): "Now, Mr. Ernst, next week you catch 'two flies' and," —

And then the class laughed.

Next week: "Why did two flies fly? Because Spider "spied em."

Ernst '10 (In Sc. German) "Oh, Doctor, I'm sleepy; I got up this morning at quarter to five."

Dr. W.: "Mr. Ernst, are you ever awake?"

Prof. F. (in religion): "What can you say about Ur?"

Esser '13: "He was the father of Abraham."

Dr. Bull (at foot-ball practice to Kerstetter '13): "You go after the ball like a goose laying an egg."

His chemical name,—Hyroxyl (Hie Troxell), but his symbol unknown, unless it be C—Mn—Th.

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JANUARY.

Not yet will Cold, the tyrant, abdicate
His icy throne, but, ruthless and austere,
Sways his sad scepter o'er the frozen year,
Triumphant, and exults in barren state.
Dispirited and all exanimate
The ravaged woods and silent fields appear,
Save where, by stubbed uplands, bleak and sere,
The starving crow calls harshly to his mate.
Yet faithful Nature's secret even now
Stirs in her bosom. From the hollow bough
Chatters the squirrel, certain that at length
The hickory groves to newer gloss shall grow.
For yet the grass is green beneath the snow,
And the glad sun rejoices in his strength!

H. S. Cornwell.

A New Page.

Yerger, '00.

Saturday evening again. The week's work at Fayet College was done, and books had been put away until Monday. Some of the students were out to spend the evening, some had gone to bed early, some were reading, and some were chatting in a friend's room. In a week all would be scattered, for during the next week the term examinations would be held, and then college would close for Christmas vacation. In his room on the top floor, John Clarke, senior, was stretched out on the couch in his laziest attitude. After careful and thorough work during the term, examinations had no terrors for him, and it was a positive luxury to be lazy occasionally. From time to time he repeated in a low, musical voice some favorite poem. Then his eyes would wander around his room, which displayed his tastes and peculiarities, and was the favorite haunt of his intimate friends, and the wonder and delight of the men of the lower classes. On top of the book-case was a large jar filled with autumn leaves, dried golden-rod, cat-tails and dried grasses, tokens which carried field and forest throughout the year. In the corner above the couch the walls were hung with festoons of pine cones, through which was twined a stuffed black snake, six feet long; above this was hung a skull and cross-bones. One end of the couch was piled high with cushions filled with pine needles. Canoe paddles served as poles for the hangings at doors and windows; on the blades of the paddles were carved the names of companions on various summer jaunts. In another corner a small canoe, fiitted with shelves, served as a cabinet for various curios and momentoes, and shining skulls of numerous birds and animals. On the prow of the canoe a large crow stood guard with becoming solemnity. On the walls were grouped many pictures; some were copies of masterpieces, picked up during occasional visits to the city; others were the gifts of artist friends, and doubly valuable on that account.

Clarke was aroused from his reverie by a rush of footsteps along the hall; then his door was flung open and four of his classmates, Herbert Stephens, Charles Ward, Frank Lyons and Carroll Davis, entered. They were in gay spirits over the approaching vacation, and were busy making plans that they might secure the greatest possible pleasure and benefit from it. The five were fast friends, despite differences of disposition and temperament. Stephens, who was the son of wealthy parents, had invited his friends to spend the holidays with him in his city home, and concerts, evening parties, and many places of interest in the city offered recreation and pleasure in abundance.

"Well, Clarke, have you decided to go with us?" said Stephens, when they were all seated.

"I am sorry, Stephens," answered Clarke, "but after carefully considering your invitation and another which I received, I decided to accept the other, and will spend the holidays with Shaw."

"Shaw, the freshman?" demanded Stephens in an angry voice.

"With Shaw?" howled Ward, springing from his chair.

"With Shaw?" groaned Davis, from his seat on the table.

"Why Shaw was drunk last Tuesday night," said Lyons in a sneering manner; "we surely ought to feel honored by being thrown over for him!"

"Let me explain, friends," said Clarke, rising and pacing to and fro, as was his custom when he was disturbed in mind. "It was not because I thought more of Shaw than of you that I decided to go with him, but because I want to help him." "A freshman;" "a drunkard;" "a swelled head;" groaned the others in chorus. "He has only been drunk once," said Clarke, not appearing to notice the interruption, "and you can never help a man by pushing him down. He seems to have taken a liking to me, and only one whom he respects can help him up; yet it must be one who will reach down to him. You all know that his is not a coarse and rough nature, and that he never would have drank had he not gotten in with the wrong class of fellows, and been led into it by taunts and jeers. I am sure that he comes from a good family, for he bears the stamp of it in his face. I feel that if he is to be helped, it must be *now*. Another term may see him too far down for help, for after the start, the journey along the downward course is swift. He does not wish to go home, for country life will be too dull for him. Woe to the boy of seventeen who finds the companionship in his home too dull for him! I feel that all my instincts of manhood are urging me to act in this matter, and at least to try to help him, even though I may not succeed."

"Bravo!" cried Lyons; "I'll have you for my guardian!"

"Shut up, youngster!" said Davis. "Forgive us," he said, turning to Clarke; "we all honor you for what you are doing, and it was only because we were so disappointed in losing you that we spoke as we did. Doubtless you will have a more joyous vacation than if you were with us. Come, boys, let us away to bed." Down the hall they went, singing at the top of their voices:

"Then what will we do with Ehi—poor
Ehi—
We can beat them as we know—
For surely Ned Bray will oblige us—
oblige us—
With another touchdown or so."

* * * *

The examinations were past, and on Saturday morning the students left for their vacation. Shaw, with Clarke and his four classmates travelled together to Philadelphia, which was Stephens' home. There was only time for a hasty good-by, and the two were on their way again. "Our last change," said Shaw; "I hope the folks will come to meet us." Then he spoke of his home and family. His father and mother had lived in the city, but on account of continued ill health, his father had given up his banking business about ten years before, and moved into the country. The charm and simplicity of country life had restored his health, and he then turned his attention to farmng, no more to be walled in by block after block of brick and stone. The family were well pleased with his decision, the mother and two daughters sharing in the father's growing enthusiasm for the country year after year. But as the son grew older, as boys will, he began to chafe over the quietness of the home and its surroundings. He longed for the excitement and activity of life.

It was interesting to watch these two boys, and wonder what ties drew them into friendship's bond. Clarke was heavy and massive like an ox, yet quick and

graceful, over six feet tall, his massive head covered with dark, curly hair falling over a high, white forehead; large grey eyes which could be stern, or full of love and sympathy; a fine mouth and full chin which showed great firmness. Shaw lacked three inches of being six feet tall, was supple as a willow switch, had black hair, large, brown eyes like a timid fawn, delicate nostrils and a beautifully arched mouth, showing a highly nervous temperament and character which lacked strength in itself, but might become beautiful and useful through proper training.

About four o'clock they reached Valley Forge, where Shaw's father met them with his team and a warm welcome, and they were soon on their way home, three miles distant. Passing by Washington's headquarters, which are in a good state of preservation, the road winds along the Valley creek through the cut in the hills, on which Washington and his soldiers suffered during the memorable winter of 1777-78. Already the sun, scarcely peeping into the cut during the short winter day, had passed behind the hills; the beat of the horses' hoofs on the frozen road rang out sharply in the frosty air, the wind moaned and sighed through the trees, the creek was frozen from shore to shore, and in the midst of these scenes, in the same kind of weather, the sufferings and heroism of our forefathers became more realistic. At the end of the cut stands a great, knob-shaped mountain like a grim sentinel, on whose summit one of the earthwork forts of the revolutionary army may still be seen. Passing by this our friends rolled out into the Chester Valley, and the sun, rapidly nearing the horizon, smiled a cordial welcome. The valley ranges from two to three miles in width, and is dotted with roomy farmhouses, surrounded by broad fields, well watered and fertile.

In the gathering twilight they reached the home where mother and sisters awaited their "baby," as the youngest child ever remains. The girls were very enthusiastic over his return. The mother took him in her arms, and gazed into his face. He was not able to meet her eyes, and looked away, but not before she had seen that there had been a change during his absence, and her eyes were dim as she turned away, but what the effect on her heart! Who can measure the depth of a mother's love and a mother's suffering for those she loves! Clarke's quick eye had seen the mother's greeting, and his heart went out in sympathy to her in her grief. He was welcomed as one of the family, and soon felt quite at ease. The large rooms, low ceilings, and wide fireplaces marked a house built in the last century. The rooms showed refined, artistic taste, and were those of a city rather than of a country home. Small cedar trees, laurel and holly from the historic hills added a fragrant beatuty to the home. A wide porch on the south side of the house had been enclosed with double windows, and did service as a conservatory, opening into the dining-room. Soon after supper the boys went to bed, worn out by their journey, and the examinations of the week.

Ten hours' sleep works wonders, and our friends felt strengthened and renewed the next morning, which was the Sabbath. Across the valley and over the ridge on the east stands the village of Wynber. The villagers are business men from Philadelphia—in fact, it is a suburb of that city, with dwellings and conveniences of the city, and beauti-

ful country surroundings. Hither came the family to church that Sabbath morning, and as the choir in melodious strains sang the "glad tidings," and the minister told again the old, old story which is ever new, their hearts were quickened, and filled with joy and peace. The day was spent in reading, conversation, music, and church again in the evening.

The next day was Christmas, and after the gifts had been distributed, and the tenants on the farm remembered, the young people went over to the creek to enjoy the skating. They seemed to fly over the polished surface, and their merry shouts and happy songs echoed from hill to hill in the cut. Just above the dam where the creek was wider they cut their initials, skated in circles, played games, and then went home to dinner with ravenous appetites which were only exceeded by the dinner which was spread before them. And such a dinner! My pen can not do it justice, but the boys did, and many a day after they returned to college it appeared to them whenever they sat down to dinner at their boarding-house, and the contrast was—not pleasant. Shaw declared that he was having a tiptop vacation, and his mother gave Clarke a grateful look.

The weather remained clear and cold, the thermometer sometimes falling to zero. The mornings were spent in reading, playing indoor games, and sometimes skating. In the afternoon the boys would go out for a walk, returning in time for supper. Clad in their golf suits, heavy shoes, sweaters and gloves, they braved any weather and any road, however rough. Across the valley, over the mountains, through the woods, always finding something to interest. The oak leaves clung to the trees despite the efforts of the fierce wind and the bitter cold to loose them. But when the warm sun and gentle showers of spring bring new life into the trees, then, and then only, under its gentle influence, will they fall away. Even so cling evil habits to man, and only as the Spirit of Grace enters and works silently and powerfully can he be freed from sin. Clarke wondered when this change would take place in Shaw. He prayed for him daily, and tried to drop a word now and then to help him. The death-like appearance of tree and grass and shrub, the beauty of the sky and sun, showed forth the might and power of the Creator, and Shaw seemed to grow more thoughtful as they walked and talked.

As they ascended the ridge, the sun shone like shimmering gold through the network of trees, and played hide-and-seek from hilltop to hilltop. Later it sank to rest like a ball of fire into a seething furnace. Then the glow of departing day softened to pink, delicate pearl, and deepened into intense blue. In the west the new moon and the evening star glowed with a soft golden light reflected from the departing sun. Fainter and fainter grew the light, and one by one the beacon lights of heaven were hung out, glistening like gems of the first water. In the east the grim sentinel was outlined against the sky, and forms of long ago seemed to flit to and fro. But home is reached, and the imaginary gives place to the real.

Each day was a repetition of the one before it, with very little change. Music furnished entertainment for the evenings, always closing with hymns and family worship. The vigorous exercise and long night's sleep were invaluable to the boys in preparing them for the work of the next term.

Sabbath came again, the last in the

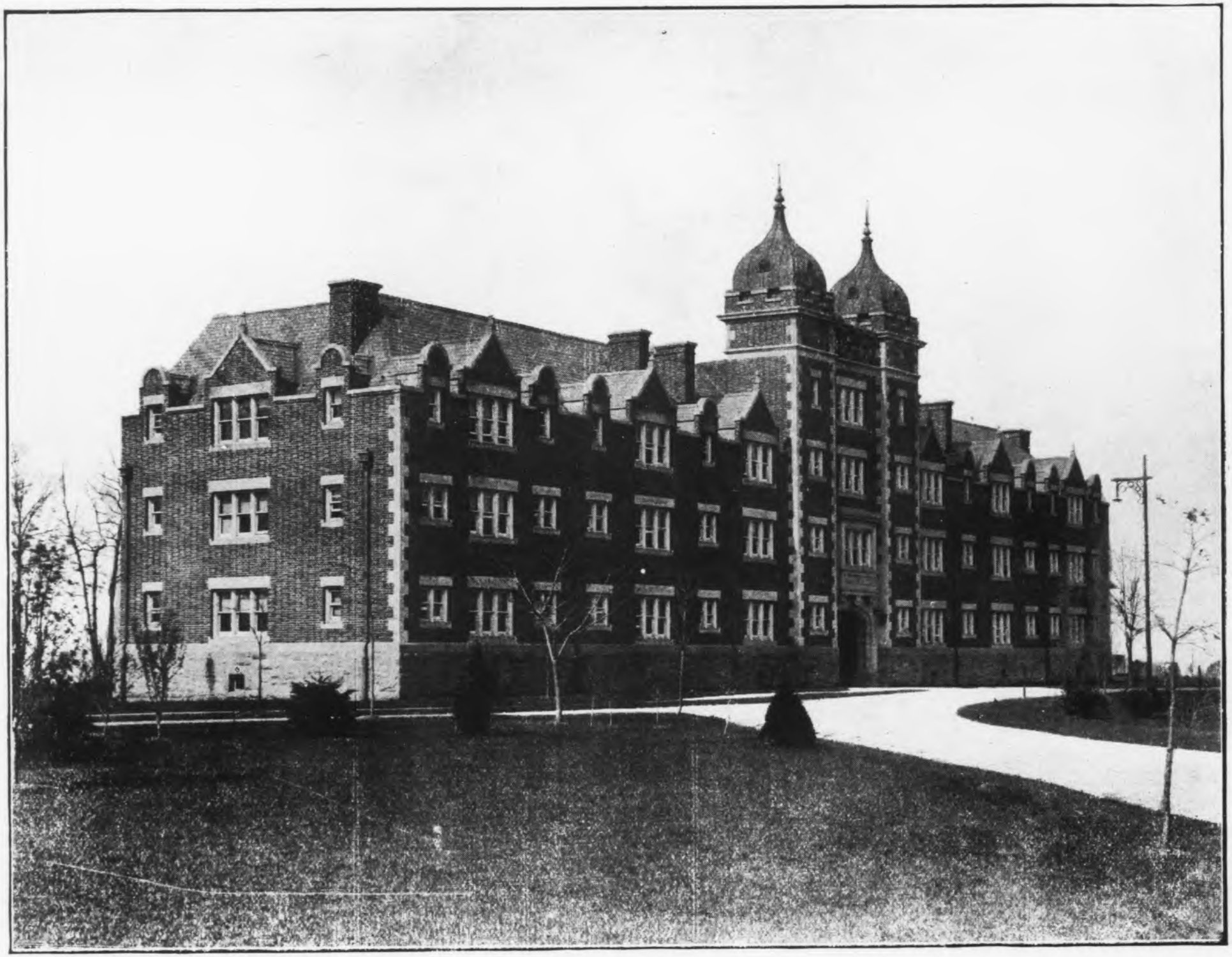
old year, and again the family journeyed over the hill to church. In the evening a Moody memorial service was held. Very impressive and helpful were the lessons learned from the life of the evangelist, and sweet were his favorite hymns as sung by the choir. Clarke hoped that his young friend would be influenced by the meeting, especially as the minister urged the young people to follow the noble example set before them by taking Jesus Christ as their guide in life; to open the page of the new year with Him at the head, and then there would be no black and awful stains to mar its purity.

The next morning Clarke was aroused by the sound of a horse galloping, and from his window he saw Shaw ride swiftly across the valley and over the ridge toward Wynber, just as the sun came up from the other side. At first he was much surprised, but finally concluded that the boy had gone to seek help from the minister. He had watched him closely, and felt sure that there was a change taking place in him. Then, too, he had great faith in prayer, and not only had he supplicated at the throne of grace, but more than once after he had gone to bed, had he heard a low, pleading voice, which he knew to be the mother's. She knew well the balm for trouble, and came thither with her great desire, for she loved her only son with all the strength of her warm nature. Clarke was glad that the boy had gone to the minister to be guided, for he was not like some ministers, who seem to live so high above the earth in such a holy place, that they are far removed from the people, who sigh in vain to reach across the wide gulf which separates them for help; he stood with one hand in his Master's, and reaching down he put his arm around the sinner and drew him up.

Shaw returned even swifter than he departed. Throwing himself from his horse he rushed into the house. One look at his happy face and the glad, subdued light in his eyes, and his mother caught him in her arms, knowing that her prayer had been answered. The change which she had seen in his face on the day of his return had almost broken her heart, and it was only by help from above that she was able to appear bright and cheerful. Her keen eyes had also noticed the other change during his vacation, and now that he was safe she wept for very joy. On his arrival, Shaw had been left with his parents. Later Clarke was called in, and they silently pressed his hand. They felt that any words which they could utter would be too weak to express their gratitude; knowing that he was not a classmate nor intimate companion of their son, and that he was waited by his classmates in the city for the holidays, it was evident to them that it was with the hope of helping the boy that he had come home with him. Shaw, as Clarke embraced him, said: "A new page, Clarke, but not in my own strength."

It seems to be a common thing for the "profs" to cry out: "Grant, wake up!"

Dr. H. (in philosophy)—"Open a window, its 'too hot' in here to philosophize."



DORMITORIES BERKS HALL.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF POLITICS.

RAYMOND R. AMMARELL, '11.

By the young American nothing should be more highly valued than citizenship. The future of America will only be secured by its future citizens. The glorious achievements of the past will be made more glorious in the future if citizenship in the future will mean what citizenship meant to our forefathers. There is no country in the world in which citizenship means as much as it does in America. But since citizenship means so much in America we are likewise confronted with the problem of teaching young America the principles of citizenship. The American youth ought to look forward to the time when he can go to the ballot box and assert his rights. There is no country that vests as many rights in its citizens as does America. But there is only one place where as citizens we can assert these rights and that is at the ballot box. We can therefore plainly see that the American school of politics is peculiar to itself and if so then the American youth must be carefully trained in this school. Where there are so many rights vested in the people we find certain individuals who try to usurp these rights. To curb the power of these usurpers is one of the problems that is confronting us at the present time.

If the voting privilege would be taken away from us we would fight for our right. It seems that many people are contended to know that they have the privilege and do not worry any more about it. If we look at the registration lists we will see that possibly fifty per cent. of the voters fail to qualify. This is a problem that must be overcome. Where can we do this? We answer by saying, that the principles of citizenship must be instilled into the minds of the youths in the public schools. A number of years ago a teacher in Maine always made her pupils feel that whenever they told a lie it was a blot on the American flag which floated over the school-building. This created reverence for the American flag and not only for the flag but the country it represents. Party leaders ought not to be compelled to work hard to get out a large vote; but such is the condition of affairs at the present time. Often we hear good people complain about certain officers and yet when we speak to them they tell us that they did not vote because their vote would not count for anything. We have too many people who hold this very same opinion. The sooner we can make men see the folly of such a statement the better it will be for America.

Year after year we are confronted with the difficutly of getting the best men to run for office. This was the problem that confronted Rome and was to a great extent the cause of her downfall. When the good citizens refuse to run for office and stay at home on election day there is cause for alarm. We are trying hard to overcome this difficulty and I am glad to say we often succeed. Parties often nominate good men not because they so desire it but because defeat is staring them in the face. The office seekers of today need not appeal to the best citizens for election but to those whose vote can be purchased by drink. It is indeed a sad affair that this element controls the ballot. Why should this be? Simply because the best citizens do not take time to vote while the

lower classes have nothing else to do and in this way they may be able to earn a few cents. The American who sells his vote sells his birthright and should no longer be regarded as a citizen. We can therefore see that it behooves each American to be a politician in a greater or less degree. If we make a study of politics we will not vote blindly but will vote for the best interests of all concerned.

In American politics we come across a number of political parties but only two of these stand out as preeminently great national parties. I cannot agree with those people who say that we do not need political parties. We must have ~~political parties~~ because this causes rivalry, and rivalry always gives better final results. Parties have a declaration of principles known as a platform. This is published for the benefit of the citizens. We are then at liberty to select for ourselves which one of these parties is working for the best interests of the country. It is absolutely necessary that each man should affiliate himself with some political party. If he does not he will be absolutely ignorant of the world of politics and cannot be counted upon to help a good cause. But on the other hand every man ought to be larger than his party. No one should join a political party simply because his father desires it but he ought to be convinced that his party is the best and represents the best interests of the country. If your party fails to live up to its standard do not vote for its candidates. When you are sure that your party has the best candidates and the best platform vote that party ticket. The day when men vote for a man simply because he is of the same political faith is rapidly drawing to a close. This spirit is showing itself more prominently in the middle west and west than in the east. The younger generation is helping this cause along at the present time. If we can make the future generations see that there is a necessity for political parties but that there is no necessity for binding yourself to vote for its candidates at all times the country will be the gainer while the political trickster will be the loser.

If there be a necessity for political parties there must needs be for party organization. The trouble in the present century is that the party organization, very often, instead of working for the country is working for the interests of a few men. Thus it happens that a few men very often are the whole party. This has given rise to the political "boss." While there is a necessity for party leaders there is absolutely no necessity for party "bosses". The "boss" does not work for the best interests of the party but simply for the success of the ticket irrespective of the character of the candidates. The election results of each succeeding year show us that is is more and more difficult for the "boss" to keep his head above ~~the~~ water. Educating the youth in politics helps to alleviate this difficutly. The church is likewise responsible for a great many of these changed conditions. All great institutions are beginning to realize that politics is not a thing for which we must grasp but that it is in our very midst and as such is the case we must deal with it in this light. Lincoln says that a man may be fooled once but if he is fooled the second time he is the fool himself. Political "bosses" are begining to realize this and instead of giving us the worst candidates they are compelled to give us men in the strict sense of the word.

We can thus truly say that the twentieth century must undo some of the corrupt political practices which exist in this country. Our form of government must either sink or swim. We are told that "the success or failure af the American experiment in free government depends on the character of the nation's citizens. Every force that contributes to the development of the national character along the lines of high purpose, self denial, and a sense of individual responsibility to our neighbors, to our local community, to our state and nation, and for all these to a high power, is of untold value." Let us try to live up to the motto that the best in us is not too good for our government.

THE VALUE OF THE STUDY OF GREEK.

ARTHUR H. SCHMOYER, '10.

The value of the study of Greek is a question which, in recent years has been subjected to considerable discussion. The discussions most frequently concern the relative rather than the intrinsic value. There are those who hold that the value derived from a careful study of this language is of such importance that its dispalcement by a modern language would be sheer folly. They would make it compulsory in the high school. There are those, on the other hand, who, for the sake of economy of time and more *practical* learning, hold that its study in place of a modern language is sheer folly, and who would make it elective in the high school. Whether the study of Greek should be elective or compulsary is a question open to debate, but that it is important and valuable all agree.

The Germans long ago discovered, and still realize, that the best preparation for things practical is derived from humanistic discipline. Chemist Bauer, during a conversation with Professor Ramsay, said: "All my best students come from the Gymnasium." They "have the best trained minds." This he attributes to the study of the classics, which is emphasized in the Gymnasium as opposed to the study of chemistry in the Real-Schulen. The English likewise emphasize it. The English reformers of the educationer. The English likewise emphasize it. The English reformers of the educational system maintain that it should have a place. John Stuart Mill, the most thorough and deliberate of them, says: "The only languages, then, and the only literature to which I would allow a place in the ordinary cirriculum, are those of the Greeks and the Romans;....That position is justified....by the peculiar value of those particular languages and literatures." Mr. Farrar, another strenuous advocate of reform, makes Greek and Latin "the solid basis of a liberal education." The majority of our American reformers, who encourage the study of some modern language instead of Greek, never deny its value, nor do they deny the fact that every educated man should be conversant with Homer, Plato, and Aristotle, and, to this end they advocate the study of these in translation.

What, then, is the specific value derived from the study of Greek?

In order to be educated one must be

instructed in the laws of nature as they concern not only things and the forces governing them but also men and their ways, and his mind must be trained to harmonize with these laws. The study of Greek not only is well adapted to mental discipline but also furnishes instruction concerning the ancient Greek and his ways. The latter is the more important. For does not the Greek live today? He provides a source for our literature and art, for our logic and philosophy, for our economic thought and social order. His history is an organic part of our history. His thoughts and words are our own.

That there is *mental discipline* resulting from the study of Greek can not be doubted. This study trains the mind to perceive, compare, and generalize readily. The accent, the strangeness of the alphabet, and numerous inflections require minute observation. We compare the different meanings of a word until, by the context, we feel assured that we have the proper one. The shades of meaning, especially in the different forms of the verb, demand care in analysis. From observation and comparison we generalize. Consequently we are disciplined in the essentials of scientific method. Eminent professors and investigators from the world over recognize the value of Greek as a means for the proper preparation of scientific students. Dr. Loomis, Professor of Biology at Amherst, says: "The best training" for scientific students "is the one which develops the most thoroughness and accuracy and for this the Greek, on account of its extra complexity, is superior." Spalding of the Detroit Bar advocates Greek for the student of law. According to him "a fine characteristic of the Greek is an ever-present sense of measure and proportion, celar perception of the idea in mind and adequate expression of it." A successful study of it gives the ability essential to professional success.

Much of modern *literature* goes back to the Greek for its germs and beginnings. Consequently a study of Greek helps us more thoroughly to appreciate and understand our own English literature which is pregnant with allusions to Greek statues, scenes, and events. Our vocabulary will become greatly enlarged by a careful study of Greek. It helps us also to obtain a keener sense of definition and so a deeper insight into, and understanding of, the modern classics as well as modern scientific literature. The *art* of the Greek is of sharply-cut outline but graceful curve. We become acquainted with this art and the history, tradition, or legend connected with it, and so we can doubly appreciate not only ancient but also modern art, for in the ancient art are found the beauty and grace for our modern art. The mind is stimulated to seek what is best in both literature and art and becomes appreciative of the really beautiful.

All acknowledge that we must hark back to Aristotle if we would seek the source of the principal formulae in *logic*. That there is additional value derived from reading Aristotle in the original does not allow of any doubt. So, too, the dialogues of Plato, which set forth so clearly the manner and custom of ancient Greek life, and the thought which we can justly call *"philosophy,"* will present various fine distinctions which are lost in the translation.

Economic thought and *social order*, like the others, we can trace to their origin and get a better understanding

of if we will study the Greek language and literature.

Thus we have seen that, first of all, Greek is valuable as a real and most important instrument in education. There are several other aspects of its value to be considered. First is its value in that it gives *insight into basis civilization.* This is the historical consideration. We get first-hand knowledge of the earlier stages of the culture movement which, if anything, is an evolution. After obtaining a thorough understanding of this movement we can have a better understanding of the social conditions of our own time. If a student desires to practice law his study of Greek will necessarily help him. Second is the development of the *constructive imagination.* When a student once has arrived at that stage in which he can realistically picture to himself the scenes of ancient Athens, he will have attained a gift which will aid him materially. The more he studies Greek the more will this power be increased. Last is the *moral growth.* This gives us a value from the ethical view point. A student who studies Greek with care does not see in it only so many words, but something of greater value presents itself. He will compare the ideas and ideals expressed with those prevailing today. He will consider the age. The virtues of that age are virtues now. He will note how virtues of today have developed since that time. He will have his own concepts classified. He will, in short, upbuild his own character by comparisons and ethical distinctions.

All this value is intrinsic and can not be obtained from the ordinary college Greek course by all students. Some will have a desire to seek it for themselves. These are not the majority. The others would be glad to see it but do not have the qualities which are innate with a scholar. To such the teacher must minister and to them there is as much value in the study of Greek as the teacher can set forth.

For this is love's nobility,
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold;
But to hold fast his simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
For he that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.

Emerson.

FROM HARBOR TO HARBOR.

F. W. L.

Life is frequently compared to a voyage between two harbors, washed by a great ocean. If we ascend to the summit of a peak along the coast and cast our eyes at our feet we see a harbor containing many vessels in their anchorage. We notice the mast heads and the masts, the smokeless stacks and the intricate riggings. We see men busily engaged performing various kinds of work, preparing, beautifying and examining the exterior. Others are employed in the interior, preparing its machinery, storing its fuel, thus making it ready when the anchor is lifted to sail across the main.

Is this not a picture of life's beginning and its preparation during the morning twilight of youth? It is the ship of life, anchored in the parental home, being prepared for its voyage. The instilling of religious principles within the heart by Christian parents, the discipline of the mind of teachers, the proper care and watchfulness of our physical bodies is the inner and outer preparation. Thus when in mature years the anchor is lifted, the vessel is equipped for its life's voyage. In our youth we are taught the geography of our life. The ocean currents which must be overcome and passed through are shown to us, the course of our sailing, the compass of divine truth and the star of revelation. But we must also become acquainted with the pilot of our vessel who is the pilot of all good undertakings and also guides us over the tempestuous seas.

When the youth of life is spent and responsibilities become stern realities we must launch out upon the vast sea and meet the tide. The anchor being lifted we sail away upon life's ocean ready to meet all obstacles and prepared to surmount all difficulties. The wind and tide are now in our favor and we sail forth in the midst of joy. Friends encourage us, new acquaintances greet us as we honestly begin our labors for the good of mankind under the brightest stars. There are no storms or dangers in sight, but soon we see the iceberg of a cold world approaching, threatening the very life of the vessel.

Since we have learned to know our pilot he encourages us to be of good cheer and never to despair. Thus we are enabled to overcome our first danger.

But again we sail on and get into the fogs of sorrow and disappointment and it seems as though the course were lost, until we consult our chart and compass. We now find that our voyage is not always with the tide but ofttimes against it.

After now passing through these trials, we are confronted by the storms of temptation, surging billows and angry waves tossing against the ship. These storms frequently drive us from our course, thus drawing us from our honest intentions. If these waves drive us out of our way and we see and recognize the dangers of shipwreck, we can only find relief when we fall at the feet of our pilot and say, "Master, help us; we perish." Then will He speak to the weaves with His words of peace, and there shall be a calm.

With new courage we continue our voyage, and as we sail on, we see the wrecks of many vessels about us. Men

fallen and on the way to destruction without compass or chart. The vices of life have overpowered them. Honesty and integrity have been cast to the winds and helplessly they float on the sea of life. Others, who never had the proper preparation are drifting rudderless and almost shattered by the waves. They call for help and ask our aid. We send them the life-boats of influence and good-will and means of showing them their danger. They are gathered into the small boats, but there is still danger until they reach the vessel. But by carefully aiding and assisting them, they are gathered into the vessel bound for an eternal port.

Our experiences in all these trials have strengthened us to meet new and untried difficulties. Now we are approaching the shallow waters of old age, our days are being numbered, our vessel has become sea-worn, age and decay have set in, and the time fixed for our arrival is at hand. We realize that our life's voyage is drawing toward a close. We have profitted by life's trials, been strengthened in our faith, and as we approach the harbor, we prepare to lower our anchors. Helpless and dependent, we are aided and conducted into an eternal haven, the last harbor of a well-spent life.

A Flower unblown; a Book unread:
A Tree with fruit unharvested:
A Path untrod: a House whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes:
A Lanscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies:
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed:
A Casket with its gifts concealed:—
This is the Year that for you waits
Beyond To-morrow's mystic gates.

Horatio Nelson Powers.

ELECTRA.

E. W. Craft.

In this drama we have a portion of the same story which formed the subject of the famous trilogy of Aeschylus.

Agamemnon, the king of Mycenae and leader of the Greeks in the Trojan war, had been killed by Clytemnestra, his wife, and the usurper Aegisthus, who occupied the throne vacated by the death of Agamemnon. Up to this time no vengeance had been taken on the murderers of Agamemnon. At the death of Agamemnon, Electra, his daughter, had sent Orestes, her brother, to Strophios of Phokis, his father's friend. Eight years later Orestes returns to Mycenae to perform a religious duty, viz, to take vengeance on the murderers of his father and it is this that forms the drama known as "Electra,"

The scene of this play is the royal palace of the Pelopidae. In the back ground is seen the funeral mound of Agamemnon. On the left is seen the famous temple of Hera, while in the far distance are seen the towers of Argos.

The play opens by the entrance of Orestes, Pylades and the old servant who had carried Orestes to Strophios at the death of his father. Orestes tells the audience that he has returned to Mycenae on a holy mission of vengeance and that in order to gain his ends he must use a pious fraud, viz: his old attendant must enter the palace as a Phocian stranger and announce that Orestes has been killed in a Pythian game. This being done the three retire, to pour libations at Agamemnon's grave.

Electra, accompanied by a train of Argive maidens enters and bitterly mourns the death of her father. The chorus try to comfort her but without avail. Chrysothemis, her sister, who was living with her father's murderers, enters and attempts to justify her baseness, but seeing that it was useless she now tells her that her mother had a dream in which she saw her murdered husband and that in order to appease the spirits of the murdered king she had come to carry libations to the tomb of Agamemnon. This fills Electra with still greater wrath.

When Clytemnestra enters she attempts to justify her murder of Agamemnon by the fact that he had sacrificed Iphigenia, but Electra in a bold way gives her to understand that if she justifies herself by the doctrine of "blood for blood," she too would be justified in killing her. After Clytemnestra had offered a short prayer to the Sun-God, the old attendant enters and announces the death of Orestes, in detailed account, as formerly agreed. Although Clytemnestra is touched and impressed by the sudden death of one "so young, so noble, so unfortunate," nevertheless she was no doubt glad that her much dreaded foe was gone. "In one small urn All that is left, sad relics of the dead" are brought one the stage, which sight only increases the sorrow of Electra. The disguised stranger can no longer see his sister suffer, he shows his father's signet ring and Electra knows that it is her brother. All is changed to joy. A deep expression of happiness follows. The old attendant informs them that Clytemnestra is alone in the palace. Orestes and Pylades enter the palace and kill Clytemnestra.

Aegisthus having heard of the death of Orestes enters with joy, but his joy is soon turned into sorrow when he learns that Clytemnestra has been killed and that Orestes stands before him. Electra bids her brother "slay him out of hand, and cast his body to the dogs and vultures" but Orestes forces him within the palace, so that he may die on the same spot where Agamemnon had fallen.

A Factor of Success.

R. J. E.

The mind is the glory of the man. The power of the countenance to attract, depends more on the thoughtfulness of the soul than upon its conformity to the laws of beauty. The utmost elegance of physical formation, the most lovely and delicately chiselled, features, unless accompanied by a high intellectual expression, cease to please after they become familiar, while dignity robes the man who is filled with a lofty thought, notwithstanding that symmetry of features may be imperfect and the proportions of his form unequal. And seeing, how much of success in life often depends upon the outward impressions, it is important to everyone to robe himself in the attractive dignity of thought.

Next to moral worth, no possession is so productive of real influence as a highly cultivated intellect. Wealth, birth and official station may and do secure to their possessors an external superficial courtesy, but they never did and never can command the reverence of the heart. Fear of being injured by power, and the hope of being benefited by wealth, induce men to offer the incense of servility at the shrines of Mammon. But it is only to the man of large and noble soul, to him who blends a cultivated mind with an upright heart, that men yield the tribute of deep and genuine respect. Mental superiority has often commanded the friendship of courts and kings. What star ever shone with a purer light or commanded more admiration in the brilliant court of France, than did the plain democratic, but cultivated Benjamin Franklin? Who ever rose to higher influence in the political circles of proud England, than did Cromwell, Channing or Burke? To what did they owe their vast influence but to great intellectual power, developed by slow and toilsome cultivation? Is there any one, ambitious of high success in life? Does he aspire to rival great names? Then let him diligently cultivate his intellect.

Out upon the sea, leaning over the bulwarks of a splendid ship is a boy some sixteen summers old, absorbed in a dreamy reverie. He imagines himself rising from post to post! He is a hero! All men honor him! Filled with the idea he starts, and pacing the deck of the ship he exclaims, "I will be a hero!"

Such was the romantic dream of young Horatio Nelson, the hero of the Nile, the victor of Trafalgar, and the greatest naval commander in the world. And what young man has not had imaginings equally romantic? What young sailor has not dreamed of such glory and greatness? What young law student has not seen himself a future Blackstone or Story? Where is the young

mechanic who has not become a Watt or a Fulton? What young electrician has not written his name beside that of Edison, Grey or Marconi? What youthful orator has not imagined himself swaying an audience as did Webster, Clay, Calhoun, or our own William Jennings Bryan? There never was a young man who did not rise to eminent success, in his hours of reverie.

But why, since all dream of greatness do so few attain it? Why stand Nelson, Blackstone, Fulton, Edison, and others alone in the realizations of their imaginings, among ten thousand of their peers, whose early dreams were as bright and as vivid as their own?

The answer is obvious. Young men are not willing to devote themselves to that slow and toilsome process of self culture which is the price of success. Could they soar to eminence on the lazy wings of genius, the world would be full of great men. But this cannot be, for whatever aptitude for particular pursuits, Nature may devote to her favorite children, she leads none but the laborious and studious to distinction. Cicero and Demosthenes, those unrivaled orators of antiquity; Newton, the first of philosophers; Angelo, the model of artists, and Bryan, the king of modern oratory, all ascended the throne of their fame step by step. Each added ray was the result of intense application. It was not genius so much as genius sedulously cultivated, that enabled them to write their names so high upon the scrolls of fame. Great men have always been men of thought as well as men of action. As the Mississippi, the father of waters, rolling in the pride of its majesty, owes its greatness to the hidden springs of the mountain brook, so does the widespreading influence of distinguished men date its origin from hours of privacy, resolutely employed in efforts after self development. The invisible spring of self-culture is the source of every great achievement.

Away then with all dreams of superiority unless you are determined to dig after knowledge as men search after concealed gold. If you lack resolution, the manly strength of purpose needed to bind you to reading, reflection, and study, you may bid farewell to all hopes of marked success. Your destiny is settled. You will live in ignoble nothingness, far down the vale of obscurity, and your name will be written upon the waters.

But why abandon all cherished hope of success? Resolve to act a part worthy of that intellect with which God has endowed you and success is certain.

Perhaps you are what the world calls poor. What of that? Most of the men, whose names are household names were the children of poverty. Nelson, England's greatest Admiral, was a coxswain in his youth. Franklin, the great philosopher, diplomat, and statesman, had at one time a financial account of two loaves of bread and a penny. Lincoln was but a rail splitter. James Garfield followed the mule on the tow path for the first eighteen years of his life. Johnson, Goldsmith and Poe all knew the pressure of limited circumstances. Yet they have made themselves a name. They, with many others, have demonstrated that limited means or even poverty is no insurpassable obstacle to success. Their history shows that the most stupendous difficulties may be defied and conquered by steadily and perseveringly cultivating the mind, and thus fitting it beforehand for the opening of Divine Providence.

Thus intelligence, the development of the intellect, by slow and toilsome cultivation is a great factor in one's earthly success.

Poesy never sang more truly, never in a more inspiring strain, than when it put into Longfellow's mouth, "The Psalm of Life":

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.
Foot-prints that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, may take heart again.

A WINTER EVENING.

Leafless are trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the villiage,
Like the Afriet in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering firelight;
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,
Social watchfires
Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,
And like Ariel in the cloven pine tree
For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Waiting, watching
For a well known footstep in the passage.

Longfellow.

EDITORIALS.

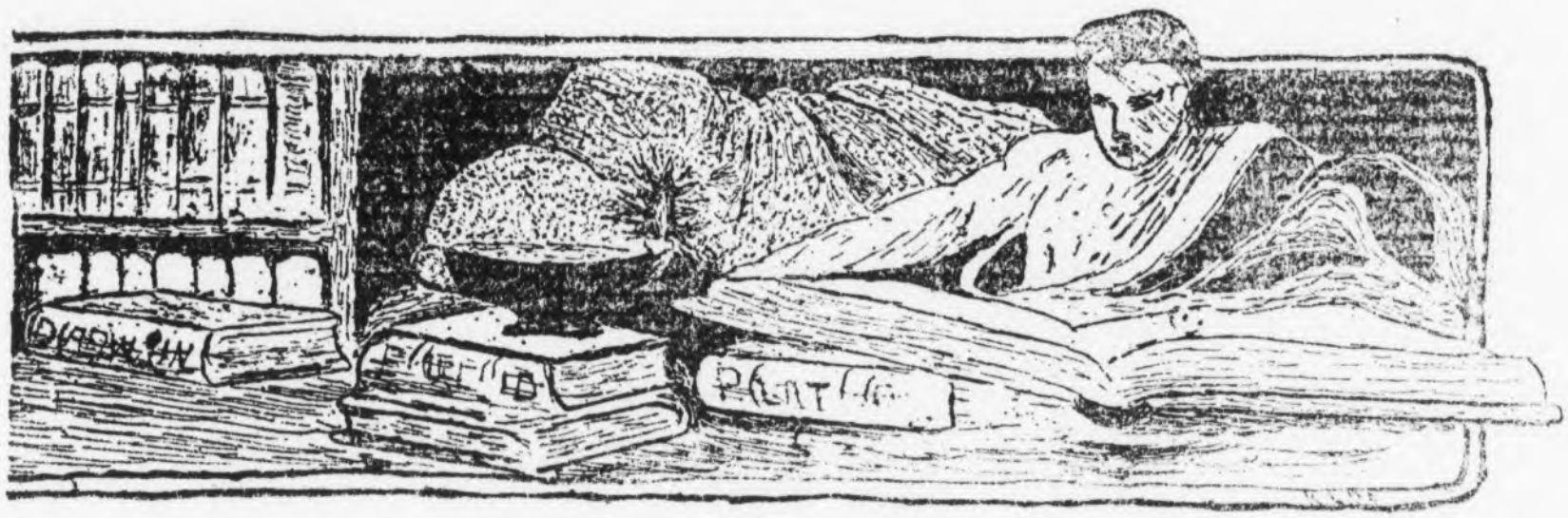
The old has left and the new has been ushered in. The year 1910, which our class has been anxiously awaiting, is at hand. It has come only too soon and our college career is almost at an end. In these first days of the year it seems that we are like the ancient Janus, in whose honor was named the first month of the year in the Gregorian calendar. He is represented with two faces, the one looking into the past, the other gazing into the future. As we look into the past and reflect we become conscious of our faults and our weaknesses, when in this way we have learned our real condition we are truly in a position to improve and strengthen ourselves. In such a stage of consciousness of our condition we cannot but view the future as a time of great possibilities.

We take this opportunity to wish all our readers a happy new year. At this time we would also ask our subscribers and friends to grant us a few favors, so that the editor of this journal may likewise have a happy new year. It should not be necessary for the editor to solicit articles for publication. The number of articles handed to the editor should be so large as to give him an opportunity to make a selection. An early remittance of subscription dues would avoid great inconvenience to the business manager and give more freedom to the editor in carrying out his plans. All students should patronize our advertisers in preference to all others. To patronize our advertisers means that our business manager will be favored. To favor our business manager means a better financial account, which in turn means an improved journal.

The cry among the students is—we want more short stories. The editor would be glad to respond to this cry were it in his power to do so. Not many years ago there was offered a prize to the student writing the best short story for "The Muhlenberg." Why it is that this pratice was not continued we are not able to say. It is a practice which has proved very satisfactory at some of the other colleges and we feel quite sure that it would be for the good of the "Muhlenberg" if a prize for the best short story would be reestablished.

This issue of the "Muhlenberg" is the last one under the old management. A new staff is ready to take up the work. We realize that the new staff is a willing and able one and it is therefore with great pleasure that we submit the work which we have tried to do during the last five months, into their hands. We would ask them not to be discouraged, because we believe this half of the year to be the best for literary contributions. Last, but not least we would wish them a most hearty success in their work.

In order that our readers may not be misled we wish to announce that the Glee Club schedule as published in our last issue has been changed considerably.



LITERARY.

Another year has begun. For some it brings unalloyed happiness, but for others its brightness is dimmed by the thought that we will soon come to the close of our College career. But no matter to which body we belong, it is our duty to make this year greater than all previous ones.

It is not too late for resolutions, and in making them include one for the betterment of our journal.

In the last issue of Nineteen Hundred and Nine, Mr. Wunder has given us in a few words the best possible advice for thus improving "The Muhlenberg." Let us break away from the narrowness of the present and aided by the broadening influences of College life, look at the world not as unattached beings but as members of a universal brotherhood, where it is the duty of each man to help his brother to a higher ideal of life.

Mr. Kleckner has favored us with an article that deserves praise. In these days, when the interest of man is centered almost wholly on the attainment of wealth and social position, and this state of affairs helped materially by national peace, the spirit of patriotism must rest content as a mere name. So when some one endeavors to give our noble land some just praise and in this way warm our blood with some patriotic fire, we can only commend him.

We again welcome a story from the prolific pen of Mr. Huyett. If our fair sisters would follow the example of "May" and compel our wealthy brothers to "make names for themselves," barring notoriety of course, we would be blessed with more happiness and less activity in divorce courts

Mr. Landis argues strongly against Socialism. His arguments are backed by the opinions of deep thinkers.

"The Language of the Jew" by Mr. Gelsinger is extremely interesting. This formerly favored nation is too much forgotten. Their history is so interwoven with the story of Christianity that it deserves the closest study.

EXCHANGES.

The issuing of this number marks the close of the present staff's administration. The editor wishes to make use of this opportunity to thank all of the many exchanges received for the liberal support given him in the work of this department. Especially does he express his gratitude to the new exchanges. His earnest desire is that they may continue to exchange with "The Muhelnberg" as they have done heretofore.

Naturally every December number of our exchanges comes to us with a Christmas message. It is extremely interesting to note how many phases the holiday story may depict and thus be interesting and instructive to us. The profusion of Christmas stories are indeed a valuable addition to the common store of fiction.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them," in "The Comus," gives us a very impressive view of both sides of the Christmas Story. It is a gentle reminder "lest we forget" that there are some needy ones in the world.

"Delaware College Review," "The Junto," "The Farnum Tatler," and "The Narrator," are store houses of good stories.

Prof.—"What are the children of the Czar called?"

Student—"Czardines."—Ex.

"Silas Rustik at the Normal Bazaar," is a very amusing little story. Stories like these, we believe, are very helpful in the making of an interesting school journal.

We welcome "Ink Spots" to our halls, as a new exchange. Come again.

"Honesty is the best Policy" in "The Hall Boy," contains a very good moral. We appreciate the author's high sense of honesty.

Teacher—"What are the words the Seniors use most?"
Smart Pupil—"I don't know."
Teacher—"Correct."—Ex.

"The Mirror." A few appropriate "cuts" would make your paper more attractice.

"The Purple and White (Allentown)", has a most excellent exchange department. Our advise is, keep up the good work.

HIS OBJECT.

"I fear you are forgetting me,"
She said in tones polite;
"I am indeed *for getting* you,
That's why I'm here to-nigt."—Ex.

We are very much interested in the opening chapters of "The Dancer" in "The Read and Black (Bethlehem)". The idea is certainly a good one and we anxiously await the next issue. One criticism, however, we beg to offer. Your story is not as smooth and easy flowing as it might be. The paragraphs are rather loosely connected. Otherwise the story has the true flavor of good fiction.

Young lady (at the country store)—"I want some powder, please."
Storekeeper—"Face, gun or bug?"

The following exchanges have been received during the past month. We are very grateful for the same and we hope they will come again: "The Ursinus Weekly," "The Young Lutheran's Companion," "The Comus," "High School News," "The Perkiomenite," "Normal Vidette," "The Karux," "Junto," "Delaware College Review," "The Breeze," "The College Folio," "The Volante," "The Roanoke Collegian," "The Narrator," "Ink Spots," "The Hall Boy," "College Chips," "The Carlisle Arrow," "The Acorn," "The M. A. S. Monthly," "The Farnum Tatler," "The Buff and Blue," "The Red and Black (Bethlehem)," "The Bethany Messenger," "College Mercury," "The Argus," "The Mirror," "The Review," "Old Penn Weekly," "Res Academicae," "The Purple and White (Allentown)," "The Normal Journal," "College Breezes," "The Comenian," "The Monthly," "The College Student," "The Susquehanna," "The Courier," "Swathmore Prep. School Quarterly" and "The Midland."

He—"What did your father say when you told him my love was like a broad and gushing river?"
She—"He said 'dam it.'"—Ex.

Proposition—If you love a girl she loves you.
By Data—You are a lover.
By Axiom—All the world loves a lover.
By Anxiom II—The girl is all the world to you.
Therefore—The girl loves you.—Ex.

He kissed her on the cheek,
It seemed a harmless frolic.
He's been laid up for one week,
They say its the painter's colic.—Ex.

Aunt: "Tommy, I put three pills in there yesterday and now there is only one. How is that?"

Tommy: "Please aunty, it was so dark I didn't see that one."—Ex.

As a benevolent old gentleman was strolling along one morning, he saw an acquaintance shoveling frantically at a huge sand pile.

"Here, here, Jim!" he called. "There's no money in working like that. Why, man, you'll kill yourself. Come along with me now, and have abit of breakfast."

"Oh, no, sir, I can't" panted Jim. "The boss wouldn't like it."

"Oh, come along, Jim. No man can make you work without your breakfast. Come on."

"No, no, sir, I can't. The boss wouldn't let me."

"Come on, now, Jim, and don't tempt a sunstroke there. Come on, I say."

"Well, all right, sir, but the boss will be awfully mad."

Jim followed the old gentleman dubiously, bolted his breakfast in three gulps, and sprang up again.

"Sit down, Jim," remonstrated his host, "Rest a bit."

"But the boss—"

"Oh pshaw lad! What objection can he have. Come, now, tell me how he could in any way object to a man's eating his breakfast?"

"Well, you see, sir, the boss is under the sand pile!"—Ex.

"What is an anecdote?"

"A short tale" (tail).

"Illustrate it."

"A rabbit has four legs and an anecdote."—Ex.

An Indian scalps his enemy; a white man skins his friends.—Ex.

"No, Maude, dear, a scrub team is not necessarily a team for cleaning the regular team."—Ex.

Kid—"What did you do with your Christmas presents, Jimmy?"

Jimmy—"I made lemonade."—Ex.

ATHLETIC.

The annual banquet and smoker of the Athletic Association was held in the assembly room Thursday evening, December 2nd, which was largely attended by the students and a number of the alumni and faculty. The meetnig was called to order by Dr. Seip, who after a few remarks introduced Mr. Stine. He made an excellent plea for athletics and showed how much progress we had made in the last year. Mr. Aberly presented Coach Bull with a beautiful loving cup. Dr. Bull was very much surprised and made an excellent address in which he said that he had never received more satisfaction from coaching than he had received during the last season at Muhlenberg. He intimated that he would probably be back for the next foot-ball season. Mr. Stine then awarded M's to the following men: Capt. Aberly, Skean, Coleman, Bixler, R. Shupp, A. Shupp, Fink, Fasig, Quinn, Deibert, A. Kohler, Savacool, Brandt, Snyder, Kerstetter and Williams. The "scrub" M was also awarded to a number of men who did faithful work on the gridiron.

Dr. Seip then took charge of the meeting and called upon Dr. Haas for a few remarks, who responded briefly. Rev. Rausch, who is a member of the board of trustees, made an excellent plea for loyal men and urged all to work for a "Greater Muhlenberg." Prof. Reese spoke on athletics in general. The meeting was enlivened by songs and cheers.

ELECTION OF FOOT BALL CAPTAIN.

At a recent meeting of the "M men" Charles Coleman was elected to captain the 1910 foot-ball team. Mr. Coleman is a member of the Sophomore class and resides at Hegins, Schuylkill county. He was a faithful player and bids fair to make an excellent leader.

BASKET-BALL.

Inter-class basket ball games will be palyed on the college floor during the next few months. This schedule was approved by the various class managers:

Tuesday, Jan. 10—Juniors vs. Freshmen.
Thursday, Jan. 13—Seniors vs. Sophomores.
Tuesday, Jan. 18—Juniors vs. Sophomores.
Thursday, Jan. 20—Seniors vs. Freshmen.
Tuesday, Jan. 25—Seniors vs. Juniors.
Thursday, Jan. 27—Sophomores vs. Freshmen.
Thursday, Feb. 3—Juniors vs. Sophomores.
Tuesday, Feb. 8—Seniors vs. Freshmen.
Tuesday, Feb. 15—Juniors vs. Freshman.
Thursday, Feb. 17—Seniors vs. Sophomores.
Thursday, Feb. 24—Juniors vs. Freshmen.
Tuesday, Mar. 1—Seniors vs. Juniors.
Thursday, Mar. 3—Sophomores vs
Tuesday, Mar. 8—Seniors vs. Sophomores.
Thursday, Mar. 10—Juniors vs. Sophomores.
Tuesday, Mar. 15—Sophomores vs. Freshmen.
Thursday, Mar. 17—Seniors vs. Freshmen.
Tuesday, Mar. 22—Seniors vs. Juniors.

The following have been appointed referees and umpires: Regular, Aberly, Eberts, F. Butz and Reno; Substitutes: M. Kleckner, A. N. Butz, Fink, Klingler.

TRACK WORK.

The outlook for the track is very encouraging this year. This year the authorities have decided not to wait until spring to start the men in training but they have arranged with the Y. M. C. A. to use their track and so the men will report very shortly. A large number of the fellows have already promised to report for training.

PERSONALS.

On the evening of December the seventeenth, the students of Muhlenberg gave a reception and dance to the students of the Allentown College for Women. It was undoubtedly one of the most delightful social events held at the institution this collegiate year. The halls were artistically decorated with pennants of the leading Eastern colleges and with streamers of "Gold and White" and "Cardinal and Steel Gray" bunting. Each class at college had an inviting cozy corner tastily arranged, which served to cast a charming atmosphere over the affair. Cards were played in Euterpea Hall and a dance of sixteen numbers was held in Sophronia. A large orchestra rendered excellent music. During the intermission elegant refreshments were served. The affair will most likely be an annual occurence in the future. Not only on the track and the gridiron does success greet the wearers of the "Cardinal and Gray," but also in the social line is the Muhlenberg student able "to hold his own." Just praise is due the following committee, who had charge of the affair: Asher Shupp, '10, Robert F. Kline, '11, and Martin S. Kleckner, '10.

Suspended indefinitely by action of the Athletic committee.—*The football dummy.*

The Sophomores elected Fred. Butz as manager of their basket ball team.

Mr. O. (in U. S. History)—"Mr. Schmoyer, what was the result of sending women into the Virginia colonies?"

Schmoyer '10—"An increase in population."

What a "Fresh" said—"In 1776, William, the Conqueror, was elected King of Ireland, and English was made the national language."

Prof. S. (to Horn, '10, after a heated discussion on good and evil in God)—"Well, this place is not heaven."

Shupp, '10—"Nor Hell either."

On the 21st of December, a Smoker was held in the basket-ball cage and the college "insignia" awarded to the football warriors, who played the required number of halves. A long cheer went up when it was announced that preparations were being made to erect a grand "gym." A loving cup was presented by Captain Aberly to Coach Bull for his untiring efforts in coaching the team the past season.

Brandt '11 says "It was a sad game at Rudgers; even the grandstand seats were in tiers (tears)."

Schmoyer '10—"Doctor, I can't read on account of the disturbance."

Dr. W.—"You must accustom yourself to live in some kind of a menagerie."

Said Skean '13 (to an interested bunch around him)—"At a certain circus I attended lately, the excitement was intense (in tents)."

At a recent class-meeting Asher F. Shupp and Martin S. Kleckner were elected Captain and Manager respectively of the Senior basket-ball team. The class of 1910 has not lost a single game since at college. While the team has lost several of its star men, there still remains a good nucleus around which to form a winning aggregation.

Dr. H.—"What causes the face to flush and redden?"

Wunder, '11 (noticing the doctor's red tie)—"Isn't it merely reflection?"

Dr. W.—"Herr Reisner, was meint ein Hanswurst?"

Reisner '10—"Herr Doktor, ein Gœszbuck."

Grant and A. Butz were elected Manager and Captain, respectively, of the Junior basket-ball team.

Dr. B. (to Sophs)—"Now the line C. D. —"

Bennett, '12—"Doctor, I can't C—D."

Mr. Geary E. Everett '10 "emphatically" denies that the wishes of his parents kept him from playing football.

Eberts '11 spent Christmas week in Reading in the interests of the Glee Club.

Bush and Klingler were elected Manager and Captain, respectively, of the Freshman backet-ball team.

Hassler '10, Kleckner '10, Reisner '10, Grant '11, Wolper "11, and Wunder '11, took the parts of Joseph, Chevalier De Mauprat, Baradas, Clermont, Louis XIII, and Huguet, respectively, in the play "Bulwer Lytton's Richelieu," presented in Catasauqua on the evening of January the fourteenth. All acquitted themselves admirably before a large audience.

The Seniors have but four months work remaining.

Past:—A mighty short vacation.

Present:—Cram; Exam; Flunk; Trunk.

Future:—The interclass basket-ball games.

The Personal Editor wishes to thank those persons who favored him with articles for the department; also the readers of "The Muhlenberg" for the "gentle forbearance." With the publication of this issue the Editorship of this Department changes hands. *Vale.*

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WANDRER'S NACHTLIED.

Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh',
In allen Wipfeln
Spuerest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Voeglein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Omnibus in montibus
Est pax,
Summis in arboribus
Sentis tu
Unam vix auram;
Aves silent intra silvas.
Mane—et tu mox
Requiescas.

R. R. F. '10.

THE AEROPLANE TRIP.

V. L. BENNET, '12.

Samor Lavieux had completed his third aeroplane; it contained many original ideas and a wonderful uniqueness in construction. His other two had been partial failures, but this one was an unquestionable success. Because of many successful trips over Europe, he decided to make a very extended tour through the North. He had two reasons for making this trip. One was to attain the highest possible height, and by means of his wireless telegraphy outfit attempt communication with Mars. The second was to test the durability of his machine and if possible reach the North Pole. To make such a trip, very thorough and careful preparations were necessary. Samor began to overhaul, enlarge, and strengthen his areoplane in every detail. Just before he started on this task, he had written to me concerning his prospective trip and had asked me to join him. I arrived at Paris about three days after receiving his letter and most gratefully accepted his kind invitation. I had met Samor while touring afoot through France. Our acquaintance had ripened into a very warm friendship—which accounts for my good fortune in being selected to accompany this prospecting party. While he was working on his car for the next few days, I made all other necessary arrangements according to his orders. By the first of June all was ready. What an aeroplane that was! It was in very truth an aerial palace. Samor's remarkable genius was displayed in every detail.

There were two apartments—one above, the other below. In the room above, which was twelve by ten feet, all the machinery was operated and some of the food stored. At one end was a large compass, a small steel steering wheel, and all the levers systematically arranged. The neatness of it all was a piece of handiwork exclusive of the genius of the mechanism. At the other end was a complete wireless telegraph outfit which in itself took up considerable space. The room below was nearly twice as large as the one above and was placed directly beneath it to the inch. It was divided into two parts. One part was again divided into three parts to serve as sleeping quarters, while the other part was a lounging-room, dining-room, parlor, and general living room. The whole car weighed nearly two thousand pounds. It was handsomely furnished with a complete equipment throughout.

Samor's brother and myself constituted the party. June the first, at eight o'clock, we left Paris headed directly North. We desired to reach Maglow, which was situated on a small island about six hundred miles nortwest of Russia's northernmost extremity. We reached Maglow without mishap, enjoying fine weather and beautiful scenery all along the route. The air was now very cold, and the weather changeable; so more than even extraordinary caution was essential for a safe trip. We had decided not to test our best height or possible communication with Mars until arriving at Maglow. The island was noted for its clear and light air. This we considered a prime requisite to attain and hold a great height. We remained at Maglow two days restocking stores, overhauling the aeroplane, and preparing an immense bag of compressed

air—which last was the only means of existence, when at a great height. On the third day after our arrival at Maglow we made the vertical ascent. We soared nearly thirty miles when atmospheric conditions would permit us to go no further with safety. Here we remained fully three hours in an attempt to produce intelligible communication with Mars. We had indisputable replies; but could not decipher them. Connection with the other planets seemed to be an utter impossibility. So when the great height became unbearable, we slowly began to descend. Genrell suffered greatly from the strain of maintaining such dizzy heights for so long a time, and compelled us to linger a few days at Maglow. Finally all was ready for a determined dash toward the North Pole. We left Maglow June twentieth in elegant condition, headed due north. Speeding nearer and nearer our sought-for goal always five hundred feet above the ground, we experienced terrible tortures from the extreme cold. The pole could not be far away now; so we took the latitude and longitude of our position. By accurate figuring we discovered we could not be more than two miles from it. With renewed courage and hope, we pressed on, nearly dead with the radical change in climate and temperature. Going two miles straight ahead, we began to zigzag around and across, and cut all kinds of geometrical figures for nearly a mile, trying to find some visible assurance of the existence of the object of our guest. Suddenly without warning the areoplane stopped with a jerk which threw us on our faces. Samor immediately ran to the wheel, but could not budge it. He was about to examine his batteries when the areoplane shot toward the earth with fearful velocity. It stopped just as suddenly within about one hundred feet of the opening to an immense conical shaped hole. We were struck dumb with fear. The only explanation was that we were directly over the axis, and the magnetism so freakishly controlled our car. Samor looked at the compass. We were headed precisely northward, and the needle seemed riveted upon the arrow pointing north. He tried to raise the machine. Vainly he tried to sway it from side to side, or to back it. There was an unexplainable something which made us deathly sick and made existence so oppressive that we were nearly driven mad with fear; then most opportunely, Samor unconsciously pushed the lever to throw the machine forward. It shot forward like a ball from a twelve-inch cannon. It stopped after going about three hundred feet, but everything seemed to be intact. We all gathered in the living room to collect our senses and to help each other if the worst were yet to come. Looking back we could see a large funnel shaped crater. The sides near the bottom glittered like sparkling diamonds. Everything near it seemed to be continually whirling furiously around. Making sure that this was the much-sought for North Pole, we proceeded upon our homeward journey by a very round-about route. We went far around the magnetic whirling crater and headed straight for Maglow. When we reached here, everything was working well; so we continued on our journey toward Paris. We arrived at Paris on August the seventh of the same year. Our stories of establishing communicaton wth Mars and accidently—almost sorrowfully—discovering the North Pole, were everywhere discredited. I contented myself with thinking that this was afterall the recompense of truly great men.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

ELBERT E. LANDIS, '10.

Every patriotic citizen of the U. S. and any patriotic citizen of any nation is interested in the welfare of his own country. Anecdotes of his brave forefathers repeat themselves in his soul, and inspire him with noble purposes for the posterity of his nation. He realizes his duty as a man and as a citizen to study conditions that exist in his country, in order that he may lend a helping hand to hunmanity in solving the destiny of the future.

At present he is confronted with the most serious problem, which if not satisfactorily solved, threatens the safety of our government. Many men have already solved this question for themselves contending that "government ownership" must be adopted in order to attain the greatest good. They insist that all private ownership is mere robbery. They assert that the poor are growing poorer, and the rich are growing richer under our present system of ownership. Undoubtedly this idea is an hallucination, since a spirit of discontent seems to be spreading in almost every country on the globe. No matter how prosperous conditions are, they are never sufficiently good to satisfy the desires of those men. Some even go so far as to say that conditions are so bad that they cannot become worse even if government ownership should prove a failure. Such a view of existing conditions is not only pessimistic; but most certainly false.

It is my purpose then, to prove that government ownership would be not only a grave misfortune to the nation as an institution; but also a grievous blow to the people as individuals.

It is agreed, however, by everyone that under our present system of ownership "competition" flourishes. This Method of business prevents individuals or firms from charging absurd prices for commodities, and affords to each a fair price for work done. In this way each individual, who desires to achieve something great, is given an opportunity. "Equality of opportunity" is the motto of our country, and in no other country have men ever benefited by such an equal chance in life.

This change in life allows men to choose that business or profession for which they are best adapted. The father of political economy, Adam Smith, has asserted that self-interest benefits individuals as a whole; a statement without dispute; a plain truth in our every day life. Through interest, which is first started by competition, great inventions have been introduced, which have benefited not only the inventor, but also millions of other men. Inventions show that a nation is alive to progress. Without them a nation and its people will soon be trampled underfoot. Rev. W. S. Harris asserts that inventions instead of being a blessing to people are a curse, because with improved machinery more work can be done with less men. But such a condition exists for short periods only and then factories are enlarged and more men are employed than before. So long as nations cope with one another, men in the nation must strive to excel; for if the men in the nation do not compete, progress becomes less rapid and the nation itself loses its prestige. Under government ownership equal opportunities in fighting

for a good are not given. Able men soon become discouraged, seeing those who are inferior, enjoying equal privileges, and soon become careless of their own work. Such a condition would certainly bring upon the business interests confusion and destruction. As an illustration suppose we take agriculture in its relation to government ownership. Let us take two farms, side by side, each farm having the same advantages in every respect. Let us have men to manage the two farms, men who possess the same mental and physical advantages. Let he only difference be that one party owns the farm; and the other party while hired by the government is paid more in wages than the first party can realize in profits. Is there any doubt that the first party would show greater interest in his work, reap larger crops and thereby benefit a larger community?

When any one argues in favor of government ownership, he points to the U. S. Mail System as a proof of successful government ownership. A great many men, without much thought, take it for gospel that the U. S. Mail System is not only a success, but that the manner in which it is carried on is the best possible method. If anything to the contrary is asserted it is laughed at. A certain Professor of Economy stated that the mail system proved that government ownership was a great success, and that it was impossible to prove that it could be better in any other hands. He gave as his arguments: that the government made so much money from this system, that it was able to introduce the "Free Delivery System" which is such a blessing to country people. But let us examine the reports of those who, we have reason to believe, know more of the mail system than the ordinary man. I mean the reports of men who served the government at the head of the mail system. Let us remember that not before John Wanamaker was appointed Postmaster General, did the U. S. Mail System pay its expenses. It was John Wanamaker's business ability that put the question on a sound financial basis.

Charles Emory Smith was the man who while at the head of the Postoffice Department, introduced the Free Delivery System. In a speech delivered in 1905, Charles Emory Smith declared; that if John Wanamaker could take the entire mail system into his hands to-day, he would not only make it pay better, but also give better service with less cost to the people. Furthermore, he stated that Uncle Sam has always been a poor business man.

Is it not then safer to consider and believe men who have had experience in such lines than men with little knowledge who think they know?

Is it not most necessary therefore, for the welfare of our future, that we do all in our power to overcome the possibility of government ownership, since this institution is so destructive? If indeed we are patriots, we will strive for the welfare of our country. And by fighting the menace of government ownership, we will prevent the repetition of that unforgotten story when "brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the son and the children shall rise up against the parents and cause them to be put to death."

OEDIPUS, THE KING.

PAUL WANNER, '10.

Sophocles, the second of the trio of the great Athenian tragedians, was born about 495 B. C. and died 405 B. C. His first play was produced in 468 B. C. and took first prize. His literary activities extended over a period of sixty years, during which period he produced about one hundred plays. Of these plays only seven remain, of which number three treat the story of the Theban royal House: "Oedipus, the King," "Oedipus at Colonus," and the "Antigone." "Oedipus, the King," is considered by most scolars and critics to be the masterpiece among extant Greek plays. The story of it is briefly as follows:

In the early days of Thebes there ruled over that city King Laris and his queen Jocasta. No children had been born to them, and on this account they were much grieved; however, upon consulting the oracle at Delphi they learned that a son should be born, but that he was destined to kill his father because of the crime of murder which lay upon him. In course of time the promised son was born, and his parents, in order to circumvent the oracle, pierced both his ankles and exposed him on the hill of Kithareon. The babe was found by a shepherd who gave him to Polybos, the Corinthian and his wife Merope. This babe was Oedipus.

After some years had passed, King Laris was slain by Oedipus, who was unaware of his victim's identity. At this time the city of Thebes was in a sad plight; the Sphinx was ravaging the whole country round, and was not to be conquerred save by one who could answer the riddle it proposed. Oedipus answered the riddle, slew the Sphinx, and was chosen King by the grateful Thebans.

At first all went well. Oedipus married Jocasta, and they lived together in peace and quietness. Then a terrible plague broke out. Far and near raged the scourge with dreadful result. In vain were efforts made to check it—it but spread the faster. All became convinced that this was a punishment sent upon them because of some wicked person in their midst. Teiresias, the soothsayer, was summoned, and he declared Oedipus to be the "accursed plague spot of the land." Enraged and incredulous, Oedipus suspected that this declaration was merely part of a plot of Creon's to gain the throne. But upon examining closely all that helearned by inquiries he found that he was indeed the guilty cause of the bitter suffering of the Thebans: he had slain his father and lived incestuously with his mother. Overcome by horror he tore out his own eyes and fled the city, accompanied by Antigone. Jocasta, on discovering the true relation of affairs committed suicide by hanging.

The whole play with its moral is well epitomized by the chorus:

——"Behold this Oedipus,
Who knew the famous riddle and was noblest,
Whose fortune who saw not with envious glances?
And, lo! n what a sea of direst trouble
He now is plunged. From hence the lesson learn ye,

To reckon no man happy till ye witness
The closing day; until he pass the border,
Which severs life from death, unscathed."

It is interesting to note here the same idea of eternal justice which we observed in Aeschylus: the sins of the father are to be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. Laris has brought upon himself the stain of murder by slaying the son of another; the griefstricken father called down on the murderer a course which Zeus saw should in justice be carried out. So Laris must be slain by his own son, who by doing so in turn receives the guilt of murder, and in addition contracts incestruous relations with his mother. The mother slays herself, but the son lives for a time thereafter at Colonus. Oedipus, although he committed the most revolting sins did so unknowingly; it is no doubt for this reason that he is spared a violent death.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the Kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O! how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation; where, alack!
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O! none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

WHAT THE ROMAN'S ATE.

RAYMOND R. AMMARELL, '11.

This subject may seem strange and far-fetched, but when we get studying it we will probably be surprised how modern it is. A large majority of the people may be of the opinion that the Romans had food the like of which we do not have in the twentieth century; but after a short account of their eatables I am sure that we will be convinced and astonished at the many things we have in common with them.

Before studying the various kinds of food it might not be amiss to speak about the Roman meals, which were four in number—although we might say that the third was merely a workingman's lunch. The morning meal was called *ientaculum* and was eaten at various times of the day depending upon the time of rising, but was usually eaten at about the third hour. The Romans, evidently, did not believe in starting the day with a full stomach and hence this meal consisted of only light food, usually bread seasoned with honey and salt and possibly a few other dishes. *Prandium* corresponds to our luncheon and it was taken at the sixth hour. This luncheon was necessary because city life had pushed the *cena* hour later and later. The people who did not take *ientaculum* took *prandium* earlier. The meal consisted of bread and at times of fish and meat and vegetables and fruit. *Merendi,* the third meal, was given to workingmen during the afternoon. We now come to the fourth and last meal, *cena,* dinner, which was as with us the heaviest meal of the day and was served at about the ninth hour or three o'clock. The Romans did their work earlier in the day than we are accustomed to do it and when they sat down to *cena* they were in no great hurry to finish. We would consider it a waste of time to spend three or four hours at dinner, and the majority of boarding houses would abandon business if such were the case; but it was no uncommon occurence for the Romans to spend many hours at the table.

The delightful climate of Italy makes it one of the famous garden spots of Europe. Many fruits and vegetables were raised by ancient Rome, but when she started on her conquests, the number and variety was greatly increased. We are told that grain, grapes and olives furnished their chief food, and were sufficient for those who did not live to eat. The apple, pear, and quince were native or were introduced in prehistoric times. Great delight was taken in raising these and it was no uncommon occurrence for a prominent statesman to give his name to some apple or pear. In later years the peach, pomegranate, apricot and cherry were introduced. The variety of fruit did not surpass the variety of vegetable, artichokes, asparagus, beets, cabbage, carrots, cucumbers, garlic, melons, peas, radishes, onions, and beans together with many other formed the chief articles of use. For many years beans and onions were the favorites but as refinement advanced their use became less and less. To us it indeed seems strange that we do not find the potato and tomato in the above list but they were unknown to the Romans.

Cress and lettuce were largely used for salads and various plants were cultivated for seasoning, chief of which was the poppy, eaten with honey or sprinkled upon the bread in the oven. On account of the slowness of travel it was difficult to import many fruits; but we do find that the Romans imported the better grades of fruits, spices, and vegetables.

Pork, beef and mutton, which are used extensively by us, were also common articles of food in Rome. In addition they used goats' flesh, but its use was restricted more especially to the lower classes. Pork was used more extensively than any of the other meats, which can be seen from the various names. We read of fifty different ways of cooking it. Beef was not as common in Rome as it is with us. The common man ate it only on special occasions when he sacrificed an ox or a cow. Its use was always looked upon as a mark of luxury. Chickens, ducks and geese were widely used and wild fowl consisting chiefly of the grouse, crane, partridge, snipe, thrush and woodchuck. In the early days of Rome not much fish was used but in the latter days of the Republic very much was used. Fresh fish were very expensive owing to the cost of transportation and many people constructed their own fish ponds. One dish made of salt fish, eggs, and cheese, was very much like our codfish balls. Salt fish being exported from the Mediterranean ports was not expensive. Oysters were as widely used then as now. Italy uses many snails to this very day—and the Rdmans used to fatten them on meal to be sold in the markets.

The products of the dairy, milk, cream, curds, whey and cheese, were freely used. The milk of the cow, sheep and goat was invariably used. Butter is used quite extensively by the American housewife and is also found on the table, but strange to say such was not the case with the Romans, for its use was restricted for the healing of wounds. Sugar was unknown, but honey was a good substitute. In the early days salt was obtained by the waporation of sea water, but later it was mined. The government had charge of ths and always tried to keep the price very low.

The staple products, barley, oats, rye, and wheat, were unknown to the Romans and in very early times spelt was very common, but later it was employed only in making sacrificial cakes. At first the grain was not ground but pounded and mixed with water when it resembled oatmeal. The grain for flour was ground in a mill. It is thought that the transition from porridge to bread was made through the medium of thin cakes baked in or over the fire. It was a common duty for the housewife to bake the bread, but after the public bakeries, the rich only baked their own. The first public bakery was established in 171 B. C. and from now on most people bought their bread. There were three kinds of bread, depending upon the sort of grain, the setting of the millstone, and the finesness of the sieve. Under Trajan bread was distributed instead of grain. There were many small cake shops, where cakes, pastry, and confectionery were made.

Grapes were known very extensively and were either eaten from the vine or dried, but the largest part was used for wine. Vinegar was made from grape juice. Second in importance only to wheat was the olive, which was used by all. It was introduced into Italy from Greece and thence into other

countries; but the best olive of to-day comes from Italy. It was eaten fresh and preserved, but was chiefly used in the form of olive oil. We are familiar with the oil and it is said it is being used more and more extensively, especially in Northern Europe. The ripe olives were sprinkled with salt and left untouched for five days, the salt was then shaken off and the olives dried in the sun. They were also preserved sweet without salt in boiled must. Half ripe olives were picked with their stems and covered over in jars with the best quality of oil; in this way they are said to have retaned the flavor of the fresh fruit for more than a year. Green olives were preserved whole in strong brine, the form in which we know them now, or were beaten into a mass and preserved with spices and vinegar. The olive tree bears only every second year and hence there were usually two orchards. An orchard once started requires very little work.

Olive oil was used in a number of ways, most anciently to anoint the body after bathing, it was employed as a perfume, it was burned in lamps, and lastly it was an indispensable article of food. It was employed as butter as used with us and also as a relish in its natural state. When the oil was made the olives were subjected to a pressure. The first liquid that was gathered was called *amurca* and was used as a fertilizer. It was then subjected to a higher pressure and this oil was left to settle in a receptacle when it was skimmed, which process was continued for many times after which the oil was placed into jars, which were tightly sealed.

We might quote a number of bills of fare to show the variety of food. The first one is taken from Martial (43-101 A. D.) and includes lettuce, onions, tunny-fish and eggs cut in slices; sausage with porridge, fresh cauliflower, bacon and beans; pears and chestnuts, and with the wine olives, parched peas and lupines. We quote another from Macrobius (5th century A. D.) The *antecena* was served in two courses: first, sea urchins, raw oysters, three kinds of sea mussels, thrush or asparagus, a fat hen, panned oysters, and mussels; second, mussels again, shell fish, sea-nettles, figpeckers, loin of goat, loin of pork, fricassee chicken, figpeckers again, two kinds of sea-snails. The *cena* proper includes sow's-udder, head of wild boar, panned fish, panned sow's udder, domestic ducks, wild ducks, hares, roast chicken, starch pudding, and bread. We can now form an idea of the elaboracy of a Roman banquet, which indeed excels most of our modern banquets. No expense was saved in making it a great function and very often cooks were hired who used their own utensils and furnished their own servants. There can be no doubt but that there existed much intemperance in eating, especially among the wealthy.

Thus far I have only been speaking of edible things, but the subject would not be complete without making mention of the various drinks. As stated before many grapes were grown, not so much to be eaten as to be made into wine. For a long time wine was very expensive, but later the people largely abandoned the growing of cereals and spent their time in the vineyards. The wine was very often drunk in its unfermented state and also reduced to about one half by cooperation, when it became like jelly and was the basis for many beverages. Wine was generally diluted with

water before it was drunk but they usually drank enough so that it effected them anyhow. To drink the pure grape juice was considered barbarous. The ordinary qualities were very cheap, so that all might indulge. *Mulsum* was another favorite drink made of a mixture of water and honey and allowed to ferment. Cider was made and wine from mulberries and dates. They had no knowledge of tea or coffee.

A few words must be said concerning the *symposium*. Much time was spent over the dessert and wine after the *cena* not only in drinking, but in amusements. Roses were used to make the crowns or garlands which were worn during the *symposium*. Perfumes were used not so much for this fragrant smell as because the Romans believed that the scent would prevent or retard intoxication. When all were adorned with crowns or garlands, each one threw dice and the one throwing the highest number was the "Master of the Revels." He had charge of all the amusements and decided upon the amount of water that should be added to the wine. The guests were not allowed to drink as much as they pleased but each had to drink an equal amount. There is evidence that much gambling was carried on as well as many other evil practices.

From the above account we can very well see that the Romans were not hindered by a lack of food and drink, but that all had access to a large variety. That there was much extravagence cannot be denied judging from the various accounts that have been handed down to us.

The power of armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and space;
But who the limits of that power shall trace
Which a brave People into light can bring
Or hide, at will,—for freedom combating
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may chase,
No eye can follow, to a fatal place
That power, that spirit, whether on the wing
Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind
Within its awful caves.—From year to year
Springs this indigenous produce far and near;
No craft this subtle element can bind,
Rising like water from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.

Wordsworth.

A FUTILE WATCH.

CLARK E. HELLER, '12.

Mr. Rillem, the miller of the town of Slocum, had passed away but a month before, bequeathing to his son Robert—a boy of 19—the busy mill with all the responsibility of its management.

It was a cold winter evening, about ten o'clock. Robert sat before the open grate resting his head on his elbows, watching the flames go roaring up the chimney. Musingly he drew past, present, future and impossible clearly before his imagination. Less and less vivid grew the all comprisng perspective. The picture finally vanished and his keen mind passed into that state of rest which records no time.

Suddenly Robert was startled by the penetrating sound of the door bell. He quickly rose. He quickly rose. The fire had died down. He looked at the clock. It was eleven-thirty. He brushed back his hair, rubbed his eyes, and, slightly animated, proceeded towards the door, which, now thoroughly awake, he opened. A large, muscular man nervously inquired if he was the miller, and then urged him to come down to the mill at once, that the office had been robbed. Robert remembered seeing the man pass the mill office in going down the railroad the afternoon previous. He had judged him to be a detective.

Robert said he would be down at once. The stranger immediately started down the path over the bank, the shortest way to the mill. In the meantime Robert armed himself with a gun and revolver. With no little mistrust in the man, he proceeded toward the mill by way of the road which led somewhat round about. He determined to see that the robbers, in case there really were any, would not escape by that way.

The road led around to the south side of the mill, while the house stood on the bank above the railroad, northeast from it. The path down the bank from the house over which the stranger had come, led straight to the northeast corner of the mill, just across the railroad.

Just as Robert and several others who had hastily joined him, came down to the railroad they saw a figure moving rapidly past the office door at the south corner of the mill, down the railroad toward the mill race. Robert raised his gun to his shoulder and shouted, "halt." The running man whom Robert now recognized to be the stranger who a short time before had stood at his door, bade Robert follow him and continued running. A moment later two shots rang out on the stillness of the night. Robert and his party distinctly heard the water splash in the chasm below the race. "I believe I hit him," said the stranger hurridly. "Didn't you hear him groaning?" "There is water down in there is there not?" he continued looking down over the railroad bank into the chasm. At this stage the whole party hastily expressed opinions and exchanged ideas as to what should be done. Robert mistrusted the stranger. He felt that he was new in the art of taking care of himself in actual life, and he felt that everybody knew it. He feared that possibly some one was trying to hoodwink him in the absence of his father.

In the course of conversation here the stranger showing his badge explained that he was a detective in the service of the Railroad Company. One of the men who accompanied Robert to the mill was an old railroader and was familiar with most everything along the branch. Questioning the detective he found that he answered every question correctly. Detective Gray had just been discharged and our detective explained that he had taken Gray's place.

The party went back to the office to find that the window had been pried open and broken and several drawers broken open. A careful examination showed that nothing of value had been disturbed. Evidently the robbers had been interrupted in their work too early.

The detective at once made out his plans to catch the robbers and submitted them to the rest of the party. He told them that these fellows would likely be back to-night to complete their work properly. "I will stay up to watch and you better stay with me," he said turning to Robert.

He also asked for a boat to be ready in case circumstances necessitated a pursuit across the river.

Robert went to the house and related the case to his mother. She, guided by her womanly insight, refused to permit him to stay up with the detective. He then proceeded to procure a substitute and Arthur Pace willingly agreed to watch. As they were crossing the railroad to the mill office, they heard two shots far down the railroad. "Likely signals," said Robert.

Arthur stayed in the office with the detective. At midnight the detective left the office for about an hour. When he returned Arthur was cold and sleepy. He told Arthur to go out and walk up and down the track as he had done to warm up.

They changed about walking and walking for several hours. It was five o'clock, time for Arthur to warm up by walking. He waited another half hour, still the detective did not return. By this time some of the early townsmen were on the scene of the burglary. Why the detective had not returned seemed a mystery to them. It was 6.30 and the detective had not yet made his appearance. Robert and Arthur began to suspect that they had been faked. They went to the river and found that the boat had been taken away. They decided he must surely have crossed the river.

Two more days passed and no one had yet explained the actions of the detective. Later business called Robert down the river ten miles to town. At the bank he solved the mystery in connection with the actions of the detective. He discovered that two checks of $5000 each had been cleverly forged on the Rillem Estate. While Arthur was taking his turn at walking the stranger procured the blanks from the back end of the check book and portrayed to perfection Robert's handwriting and the signature of the administrator.

MARTIN LUTHER IN THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

G. H. S. '10.

The Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century must be regarded as probably the greatest upheaval in all history. It was the result of irresistable forces. The onward march of progress made necessary the removal of Mediaeval restraints. The Papacy had rendered inestimable service in preserving the purity of Christian Truth during the troublous times of the Middle Ages, but the compelling necessity of such guardianship was now gone. The Truth had come to be almost buried in the mass of error which had accumulated in the years of igonrance past, and it was therefore necessary that this Truth be dug out and spread abroad. This was the intellectual and spiritual demand of that time—and hence the Reformation.

Dr. Martin Luther, the leader of the German Protestant forces, devoted all the splendid gifts with which God had endowed him entirely to the cause he had espoused. In this service to God and humanity, he gave his native land a pure Christian faith, and a language; and he laid the foundation of the only school of music which is worthy to be compared with the Italian Catholic music of the sixteenth century.

Luther was interested in music not as an art, but altogether as a force for good in the cause of Evangelical Christianity. He did not compose music, nor did he write a surprisingly great number of hymns. Nearly all of his material lay ready to his hand. As the basis of his music he took the folk song, the German choral, often adopting the tunes without any change. It is the use of the folk song and the choral which gives Luther such a high place in the history of music, for "this hymnody afforded the first adequate outlet for the poetic and musical genius of the German people, and established the pregnant democratic traditions of German art as against the aristocratic traditions of Italy and France." It is not at all to Luther's discredit that he did not compose his own tunes; all the writers of his day, and for a century thereafter, were emphatically *tune-setters,* and not tune-makers, and like Luther, drew their material from the popular folk song. The greatest respresentative of this school of music is that famous Lutheran—Johann Sebastian Bach, one of the greatest geniuses who ever lived.

In the composition of hymns Luther drew on his own resources, and on the beautiful Latin hymns of the church. As might be expected, his hymns breathe full and free the spirit of the Reformation. They sing of the truths of salvation, and the love which God so undeservingly has for us. As a result these hymns had an enormous influence, a fact fully recognized by his opponents. One indignant Jesuit exclaimed: "Luther's songs have damned more souls than all his books and speeches." Many stories are told of their wonderful power, one of which relates how at one time several Lutheran missionaries entered a Catholic church and by their singing drew away the whole congregation after them. Although it is more than probable that this tale is a fiction, it nevertheless shows very convincingly what a great force Luther's hymns must have been. In

sheer literary excellence they do not outclass the Latin hymns of the Mediaeval Church, nor even those of the English-American group. They are written without any pretence to literary art; they are great in their universality, and in their power for uplifting.

The number of hymns written by Luther himself is only thirty-six. The greater number of these are not entirely original. Many are translations or adaptations of psalms, in some cases whole psalms being almost directly transferred; other found their inspiration in other parts of Scripture—the Ten Commandments, Simeon's songs, and the Lord's Prayer. He also drew from the Latin hymns of Ambrose, Gregory, Hess and others. Only five hymns out of the thirty-six are entirely original. The most celebrated of these is the "Ein' feste Burg," which was inspired by the fourty-sixth Psalm. Two others almost equally well known are the beautiful "Aus tiefer Noth" (suggested by Psalm cxxx) and "Ach Gott, vom Himmel sieh' darein" (suggested by Psalm xii). These hymns give us a clear insight into the character of this man, and show that far from being actuated by any selfish personal motive, his heart was full of the love of God.

The vaulted void of purple sky
  That everywhere extends,
That stretches from the dazzled eye,
  In space that never ends;
A morning, whose uprisen sun
  No setting e'er shall see;
A day that comes without a noon,
  Such is eternity.

Clare

To purchase Heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbribed, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

Dr. Johnson.

THE VALUE OF EXAMINATIONS IN EDUCATION.

GEARY E. EVERETT, '10.

When students who are in an elementary school, and in higher institutions as well, have completed the study of a certain branch of learning, or a subdivision of that branch, and are supposed to be well prepared to advance to the succeeding one, it is very profitable to subject them to a searching written examination. Such tests afford pupils a tangible and reliable measure of their progress and condition—which is in itself an important information.

It is a common failing of students to overestimate their acquirements, and this is true even when they are subjected to searching oral tests in the recitations. The individual who fails in an oral test may comfort himself with the belief that his classmates would likewise have failed in the same test, but there is no opportunity for such delusion in the written examination, in which all have the same questions to answer, and, when strict honesty is secured, an equal opportunity to meet them.

Since the written examination gives to all pupils the same tests and affords to all an equal opportunity to meet them, it is far more important than the oral test. It discloses more accurately the comparative progress of the different pupils, information of great value to the teacher. The written examination discloses not only the actual condition of the pupils, but also defects in teaching and study not revealed even by the recitation, and thus assists in their correction. What an "eye-opener" a searching written examination would be in schools where teachers talk and explain much, and the pupils recite little; where the instruction is given largely in the form of running talks without a halt to test results!

The written test also emphasizes more distinctly the importance of accuracy and fulness in the statement of facts; it reveals more fully the ability of the pupil to write correctly when his attention is directed to the thought or subject-matter; and it affords a history stimulus to pupils, increasing their attention to instruction, and their efforts to master the subject taught.

It is, of course, possible for a teacher to neglect or slight the recitation proper, and to make a hobby of the written examination; but we are now considering the written test not as a substitute for the oral test, but as supplementing it in the current work of the school, and used in the same spirit and with equal common sense. When thus used the written test is a most valuable means of school training. It is not only in harmony with the freest and most rational teaching, but may be made a valuable aid to such teaching—a fact attested by the experience of the most progressive and skillful teachers of the country.

The written examination is also very valuable to the teacher who has charge of a large class. Seldom does the teacher have more than one hour to devote to a recitation, and it will, therefore, be impossible for him to question each individual and thus ascertain how much knowledge he has acquired about the topic under consideration. But if the teacher subjects his class to frequent

examinations he will be able to estimate, to a reasonable degree, how much of the subject-matter each individual knows and understands. The written examination is of equal value in classes where the lecture system is used. By this method the teacher is placed in such a position that the oral recitation is almost valueless. Lack of time and condition of classes, almost invariably demand that if the teacher desires to know the relative amount of knowledge the class has derived from his lectures it will be necessary for him to employ the written test.

But the written examination does more than demand accuracy and fulness of memory, concentrated attention, and the power to shape and arrange our thoughts. It teaches method, promptitude, and self-reliance. "But back of all these qualities," says Mr. Latham, "lies his something which a mental physiologist would call massiveness or robustness of brain, or which we call energy of mind. Of this, so far as it is brought out in dealing with books or ideas, we can judge fairly from a written examination. We see that knowledge has been got, and know that brain-work has been done to get it, and in addition we note indications of strength or feebleness of will; we can find out pretty well from a set of papers whether a man knows his own mind or not."

Written work will call out qualities which could not be revealed by oral questions and answers. The oral examination is good for intellectual stimulus, for bracing up the student to rapid and prompt action; for deftness and brightness. But oral answers are necessarily discontinuous and fragmentary. The pupil receives help and suggestion, at every moment, from the play of the teacher's countenance, and from answers given by his fellow-classmates. Whatever of unity and sequence there is in the treatment of the subject is the teacher's work, not the pupils'; and until he subjects the pupil to the test of writing, you have no assurance that he has grasped the subject as a whole, or that he is master of the links that bind one part of that subject to another.

EDITORIALS.

The student at college has a definite end in view—to benefit as much as possible by his four years' application to self-improvement. The theory of this matter is well enough understood, but we frequently fail to put it into practice.

It is undoubtedly true that there are two sides to a college training—the intellectual and the social; and both should, and do, enter into the makeup of a cultured individual. But how many of us contrive to get both elements in their proper proportion? The cases in which the social side is absolutely neglected for the intellectual are of extremely rare occurrence; but it does occasionally happen that the social instincts are cultured to the exclusion of all else. This short-sighted method of getting the best out of a college training may yield a certain charm of personality and an ease of presence in a large number of cases; but the outward glamor will not at all times serve to hide the inner emptiness.

Fortunately, Muhlenberg has very few men who need glamor to hide emptiness. Although even as a college we cultivate the social side by various "events" during the college year, we have maintained a standard of scholarship for which many another institution may well envy us; and this standard is not merely one upheld by a few "polers", but the average of attainments among the student-body is encouragingly high.

One of the most surprising things that has occurred at Muhlenberg for many along day, is the suddely aroused interest in present day problems. Matters have now come to such a point that debates on political subjects and the discussion of economic problems are the order of the day.

This is a most encouraging thing indeed. More than anyone else should the college student be interested in the study of the peculiarly complex conditions which surround us today. Men familiar with conditions are almost unanimous in telling us that Society is on the verge of a tremendous upheaval, and that one of our most difficult problems of the future will be the adjustment to new conditions. As to just what these new conditions will be like, is a point on which there is much room for difference of opinion. But certain it is, that the laboring classes of our country are arriving at a realisation of their power faster than they are learning how to use it to the best interest of all. It is therefore easy to see that the more intelligently we study conditions as they change, the more able we will be to solve problems as they arise.

The saying that "History repeats itself" is trite enough; and yet it is a study of never failing interest to observe the various incidents which demonstrates its application. Most upper classmen still remember the phrenologist who favored us with a lecture and demonstration in the room of Stump '08 one night many months ago, and who departed after more than clearing expenses. And many will long remember the persuasive-tongued cigar agent who called upon us quite recently, and profited much by his short stay.

LITERARY.

The aim of this department, again in new hands, will be the same as in the past,—to make "The Muhlenberg" a better publication. Each month the editor will comment upon and criticize the articles of the preceding issue as to matter and style, and suggest improvements and needs for the next number. It is not his purpose to refer to specific errors; he can merely point out the more prominent faults in a general way.

"The New Page" shows a side of college life too often neglected, a spirit of love that willingly sacrifices pleasures for the sake of helping a fellow-student. The story is well developed. The descriptive passages are exceptionally good and are worthy of careful and thoughtful study.

In "The American School of Politics" Mr. Ammarell regrets the laxity of the American votes and maintains that the future glory of the United States depends upon teaching young America the principles of citizenship. The arguments are well presented but throughout the article there is a marked tendency toward reptition and an indiscriminate use of the auxiliaries "shall" and "will."

We are living in a practical age and much as we try to fight the tendency to become too practical in our college course, we are often swept along with the tide. As lower classmen, especially, we continually question the claims of the arts course. Careful consideration always dispels our doubts but the question arises again. Mr. Schmoyer in "The Value of the Study of Greek" has once more convinced us of the marked superiority of the cultural course. The subject is attacked logically, is well outlined, and is written in a convincing manner.

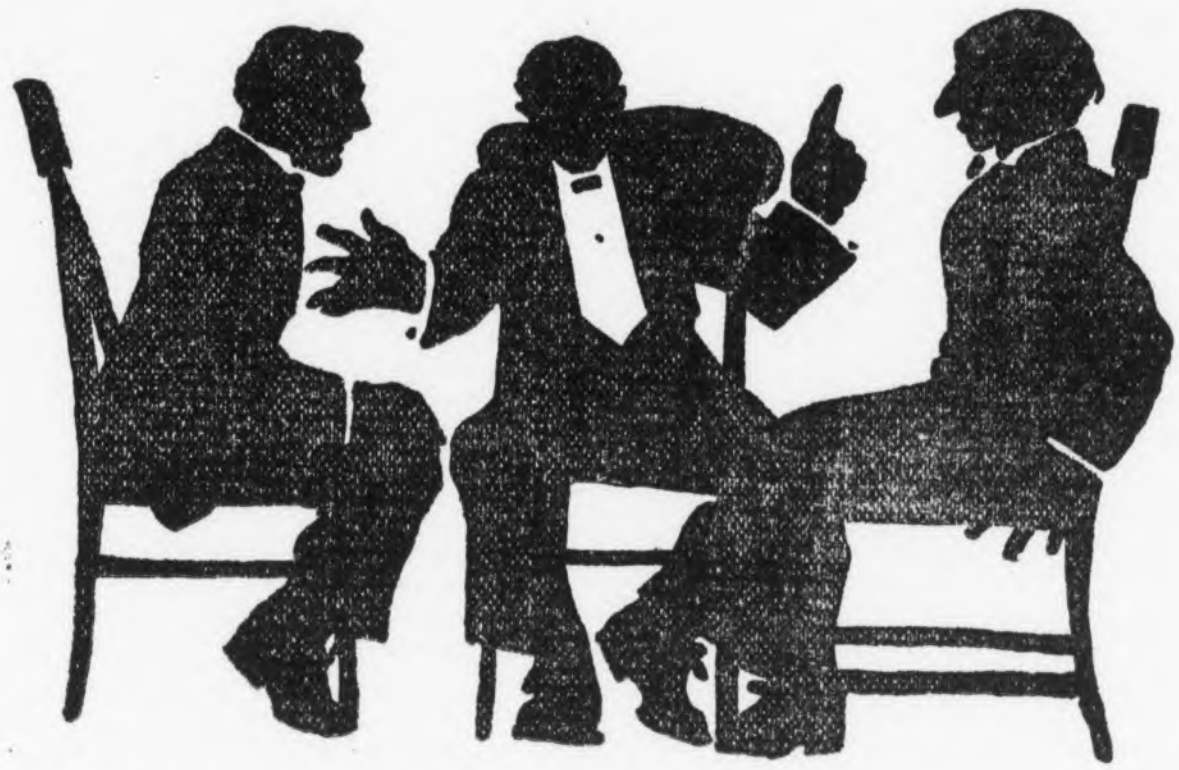
"From Harbor to Harbor" is an extended simile between life and a voyage. The simile is especially well constructed and the sentiment beautiful. The article is the writer's first production in "The Muhlenberg." We hope to have many more of his contributions.

The writer of "Electra" has given us

the plot of a drama based on "the same story which formed the subject of the famous trilogy of Aeschylus." Owing to the fact that there have been several plays, both modern and ancient, by the name of "Electra", Mr. Craft has perhaps taken too much for granted in supposing that the reader knows he is presenting the plot of the "Electra" of the Greek dramatist Sophocles. Care should be taken in the use of pronouns; for in one sentence "her" is made to refer to no less than three characters. It is indeed interesting to compare the plot of this typical Greek drama with that of the drama of the present day.

We are glad to welcome R. J. E. as a contributor to the columns of "The Muhlenberg." He has made a cultivated intellect "A Factor of Success" and has well developed his theme. The style is decidedly oratorical.

The muses are evidently asleep at Muhlenberg. For the past few issues the editor-in-chief has been compelled to publsh standard poems only. This is an improvement from a literary point of view but a decided retrogression from the standpoint of a student publication. If we cannot create original poems, why not try to versify some English prose passage or a Latin or German stanza that has appealed to us when studying for our daily recitations? The German is especially rich in suitable passages for this work. Perhaps, on rare occasions, we, like Benjamin Franklin, may be able to flatter ourselves that we have expressed the thought better than the original.



FUNK

EXCHANGES.

This number is the first edition of the "Muhlenberg" under the new editorial staff. If the success of our journal might be reckoned by the number of exchanges we have received, it would without doubt be the best in our history.

Close examination has shown that the quality of our exchanges is steadily improving. Philosophy, science, poetry and fiction have come to our notice and it may well be said that they contain a wealth of thought.

We wish to commend the following exchanges for their neatness of cover design and general appearance:

The Breeze, The College Student, The Comenian, The Academy Bulletin, The Review, The Canary and Blue, The Thieleusian, The Buff and Blue and The Red and Black.

Teacher: "Your mark is very low and you have just passed."

Co-ed: "Oh; I'h so glad."

Taecherq "Why?"

Co-ed: "Why! I do so love a tight squeeze."—Ex.

All men are born free and equal and they can either remain so or—go and get married.—Ex.

Some of our exchanges would do well to include a few jokes. Witty sayings are a delightful dessert after a literary feast.

Prof.—"What was the first talking machine made of?"

Student—"A Rib".—Ex.

The Roanoke Collegian has given us several good stories.

The Susquehanna exchange department deserves the highest praise.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges. Come again.

The Monthly—Hartwick Seminary; The Karux—Shillipsburg High School; Comus—Zanesville High School; Res Academicae—Hillman Academy; The Young Lutheran's Companion—Rock Island, Ill.; The Perkiomenite; The Roanoke Collegian; The Carlisle Arrow; College Breezes—Gustavus Adolphus Coll.; Delaware College Review; The Albright Bulletin; Junto, Easton High School; The Scout—Park Region College; The Red and Black, Bethlehem Prep. School; The Tartan—Carnegie Technical Schools; The Purple & White, Allentown Prep. School; College Chips—Luther College; The Bethany Messenger; The Mirror—Moravian Seminary; The Hall Boy, Nazareth Hall; The Narrator, Schuylkill Seminary; Normal School Herald, Shippensburg; The Carthage Collegian; The Argus, Findley College; The Buff and Blue, Gallandet; The School Journal, Grove City; The Volante, Grand Island College; The Susquehanna; The College Student, Franklin & Marshall College; The Red & Black, Reading High School; The Breeze, Blair Academy; The Courier, Boise High School; The Midland, Midland College; The Thileusian; The Canary and Blue, Allentown High School; The Review, Ball High School; The Ursinus Weekly; The Academy Bulletin, Cumberland, Md.; The M. A. S. Monthly, The Misses Anable's School; The Comenian, Moravian College; Old Penn Weekly.

We regret that this number is so late in making its appearance; several unforeseen circumstances combined to make this unavoidable. We shall endeavor to have all our succeeding numbers out on time; and to this end contributors are urged to place their articles in the hands of the editor on or before the first day of the month.

ATHLETIC.

The interest shown in the interclass basket-ball series so far has certainly been all that is necessary to make the series a success. The games played have been close and the winners had to fight to the finish. We hope that the class spirit shown by the students towards their respective class teams is a sample of their true college spirit.

The opening game of the series tured the "cup" in their Sophomore year has been greatly weakened since that time by the loss of Ruhe, Putra and McCreary. The present team however looks good enough to cope with any of the teams in the race.

The "1911" team has lost Boyer, who played a star game at center in his Freshman year, but has been strengthened by the addition of Kline and Brandt.

The "1912" team won the two games played before the Mid-year "exams" but has lost two star players in Sanders and Butz. The loss of these two players weakens the team to such an extent that only the hardest kind of playing will keep them in the race.

The "1913" team has plenty of material and with a little more experience and team-work will make any team hustle to take a game from them.

1911,—15. 1913,—7.

The opening game of the series brought out a large number of the students and in a hard-fought game the Juniors defeated the Freshmen 15—7. Lack of team-work was very evident in the Freshman team, while the defence of the Juniors was excellent. Kline gave the best exhibition of offensive goals.

The line-up:

1911		1913
Kline	forward	Klingler(capt.)
Eberts	forward	Richards (Keim)
Wunder	center	David
Grant (Brandt)	guard	Reno
Butz (capt.)	guard	Esser

Goals: Kline 5, Klingler 1. Goals from fouls: Butz 5, Reno 5. Referees:

R. Shupp and Fink. Halves, 15 and 20 minutes.

1910—8. 1912—14.

The Seniors and Sophomores clashed in the second game and while the game was even so far as field goals were concerned, the Sophomores won by a handy margin with goals from fouls. The fouls committed by the Seniors were mostly called for holding, Huyett having no less than eight to his credit.

The line-up:

1910.		1912.
R. Shupp	forward	Sanders
Kleckner	forward	Frederick
Aberly	center	Butz
A. Shupp (capt.)	guard	Shelly (capt.)
Huyett	guard	Fink

Goals: R. Shupp, 2; Huyett, 1; Sanders, 2; Sehlly, 1. Goals from fouls: R. Shupp, 2; Fink 1; Sanders 7. Referees: Reno and Eberts. Time of halves: 15 and 20 minutes.

Sophomores, 18. Juniors, 14.

The Sophomores won from the Juniors in the last few minutes of play, the score being tied with only four minutes to play. Field goals by Shelly and Sanders gave the Sophs a final lead which the Juniors could not overcome. The floor-work and passing of Sanders and F. Butz were the features of the game. The line-up:

1912.		1911.
Sanders	forward	Eberts
Frederick (Bennett)	forward	Kline (Wunder
F. Butz	center	Wunder (Grant)
Shelly (capt.)	guard	A. Butz (capt.)
Fink	guard	Brandt

Goals: Frederick, 1; F. Butz, 2; Shelly, 3; Fink, 1; Eberts, 2; Kline, 1; A. Butz, 1; Brandt, 1.

Goals from fouls: Fink, 3; Sanders, 1; A. Butz, 4. Referees, Reno and R. Shupp. Time of halves, 20 and 15 minutes.

PERSONALS.

Saturday Evening, January 22, the College Glee Club opened season at the new Century Drawing Rooms, Philadelphia. Judging from the superior quality of performance the club rendered, the coming season will be profitable, both from the standpoint of audience and the management. Every number was encored, some numbers calling for several encores. One criticism was overheard: "There wasn't enough of it." It is expected that another trip will be made to the "Quaker City" after Easton.

Another center of activity sprang into being a few weeks ago with the organization of the "Empire State Club." The chief purpose of the club is to increase the New York State representation at Muhlenberg. It has come to live and do, in accordance with its motto, "Excelsior." The officers are Carl G. Toebke, '12, president, and Luther B. Scheehl, '13, secretary and treasurer. The other members are Paul De B. Keever '12, Henry A. Wacker '13, Paul Kerstetter '13 and Fred C. Wunder, '11.

Prof. Olsen:—What advantage did students have in the students' Generale?

Brandt—Student's books, students' environment, students' discount.

Brossman '12 will make large foot-prints in the sand of time.

Dr. Haas (after the remark, "Hear Grant laugh")—That's the laugh of Doubting Thomas.

Butz '09—MaCaa is a star, but he can't play the game himself.

Heller '12—So is Mars a star, but we can't get him.

Butz '09—Never heard of Morris as a football player.

Dr. Haas—The bucking of children like a goat, shows the animal instinct in us.

Ebberts '11—May be they buck because they're kids.

Brandt '11, (gazing at list of conditions on the bulletin board)—That's enough to jar your mother's preserves.

Prof. O.—I usually state exam. questions in such a way as to ascertain whether the students will fall on the right side of the fence.

Wunder "11—We generally fall on both sides.

Prof. O.—In that case manage to get the greater part on the right side.

Bieber '11—My, I was the only one who flunked Economics.

Dr. E.—Surely that is economical.

Now that the mid-year exams. are over the majority of us feel somewhat relieved.

Ammarrell '11—Last night Wacker told me all about Tammany Hall.

Wunder '11—Where is it located? Next time I go to New York I'll see it.

Prof. O. (complimenting on mid-year exams.)—Most men around this joint generalize to beat the band.

Harry B. Cressman, after being absent from college for some time on account of typhoid fever, has again returned, and affiliated himself with the members of the freshmen class.

Prof. F. (before leaving exam. room): In these exams. you must contend with your own conscience.

Kline '12 (after Prof. F. has left room)—Cheer up, old boys, there ain't no hell.

Meck '13 (in History exam. quoting Dr. E.)—This is a rebus.

The mid-year exams. seem to have a serious effect upon the inter-class basket-ball games.

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THE PROBLEM STATED.

REV. MARVIN HAROLD STETTLER, '96.

Since the sons of Muhlenberg are so largely found within the ranks of the clergy, we believe the subject of the problems of today with which a pastor comes in contact is of sufficient interest to employ our time. These problems, varied as they are, call for conscientious thought; and demand an early, satisfactory solution.

The Church of the Conservative Reformation occupies a unique position. She is misunderstood and maligned by friends and foes alike. She refuses to become involved in the various propagandas (civil and moral) thereby dissipating her energies. But on the other hand she may not stand utterly aloof, refusing to recognize or carefully consider the problems that vex the public mind, and herewith her membership itself.

She must bear in mind that the problems of today are not identical with those of the sixteenth century; nor can she expect to solve them by sixteenth century methods. To boast of her glorious history and remain satisfied therewith is to shame the past and ignore the present. Her opportunity to make history is as great today as it ever was; and her lethargy is both astounding and deplorable. Her young men come into her pulpits thoroughly grounded in the faith; with minds well stored with the facts of her early struggles and rise to prominence; eager to advance her bulwarks into the very forefront of the present; and then find themselves deplorably lacking in means to cope with present day requirements. We find others about us busily engaged in forming organizations and perfecting unions that to their founders promise glorious results, only to take their place on the rubbish-pile of good endeavors misspent. We have avoided the quagmire of such; but we have presented hardly a single solution of the many problems with which others are employed so zealously. 'Tis true their methods are not our methods and never should be, but we must exercise our ingenuity and present something tangible if we expect to hold our own and win fresh laurels.

To simply endeavor to legislate a man into good behavior has proved a failure as could readily be forseen. To endeavor to eradicate one evil at a time by emphasizing it exclusively to all others leaves a man more helpless than ever before. We are optimists and believe that the world is growing better and that the church is steadily gaining ground, but this does not close our eyes to the fact that we are falling far short of reasonably to be expected results. Our church records a large nominal membership, but must confess to a deplorably small efficient and dependable working force. Like pastor, like people is true in great measure not only in church life and church activity but also in the moral fiber and make-up of a community.

People today are as ready to listen to sound words as they ever were, but these sound words must not be those of centuries past but of the living present. Here I claim we need to make amends. And it were well if our young men were to take the initiative and supplement that which their course of study does not provide. Let them show their calibre by

independent investigations into the varied phases of the manifold problems of today.

Instructors are but human, and are prone to repeat year after year the identical course of instruction. A professorship in our institutions should not mean a life position unless the man can keep abreast of the times. Here a great deal has already been accomplished. Safe, but energetic and far-sighted men should be sought and placed irrespective of family connections or synodical influence. Given a teaching force of thoroughly reliable and zealously progressive men in the faculties of our institutions and we will produce a harvest of graduates that will place our church as the arbiter of the fortunes of our national and religious life. Rejunenate the fountain-head and the stream will flow clear and pure and strong.

THE BIG GAME.

ROBERT HARRISON, '10.

Edith was the younger daughter of William Snyder, president of the Board of Trustees of M—— College. One afternoon several weeks before Thanksgiving Day she was seated on the armrest of the massive chair into which her father had wearily sunk a few moments previously and, with one shapely arm thrown around his neck and the other lying idle in his lap, she looked down upon his care-forn face—for years of business trials had left their impress on his features—with an expression of unbounded affection and tenderness and, above all, happiness. She and her sister, Catherine, had repeatedly urged their father to retire from his labors and to move away from the scene of his activities so as to secure a complete change of environment and thus a much needed rest. He had made the last arrangements with his attorneys so that now he was in a position to comply with his daughters' desires. It was this news which was the cause of Edith's position and happiness at this particular time. There was one strong reason which prevented their immediate departure, and that was the great foot-ball game which was to be played on Thanksgiving Day between M—, Mr. Snyder's Alma Mater, and Franklin College. He had promised his daughters that he would accompany them to this game. So they awaited with eagerness the approach of the day when they could witness for the first time that game in which only brave men really play and which always reveals real heroism.

* * * * * * * * *

"Bill" Clayton was excited. With a sweater wrapped around his neck and head gear in his hand he rushed into his room, where his chum was deeply absorbed in study, exclaiming, "Say chum! what do you know? Shock's knee is out of commission for fair, and "Red's" laid up with appendicitis. Deuce of a mess!—and our big game coming off tomorrow. I say! it's a blamed shame. What are we going to do? Coach says we can't do without them. He's hopping mad. He raves because Shock didn't hurry his knee into working order. He says "Red" didn't have a single

ray of common sense in allowing himself to be put to bed. But, by Jupiter! we—"

"That will do, Bill. You are all right—at least your wind is; and what's the matter with the rest?" interrupted his chum.

"Oh yes, of course, there's Frank. He's reliable. Then Doc, and Mike, and Masher never flunks. And Dick sure can punt and never loses his head, but he'll miss the support of Shock in that new signal combination, though, and Coach planned great things in that play. Chum, you must know that Franklin's got a corking good team, and that she's all on edge, too, and that those fellows will fight like Caesar for victory tomorrow, and if—"

Here the vociferous Bill was restrained a second time by his chum who remarked in a convincing manner: "Now, see here, Bill! Dick is all grit. You fellows also are determined to win and if you will support Dick with all that is in you, why—our team *will* win tomorrow, that's all. Better hurry or we'll be late for supper. And with this last remark he resumed the work before him while Bill, who had faith in everything his chum said, proceeded to prepare for supper with greater confidence in his team.

* * * * * * * * *

The first half of the great game was over. Neither team had scored a point. The coaches had literally hurled their instructions, together with some fiery expletives, upon their teams, and then, the ten minute rest being over, the men ran to their respective positions on the field, or "lined up" as foot-ball parlance has it. The signal for the kick-off was given and the second half of the game was on. It was soon evident that both teams were playing with renewed energy and, if possible, with greater determination. Franklin brought the ball dangerously near M—'s goal line. The field became a veritable "grid-iron". Now the men seemed fierce statues; now again they were but one big pile of struggling humanity. And then—Franklin fumbled the ball. M—'s end fell on it. A roaring cheer followed and stimulated the M—men to their utmost exertion. Dick, being full-back, tried a punt. He tried? Yes! And such a punt was never before seen on that field. The ball went clear over Franklin's men. M—'s end went down the field like lightning and recovered the ball. Their supporters were frantic with excitement. Cheer after cheer rang through the air. Yells and songs, shouting and whistling, stamping of feet and jumping, were all intermingled. M—'s ball, and now the captain tried the new combination. It was the last chance. The whistle sounded. On the sidelines some voices could be distinguished above the rest: "Now fellows, eat 'em! kill em!!" There! Doc's got the ball—no—it's a fluke, Dick has it!" "—" "Franklin, tackle low!" "Franklin!" "Dick, run! run!!"—"Ah, Dick dodged him—but—Care! Have a care, Dick!" "Whew, that straight arm!" "Hurrah! Clear field—clear!" "Hang it! Look out Dick, look out—!" "Flying tackle—and missed! Thank Heaven!" "He missed Dick. Y-e-a! Dick's over." "The game's over and fellows, it's ours!" Above ther oaring the distinct "Rah! Rah! Rah!—Dick!!" was heard, and the M— men in their eagerness personally to congratulate Dick fairly carried him off his feet.

For one brief moment during Dick's sensational run for victory—it was when Franklin made the flying tackle and missed—a young woman had stood upon the upholstered seat of a Thomas ma-

chine and really cheered him on. This young lady was beautiful. Her hair was a luxuriance of golden, silke-like tresses; her eyes—no! they were neither blue nor brown nor gray—were of a color—indeed I can not say that they had any color; they were windows only through which a great and innocent soul looked; and her complexion at that momont was rather prominently tinted partly because of the intense excitement and partly because of the consciousness of having forgotten herself to such a degree that she had indeed loudly cheered a stranger and totally disregarded the remonstrances of her dignified sister. But, was not her father President of the Board of Trustees and an alumnus of M— college, and must not M— be victorious in all events? Yes, this young lady who cheered Dick was Edith Snyder.

Slowly the enthusiastic crowd was forcing its way past the Thomas machine. In the midst of it, Dick, in spite of his struggles to free himself was borne on the shoulders of his collegemates. They came abreast the machine. He faced it. His eyes met Edith's for oneb rief moment and—well, Edith unconsciously surrendered her pure young heart to him who had just proved to be the hero of the day.

One of the Snyder party of three, who on the following day boarded a Southern Pacific Limited, was somewhat depressed in spirits. At college too, there was a young man who could not rid himself of the strange spell cast upon him by the eyes of that girl in the Thomas car. At the time he did not know who she was, nor did he then inquire. He was contented in the realisation of the fact that his soul had communed with its mate and felt satisfied that he should meet her again.

Fate is capricious and works in mysterious ways, ways which we cannot explain; nor is it necessary, for why should I attempt to explain all the circumstances which resulted in Dick Lawson's appointment to the principalship of the Los Angeles High School two months after his graduation from M— College? It is sufficient to say that he had assumed the duties of the position and was meeting with the success he merited, when one day, being greatly pressed with work, he decided to cover the distance to his destination by trolley, and thus save time. He boarded a State Street car, and, as there was but one seat which was not already fully occupied, he politely asked the refined young lady who was occupying half of it, whether the seat were taken. She replied with a respectful "No, Sir!" without lifting her downcast eyes. A mystical something surged through Dick's body. He needed not a second look at that profile to remember where he had seen it once before. No! he could never forget those features. He sat down, and after a few minutes, suppressing his emotion with difficulty said in interrogative tone:

"Pardon me, Miss, but I believe we have met before." At the sound of his voice a sudden tremor passed through her body. Quickly raising her large round eyes to his she realized that which caused hers to assume a new light, a light of recognition and hope; for his eyes revealed what he at the time endeavored to conceal. A formal introduction was not necessary. Edith simply had to grant Dick's polite request to call at her home. He called that same evening and then—After all how should I know what happened? I remember though that Edith Snyder was later addressed as Mrs. Dick Lawson.

EDUCATION BY ABSORPTION.

MATTHEW SMITH.

We so often neglect the culture of the mind which is the immortal mechanism of God's own hand and are content to mine the most coal, to make the largest locomotives, or to weave the largest quantities of carpets.

Theignorant man is always placed at a great disadvantage. No matter how much natural ability one may have, if one is ignorant, one is dicounted. It is not enough to possess ability, it must be made available by mental discipline.

We ought to be ashamed to remain in ignorance in a land where the blind, deaf, and dumb manage to get an education. The trouble is we so often throw away little opportunities for self culture, because we can not see great ones; then in later life we become shocked by waking up to the fact that we are still ignorant of what we ought to know.

At present we have so many good colleges, correspondence schools, institutions like Chautauqua, many evening schools, books, libraries, and periodicals, that we who are determined to improve ourselves have abundant opportunities to do so.

The first thing for us to do is to determine, that we are not going to go through life humiliated by ignorance but that we seek for self expansion for growth or development. Man was made for growth and perpetual expansion in his normal condition.

It is not necessary for us to crowd education into our college course but we can absorb knowledge from every possible source and at every opportunity.

The world is a great university. From the cradle to the grave, we are always in God's great kindergarten, where everything is trying to teach us its lesson, to give us its great secret. It all depends upon the eye that can see, the mind that can appropriate. Therefore let not our eyes form faint or dim pictures, but such as will make strong impressions on the brain.

Ruskin's mind was enriched by the observation of birds, insects, beasts, trees, rivers, mountains, pictures of sunset and landscape, and by memories of the song of the lark, and that of the brook. His brain held thousands of pictures of paintings, of architecture, of sculpture, a wealth of material which he reproduced as a joy for all time. Everything gave up its lesson, its secret to his inquiring mind.

The habit of absorbing information of all kinds from others is of untold value. We are all giving and taking perpetually when we associate together, but we should always be particular with whom we associate or else that which we take from them may not be for the best of us.

The great secret which lies in back of all is to utilize spare minutes. Charles Wagner once wrote to an American regarding his little boy, "May he know the price of the hours. God bless the rising boy will do his best, for never losing a bit of the precious and God given time." The very resolution to redeem ourself from ignorance at any cost is the first great step toward gaining an education.

THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM: ITS FALLACES AND THE REMEDY.

JACOB H. HIESTAND.

Over one hundred years ago the present economic system was in its infancy.

Its advantages over previous conditions of society were clearly defined. The tools of production were owned and controlled by the worker and the law of supply and demand operated in their favor. There was little trouble of disposing of surplus product, as new markets were constantly being opened to trade.

From the Civil Ward, onward, these conditions began to undergo a radical change. Manufacturers combined to better market their products and to better exploit the working class. The workers, viewing these conditions with alarm, also organized with the the same avowal. Their interests lay in better living and working conditions. Thus the two became forever alienated.

Finally the trusts made their appearance and gradually present day conditions were evolved.

Today Capitalism stands in the zenith of it's development.

What are the fruits of its regime? In what position has it placed society at large?

In the first place Capitalism has caused the centralization of wealth into the hands of a few men. The trusts, which are the natural product of this system, have been merged into still fewer combines; and the result is that at the present a half score of men control the entire industry of the nation. Great chance for American youths to become captains of industry!

The present economic status is directly responsible for the periodic paralyses of industry. This system compels the working class to constitute eighty-eight per cent. of the population and magnanimously allows labor one eighth of its product. The pronounced consistency of allowing the eighty-eight per cent. the one eighth and the remaining twelve per cent. the seven eighths, is self-evident!

Is such a condition of affairs logical? Highly so! Is it any wonder that men are periodically deprived of the power of subtenance for themselves and families? Then hunger and disease stalk rampant o'er the land. The workers shiver because they as a class have produced too much clothing. They freeze because they have mined too much coal. They starve because there is too much bread in the land. The acme of humanitarianism indeed!

This system so regulates affairs that the average wage earners receive a bare living wage. Thus they are incapacitated for marriage. Many of the males, sooner than eke out a miserable existence with a wife and family remain unmarried. Statistics show that there are nearly eight millions of bachelors and about the same number of unmarried women in America today. Now, with these facts in view, what are the consequences of their single existence? The males cannot starve their sex desires. The result is that they expend them upon brothels. Woman's chances of marital relations are almost entirely destroyed.

The sphere for which God created her is artificially removed and she must make her own way in life. Her wages are low, the employment irksome, the sanitary and moral atmosphere often foul and the life of a prostitute easy in comparison. Often she falls, many times at the instigation of employers. Such incidents occur with astounding frequency every year. In cities like New York and Chicago thousands are swept o'er the line of honor into the degradation of a life of shame.

Are such conditions conducive to a high moral standard? This canker which is eating away the heart of the home life is not productive of an ideal and healthy state of the nation.

Fundamentally, Capitalism has caused the past and present corrupt political conditions. To secure its ends it uses personal influence, cajolery and bribery. To thrive it must have complete control of men at the helm of the ship of state. To succeed it depends upon the moral degradation of public officials. The records of this nation proclaim one long triumph of the monied interests. They show the men of high political power completely subservient to them. Congress, a mass of seething corruption. The Supreme Court, their abject slave. A government of the people, by the people and for the people of a surety!

The present system has made Christianity an impossibility. The keynote is exploitation. Essentially employer and employee are at each other's throat. If one secures an advantage it is at the expense of the other. Thus there exists a constant strife between the two.

Again, this system places the Church in a position of bondage to the wealthy class. To accomplish the best results the clergy must have the good will and hence the purse of the rich. In their efforts to obtain these, many completely lose their mental and moral independence and become cringing, cowardly sycophants. The words of Shakespeare are especially applicable to such conditions:

> In religion
> What dammed error, but some sober brow
> Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
> Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

Fundamentally Capitalism means misrepresentation in business. The golden rule and the rule of gold are scarcely reconcilable, but the latter is one of the present cardinal principles. A clerk in a leading business man's office of Chicago recently refused to misrepresent some facts to a competitor. The employer became enraged and burst out with the following: "Young man, I thought you had some business experience. Was I mistaken, or do you go to Sunday School? Honesty is pretty, but it doesn't thrive in the open. Modern business is not conducted on that principle, and the sooner you know it the better. Can't lie? Show me a successful business man who doesn't lie, and I'll speak the truth and only the truth the rest of my life. If you want to do real business in these days, leave your Sunday School ethics at home! Your violets are sweet, but they will not thrive in the market place."

Capitalists are compelled, by economic conditions, to constantly seek new markets. To secure them there must be war. To wage war an army and navy are essential. To man the army and navy is not difficult, for they cry to all patriotic citizens to go to shoot some unoffending fellow creatures; and these same citizens go! This nation expends two thirds of her revenue in preparation for war.

Surely such actions are not calculated to produce feelings of brotherly love, the desire to do unto others as you would be done by, and to hasten the time of peace on earth, good will to men!

Thus Capitalism, has, by its inconsistency, been responsible for the centralization of wealth. It periodically plunges the industry of the nation into panics. By its inhumanity, it has compelled men to expend their energies in brothels. It has been conducted to a low moral standard by producing such conditions and environment as to cause women, oft of sheer necessity, to become prostitutes. It has been wholly responsible for the putrefying corruption of the body politic. By its fundamental structure it prevents the promotion of Christian relations between men.

In such a manner does this system plead guilty to the several counts of the indictment for which it stands arraigned.

By their fruits, shall ye know them. With that truth in view, it is evident to all unpredjudiced minds that a modern Lyurgus is needed. An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit, and no more the tree of Capitalism. It is rooted in the soil of corruption and inconsistency. The only logical way to destroy its objectionable fruits is to lay the axe to the roots, for the dominant fact is that as long as capitalism exists these evils will continue.

Therefore, this economic system is inrapable of adjustment. It must fall as other ones have fallen. The onward march of society demands it.

And the Remedy? That lies in a system which embodies principles that positively and irrevocably eradicate the present pertinent evils. It must be a panacea for those economic ills.

In the first place then, it must guarantee each man the full product of his labor. Thus will the cause of panics be abolished. No more will goods be manufactured for a profit, but for use. Then there will be no necessity for foreign markets and hence minimum cause for war. No longer will six millions of men wander about looking for jobs as in 1908. Men will be able to support wives and the present day unmoral conditions will be alleriated. The full product will enable parents to afford homes and the dreadful environment of the slums will disappear.

Secondly, this future state will allow the cooperative ownership of the means of transportation and production. Then the danger of political corruption will be lessened. The people will not deliberately cheat themselves. By the referendum and recall, two technical features, the danger of pollution is entirely destroyed.

The third principle is the equal opportunity to use the means of production. No necessity then for youth and maidens to sieze the first opportunity to earn bread. The full product will enable parents to tender their children the opportunity to accept the general training afforded by the state. Thus the adaptibility of each will be determined and the death knell of starved opportunity sounded. Equality of chance to use these means will prevent the few from controlling the immense mass of workers.

Finally this State of the future advances the theory of the Brotherhood of Man. Under such an ideal condition war will be an entire impossibility; the Christian spirit a real and governing truth and not an empty, outward ceremony, as at present.

Such a condition of humanity is no Utopian scheme, conceived by unpractical dreamers, but can be a permanent reality. The truth of its provisions and teachings are evident.

The days of its accomplishment are not far off. It has come! It is here!

Its exponents are occupying seats in the various halls of government, especially European.

It has the endorsement of such sweet characters as Abraham Lincoln and Francis Willard.

This young giant, clad in the armor of truth, wearing the shield of logic and carrying the sword of progress, steps forth to battle with the aged, cankerous, tottering ogre Capitalism. And this fair young giant's name? Socialism!

LIFE'S CALLING.

Out of the mists of "I Sometime Will"
My calling hath beckoned to me;
"Wilt thou follow me on, by the paths I will make,
And dreamings of Fame,
To the goal I have set for thee?
"Wilt thou turn from Ambitions
To a life full of service,—
Forgetting thy name?
"Wilt thou build thy Life's Purpose
Of Good from the Mean,
And place God's full bounties
Where now there is Lean?
"If thy Heart then is proven,—
Thy Aim is made true,
Thy course is half covered,
Earth's joys are found too."

Oliver Tuttle.

(Transcript from the Esperanto of Kinard la Rue.)

JONES-JONES-JONES-OR PROSPERITY PERSONIFIED.

WALTER W. BROSSMAN, '12.

Nine years before Jones had determined to leave. He had of a sudden grown tired of the distinction of "biggest loafer" in Jonesville, and appellations of that sort. He would leave, make a fortune and come back. But how could he make a fortune? *He—Jones*—whose definition of work happily for himself, was all "to the good", as he was wont to put it. Work! Had he ever worked? Oh, yes. Whenever any shows had stopped in Jonesville, he had responded to offers as "assistant" in tricks of legerdemain, earning for himself a pittance and the sympathetic and half-pitying smiles of the Jonesvillites. But so much for Jones, as regarded his love for work.

On this real pleasant day of May he was leaving. People passing, smiled at him. There he was. Jones leaving! 'Twas hard to believe. Nevertheless, his intentions were loudly announced by his apparel. A celluloid collar, at least two sizes too large, and of wonderful "polish," a cravat, showing the ravages of usage, an attempt at a pair of polished shoes, and unbecoming black derby and a suit rather well-worn—all those were unmistakable evidences of the intentions of Jones.

Then, the train pulled in, Jones boarded, waved good-bye to three or four accustomed loafers at the station—and was off. He was to come back a different man.

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Jones was prosperous. As he stepped upon the railroad station platform, the very noticeable senses of superiority and satisfaction, which on this "June-like" June day seemed part of him, spelled prosperity.

"To Jonesville, did you say?" asked the ticket agent whom Jones had aroused from his slumbers with some difficulty.

An impatient nod from Jones, and the dispenser of tickets had the ticket then, and, with a semblance of alacrity, too. Jones paid, pocketed the ticket, went outside and paced up and down the platform, with his hands in his pockets, while the height of his collar compelled him to carry his head in such a manner as to escape having that part of his anatomy severed. The high collar was but one of a score of evidences of Jones' prosperity. Heretofore, Jones had gone collarless at all times, save Sundays, and a few special occasions, when, of course, it would not have done for him to appear in anything save respectable neck-dress.)

Still more about Jones.

Despite the nine years he had been away, Jones was fairly young and rather good looking. All acquainted with him affirmed the former while the fact that he was good-looking—even he, himself, almost believed that. Rumor had it that the score and over of mirrors found later on the person of Jones showed convicting signs of no medwere usage. But why expose him to this extent.

Nevertheless, this balmy day of late spring found him on his way home. During the nine long years in which he had been away, he had acted as salesman for "Muller and Miller", amassing, by the same, a heap of shekels, which in his former beggarly days would have appeared as princely to him. But now, at last, he had reached his goal. No

longer need he walk around with but one button whereby his trousers were supported by a not very delectable pair of "ex-president" suspenders. No, no longer would such an existence be his. Heretofore he had *existed* but now he would *live*. Now he looked presentable, at least. A real "audible" suit, as he expressed it, to which was added a pair of the most "hilarious" socks procurable, made him look as he wished to look—prosperous.

Well satisfied that the stroll up and down the railway platform had done him at least an iota of good Jones was willing to rest in awaiting his train. A distant whistle and the train rolled in.

Without incident Jones reached his home town, Jonesville.. Nine long years ago he had left, wagering that he'd come back prosperous. Now he was returning. There was the station. A distinct "hooray" escaped him. How good it seemed to come back home once more.

The train stopped thirty seconds as accustomed at Jonesville and the prosperity-favored one, the only passenger, alighted.

A solitary Jonesvillite sat upon the station platform.

"Well!" ejaculated he as the foppish appearing Jones sauntered up. "Who the deuce is this? Some summer swell, I judge.'

"How are you, Cy?" was heard by the indolent station platform lounger, and before he could believe it, the hand of the foppish-appearing "summer-swell" had hold of his and shook it vigorously.

Bewildered, abashed, Cy found speech impossible for the moment.

"Well, I'll be hanged—"

"You don't remember me any more, do you Cy?"

The look of astonishment on Cy's face doubled.

"It can't be," he began, but stopped.

"It can't be—what?"

"You're not—you're not—"

"Yes, I am exactly. That's it."

"Jones," said both simultaneously.

"There you have it," smiled the salesman, his immaculate collar threatening to sever his smiling face.

"Well, I'll be hanged!"

"That's twice," the "Knight of the Grip" reminded him.

"Gad! I'm glad to see you. Just wait until tonight when the boys find it out.

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Night came. The boys evidently had found out for that night there was noise as of many "musical" instruments. Closer inspection showed men producing all sorts of sound from variously shaped horns and other music producers. An informant announced the racket as a serenade for Jones and the men as the Elektra Band of Jonesville.

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To make his home coming still more memorable, Miss Virgie Plumtree, after nine years of consideration decided to be led to the matrimonial altar and by no other than the prosperous Jones.

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From now on Jones was not to be known as "Jones, the Loafer" but as "Jones, the prosperous man."

INTERNAL DEVELOPMENT.

ALFRED WINNER.

Development is a coexisting factor of life's phenomena. Apart from development, there can be no life, at least that sort which does more than exist. To stand still and to retrograde, are one and the same. It is a dying, not a vital process. The distinguishing characteristic of development, therefore, is vitality, and, conversely, all positive life reveals development.

To travel through subterranean tubes beneath the feet of a busy world, to communicate messages across mighty seas in a few seconds of time, to reproduce man's likeness on a photographic plate, to defy gravitation by aerial navigation, to harness successfully the once uncontrolled forces of nature, is to present unmistakable manifestations of development. But these are evidences of inorganic development. They are external.

Another growth, of greater importance, wider in scope, and of graver consequences to the individual, is the development effected within the lives of men. It is internal and vital. More subtle in its nature, less susceptible to the (natural) eye, is this development of personal character. But the scope of our subject is even wider, treating of the rearing of a personality, that "conscious, separate existence as an intelligent and voluntary being." Personality includes consciousness, character, and will. And yet, personality grows and matures in the conscious life, and is revealed by character.

There are four steps in the unfolding of the inner life, which, in reality, are not fully separate, but which for the purpose of definition wedisunite. The first step is the consciousness of self. In this initial stage there is present merely the realization of the existing ego, when man says, "I am." He is of little more consequence or value to society than any organism possessing a nervous system.

The second step is consciousness of power. Man now becomes cognizant of his physical and mental capabilities, and says with an air of conviction, "I can". But yet he remains an exclusive and self entered unit.

Consciousness of obligation next dawns upon him. Now for the first time he looks out upon the external world with a realization of his association and connection with it. The abiding sense of duty elicits the expression, "I ought to, and I should even ilke to, but—." Despite the fact of a widened and fuller vision, duty is to him no more than a mental experience.

The crowning stage in the unfolding of a perosnality is consciousness, and application of volition. Man now is able to exclaim, "I am," "I have powers and capabilities," "It is my duty," and "I will." This last link in the chain of inner growth binds all the rest together. The united consciousness of existence, power, and obligation may be likened to steam in the boiler of a locomotive engine, ladened with potential energy. Will is the lever, which when applied, appropriates that stored up energy.

Personality is the vital, internal, development of the conscious fibre, reaching its highest culmination in volition, which fructifies in duty performed.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE ON ART AND LITERATURE.

W. L. KATZ, 13.

"Renaissance" is a term which signifies new birth, and which has come into use to indicate an epoch in History which denotes a transition from the middle ages to the modern period. This awakening of individuality in man left its mark not only on the religions, political and social conditions of the European nation, but also on arts and literature. The latter phase of this period is characterized by a renewal of intellectual activities, stimulated by the revival of antique learning and its application to the arts and literature.

In the literature of this period we see a new line of thought taken up by man. Prior to this religious topics were the themes for all writings; but now men began to represent things as they saw them. The written language had been Latin; now however men began to write in the vernacular. We see Chaucer writing his Canterbury Tales in the vernacular of England, in 1264. Dante wrote his Divine Comedy in the spoken language of Italy in 1321. This was the first important work written in the Italian language.

Dante's writings clearly show the new field sought in this period. In the first place he believed that the use of Latin for literary purposes had already become an affectation. For this reason he chose his mother tongue for his greatest work. Then again, Dante was not a churchman. Up to this time only priests and officials of the church had been able to write.

While Dante shows a keen interest in theological studies, he exhibits profound admiration for the Latin and Greek classics. The influence of them is shown in all his writings. He follows Virgil to the nether world, and in the region inhabited by virtuous pagans he beholds Horace and Homer. In a vision he sits in company with the Greek philosophers, Socrates and Plato, and the Latin writers Cicero, Caesar and Livy, and is overjoyed with such goodly company. He cannot describe in words what passed between them. While he does not think they will be admitted to the "beatific joys of heaven," he allots to them a congenial abode where they engage in dignified conversation and are neither "sad nor glad."

Petrarch shows us an excellent example of the efforts made in new directions in literature. He made an heroic attempt to gather manuscripts of the Latin and Greek authors, and to have them translated and connected. He set his countrymen upon the right method of studying the classics. He, together with Dante and Boccaccio, also laid a great deal of stress upon the study of Hebrew and the Oriental languages, thereby laying a basis for Biblical studies which did much to help along the Reformation. Petrarch felt a greater veneration for classical writings and languages than Dante. Today he is known better for his sonnets, written in his mother tongue, than for his long Latin poems, histories and essays. He himself, however, did not consider the former his best work; but rather "mere popular trifles," written in his youth.

This searching for and study of classical manuscript in called Humanism, by which is meant culture. After Petrarch's death this pursuit became almost a new religion among Italian scholars. They turned away from theology, logic and Aristotle's scientific treatises, and looked with enthusiasm to the Augustan age for their ideal of life and pleasures. They turned away from the Mediaeval view of the relation of this world to the next, and ridiculed the sacrifices of the monks. They declared that it was right to enjoy the pleasures of this world, and that there was no need to worry about the world to come. However with all this free-thinking there remained a feeling of loyalty to the Church. This was shown when Petrarch climbed the mountain to see the beauties of the country below, who while he was looking said, "it is not right to look on the temptations of the world," and turning his back to the view, started to read a book which was his constant companion, the "Confessions of St. Augustine."

The individuality of the Renaissance is also very apparent in the works of art of this period. Here again, as in literature, the artists broke away from tradition which had hampered Mediaeval art. It is true that the artists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centurries chew their inspiration from fragments of antique art, and from the world of life and beauty in which they lived. Into these, however, they infused their own tastes and imagination; no longer restrained, but now in fact the dominant element of their work. The conventional signs and marks characteristic of the middle ages give place to expression in the characters depicted. For instance, in place of using a halo to mark a saint, an effort was made to paint character in the face of the saint.

Under the guidance of Giotto, the pioneer of Renaissance art, the exceedingly stiff and unlifelike fresco work of the middle ages was advanced. He did not have any Greek models, for whatever the ancients had accomplished in painting was destroyed. He had, therefore, to deal with problems unaided. While the faces of his subjects looked very much alike, and their garments hung in rather stiff folds, he nevertheless aimed to do what his predecessors did not dream of, namely to paint thinking and feeling men and women. Giotto was not only a painter; he was also a builder and sculptor. This manifold activity is a characteristic feature of the artists of the renaissance.

During the fifteenth century Art progressed steadily towards the glorious achievements of the following century. The house doors of the baptistry at Florence by Ghiberti, are among the best products of this period. Inca Della Robbia, a contemporary of Giberti, is celebrated for his beautiful reliefs in clay and marble. Fra Angelio, a monk, was one of the most noted painters of the first half of the fifteenth century. His works reflect a love of beauty and cheerful piety; a direct contrast to the fiery zeal of Savanorola.

During the fifteenth century Florence stood forth preeminently the first of the Italian states as an art centre. At the death of Torenzo the Magnificent, however, it passed to Rome, in 1492. Here Popes Julius II. and Leo X. were taking pains to secure the services of all the best artists for the building of St. Peter's Church and the Vatican. In the building of the former the dome, one of the characteristic features of Renaissance architecture, reached its highest realization.

During the sixteenth century Renaissance Art reached its highest stage of

development. Among the many noteworthy artists are Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo Da Vinci. The first two have left to the world many magnificent frescoes and paintings, and in the case of Michael Angelo many statues as well. The influence of Leonardo, although he has left but little completed work, was very great on account of his originality and his never tiring interest in the discovery and application of new methods.

The influence of the Italian Renaissance on Arts and Literature was felt not only in Italy, but touched the other nations of Europe. The revival of the classics and the new fields ventured into by the Renaissance writers, later developed into one of the chief causes of the Reformation. Likewise, the superiority of the Italian school of painting, a fact which was due wholly to Renaissance influence, was recognized in the northern countries of Europe. Many artists, for this reason, came from these countries to Italy to study, and the impetus they there received resulted in other new departures in painting. Among the most important of these are the two Flemish brothers, Van Eych by name, the discoverers of a new method of mixing colors, Hans Holbein, the Younger, whose copper plate engravings have never been equalled, Reubens and Rembrandt, who developed a new school of painting, and Van Dyck, the famous painter of portraits.

THE NEGRO–AMERICA'S GREATEST SOCIAL PROBLEM.

KUDER '12.

The problem of the races, is, at the same time, the most irritating in its conditions, the most unpopular for discussion, and the most difficult of solution of all the problems that confront the American people. Definitely, the problem is "the American adjustment of the relations which should exist between the white people and the negro people of a common soil, and whose welfare is a common weal."

The negroes number some nine millions, perhaps one tenth of the population of the United States, and are year by year becoming a more formidable element, and if unrestrained, must eventually bring matters to such a critical stage, that definite and decisive action alone can avoid an issue by no means to be desired, and greatly to be feared. The welfare of so large a percentage of our own people—no matter where they live or what their color may be—cannot be a matter of indifference to the nation at large. There are potencies of good and ill in such a mass, which may and must powerfully affect our national life and destiny.

In order that I may be altogether fair to both parties, let me state a few things fundamental, and to be remembered, while we attempt the soultion of this great problem.

First, the negro is in no sense responsible as an original factor, for the ills that have come to the American people because of his residence in our country. He did not come of his own free will or of his own accord. He was abducted from his home, chained and dragged aboard slave trading vessels, and brought to our shores under his protest, and through the greatest iniquity that has ever cursed the American people.

Second, we are paying the penalties that are consequent upon the negro's enfranchisment, given at a time when the nation was stirred by war and bloodshed. At the time of emancipation, untutored, and in penury, he was thrown upon a people who were unsympathetic, and uncharitably disposed towards him. Later, under reconstruction, he turned his liberty into license that entailed wholesale slaughter and violence. It is not his fault that he was left to the promptings of his wild and destructive nature without hinderance or restraint.

Third, if in these conditions he was made part of the body politic, with all the power of the ballot and the influence of a citizen, no blame can be placed upon him if evil and crime in abundance have resulted. He never sought such relations at the beginning. It was the act of the nation.

On the other hand, the people of the South have made great sacrifices to care for the negro. Vanquished, deep in debt, with a rural and scattered population, cursed with illiteracy, facing the gravest difficulties in every line, the South, in order to serve an alien people,—severed from her in spirit, opposing her politically, irritating her socially, handicapping her industrially by their indolence and unreliability,—arose in her poverty and gave them shelter,b read, and educational training, with full opportunities for service that offered thrift and material accumulation.

There can no question as to which race

is superior. Whenever the two races have come to an encounter, the white race has shown itself to be the master. Sometimes it has shown its mastery by the exercise of force, more often by the exercise of ingenuity, and most often by the exercise of knowledge and skill in developing the resources of the earth. Indolence and disregard for property are traits peculiarly characteristic of the lower class of negroes. These racial traits have been brought about through an existence of several thousand years in a country where laws and customs regulating these conditions did not exist. The momentum of generations did not come to a full stop simply because these negros found themselves slaves of American planters, nor did fifty years effect a destruction of racial habits which were formed in the course of centuries. It is this lower class, degenerate in morals and unwilling to improve their condition by study or work, that we must guard against. It is among such classes that the germs of dissatisfaction and crime spring up most easily and spread most rapidly.

All history shows that no two races, approaching in any degree equality in numbers, can live peaceably together unless intermarriage takes place, or the one becomes dependent upon the other.

Intermarriage will never take place in the South. This may be accepted as an established fact, and settled beyond question for all time to come. The negro cannot hope to surpass the white man, because of his inefficiency, unreliability, and lack of thrift. Therefore, there is only one alternative left, and that is, that the American Negro must be dependent, (in a measure at least) upon the white man, since he cannot hope to dominate him. This statement is supported by the fact that in a great many places, the negroes are gradually assuming the same mode of life which they led before their freedom, with the exception that they are paid for their work, instead of being forced to it as formerly. Wherever this method has been attempted, excellent results have followed; in addition, the negroes seem to see the wisdom and the advantages that it offers, and are willing to work under such conditions.

This problem is one which must be settled, if settled at all, by the superior wisdom and judgement of a superior race, in righteous and just consideration of the inferior race. The white man must take a masterful initiatory leadership, and determine the course of conduct after the fullest, most painstaking, and complete investigation, and in kindly conference with the best element of the negro race, reach the most equitable adjustment possible for the best interests of the two.

We shall not solve this great and vexing problem in a day nor a year; but it is our problem, and we must handle it wisely, with purpose, with vigor, and with results. Our patriotism, our humanity and our Christianity all compel us to righteous efforts for the solution of this problem.

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A good school spirit is an asset of incalculable value to any college. If the student body, individually and collectively, is firmly imbued with a love for its Alma Mater, and strives with all its power for her betterment, conditions in that school will undoubtedly be most satisfactory. Let it not be supposed that mere noisy loyalty at various athletic events is sufficient; while this method of showing college spirit is undoubtedly of immense benefit, we must not overlook the fact that we are able to do great things for our school in many other ways as well.

Perhaps the largest responsibility that can rest on any student body is the proper management of a college paper. It it a most serious business, and not to be looked upon by the rank and file of students with indifference.

The paper will inevitably reflect the institution which it represents; this consideration alone should serve to show us the need of a permanent high standard of scholarship and culture which shall bring honor to our Alma Mater. If our work as students amounts to nothing, and is below grade, the same condition of affairs may be looked for in our magazine.

The sphere of the college paper is perhaps larger than is usually supposed. Through the system of exchanging, the paper is sent to many schools (about fifty in our case) where its faults are

noted first of all and its excellences later. In addition, it reaches the Alumni, and influential friends of the school, all of whom eagerly seize this opportunity of comparing our actual standard with their ideal of what it should be. And all these crticisms will have a powerful influence in determining our position in the opinion of the world at large.

Thus, after a little reflection, we can see the immense possibilities which lie before us, directly under our control. If we want a good college paper, we must make it such.

And how can this be done? The most evident method is to contribute articles for publication—and many of them. Let these articles be of an ever-rising standard of excellence. Put in to your paper the best you have and the best you can produce.

PENN'S RELAY RACES.

Pennsylvania's Relay Races promise to be better than ever this year. Already many of the big colleges have been heard from, and when the pistol starts the first class race on April 30th, it is altogether likely that there will be hardly an absentee from either the east or west. Reports of preparation for this meet come from all quarters, so that, as for several years past, it will be most representative. The college championship races will bring together the very best runners in the entire American college world, while the special events will give the field men, the sprinters and the hurdlers a chance to prove their worth when pitted against the very best men of the country, both from the east and the west. Last year over 200 teams were on hand, and even a larger number will be seen on Franklin Field on the last Saturday in April. More colleges will be there than will be found at any other two meets, while the same can also be said of the school teams. This is due to the fact that but four men are necessary for a team, and even at schools and colleges that have but little money to spend on track sport, it is often feasible to send a team to these great sports. In many places the runners are sent through popular subscription throughout the institution.

For several years some one or other world's record has been made at the "Relays," and with such high-class athletes as will compete in the college events, it is very probable that old Father Time will have to move up a peg higher, or the existing marks in the field events be placed at a more astounding figure than they are at present. It is because of the very high-class work seen in the big college races that the "Relays" are proving an annual object lesson in athletics for many of the minor college teams and for all the school teams. This has resulted in a gradual bettering of the standard all along the line, so that better time is now being made, both by the schools and colleges, in all the class races. Such a high standard is being maintained that this country can produce at any time more first-class quarter-miles than all the other countries of the world put together. Such is the calibre of the teams that visit Franklin Field, and each college and school should make an effort to be represented.

LITERARY.

The last issue of "The Muhlenberg" contained two short stories, the result perhaps of the appeal made in several recent issues of our monthly. Stress has been laid upon the short story because it is in demand, and because it affords the best training in actual composition. The material for the short story is abundant. The daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals are full of curious and suggestive happenings suitable for stories; but the best basis for a strong story is an actual incident from real life. Be the story a tale, a fable, a character study, a dramatic sketch, or a complete drama, it will always be in demand if told in a realistic and interesting manner.

The poem, "Wandrer's Nachtlied," by R. R. F. '00 shows the possibilities of paraphrase. Is there not one poet in our entire student body? For six months there has not been a single contribution in poetry from the student's themselves. Let us think about this.
and well proportioned.

In "The Aeroplane Trip," Mr. Bennett has taken us to the North Pole or more accurately according to the story to the North Hole. The author has a vivid imagination and has made the adventure interesting from start to finish. The tale is a humorous satire on the sad fate of discoverers who cannot furnish proofs.

The plot of "Oedipus, the King," was carefully outlined by Mr. Wanner. In relating a story it is always wise to indicate in some way the relation of each character to the other characters mentioned. Mr. Wanner failed to do this in two instances. The plot is ably presented.

Mr. Ammarell has left the political field and entered the land of the curious. His article "What the Romans Ate" is novel and delightful. It is well planned

"Government Ownership' was the subject treated by Mr. Landis. Since the author limited his remarks to the *menace* of government ownership, it might have been well to have limited the title also. The arguments are rather hard to follow; it would be somewhat difficult for the reader to give an outline of the discussion.

In respect to style and diction the article, "Martin Luther in the History of Music," by G. H. G. is perhaps the best in our February issue.

In the article, "The Value of Examinations in Education," Mr. Everett contends that the written examination is vastly superior to the oral. The subject of the discussion might have been stated to accord more with the material treatet. No doubt, a large part of the student body would have preferred just as convincing arguments for *no* examinations.

"A Futile Watch" by Mr. Heller is a short dramatic sketch. The plot is cleverly constructed and holds the attention to the end. We would like to read more of Mr. Heller's works.

ATHLETIC.

The fine weather of late has resulted in many candidates answering Manager Kleckner's call for track men. Some of the men are showing good form and are doing remarkably well for this time of the season. We hope that by the time the relay races are run at Penn this year we will not be obliged to hold a place with the "also ran" class as we have always done heretofore.

The following men have reported: Kleckner, Grant, Wunder, R. Rentschler, Kline, Stuart, W. Rentschler, Reiter, Janke, Snyder, Keever, Toebke, Savacool, Henry, Fink, Bennett, Shelly, Heller, Brossman, Coleman, Katz, Holben, Deibert, Wacker, Bush, Skean, Stauffer, Cressman, David, Scheel, Rabert, Meck, Bixler, Quinn, Reno, Geisinger and Schlegel.

BASKET-BALL.

The interest in the inter-class basket-ball series is still keen. The Juniors lead in the race at present, but have played more games than the other teams. Their chances look good but they do not have the "cup" "cinched".

The scores of the games played since February 1st are as follows:

Juniors, 19. Freshmen, 14.

1911

Butz (capt.)	forward	Reno
Kline	forward	Klingler (capt.)
Wunder	center	Skean
Ebertz	guard	Esser
Brandt	guard	David

Goals: Butz, 2; Kline, 2; Eberts, 2; Brandt, 2; Reno, 2; Skean, 2; David, 2; Klingler, 1.

Goals from fouls: Butz, 3. Referee, Fink. Halves, 15 and 20 minutes.

Seniors, 18. Sophomores, 14.

1910.

R. Shupp	forward	Shelly (capt.)
Kleckner	forward	Frederick
Aberly	center	Hummel
A. Shupp (capt.)	guard	Fink
Huyett	guard	Bennett

Goals: R. Shupp, 5; Kleckner, 2; Shelly, 2; Fink, 2; Frederick, 1; Hummel, 1; Hummel for opponents, 1. Goals from fouls: Kleckner, 1; R. Shupp, 1; Fink, 2. Referees, Reno and Eberts. 15 and 20 minutes halves.

Juniors, 12. Seniors, 11.

Kline	forward	R. Shupp
Butz (capt.)	forward	Kleckner
Wunder	center	Aberly
Eberts	gaurd	A. Shupp (capt.)
Brandt	guard	Huyett

Goals: Wunder, 3; Brandt, 1; R. Shupp, 2; Kleckner, 1. Goals from fouls: Butz, 4; R. Shupp, 5. Referee, Fink. 15 and 20 minutes halves.

Juniors, 23. Freshmen, 13.

Butz (capt.l	forward	Klingler (capt.)
Kline	forward	Reno
Wunder	center	Skean
Eberts	guard	David
Brandt	guard	Esser

Goals: Wunder, 4; Kline, 2; Eberts, 2; Butz, 1; Brandt, 2; Reno, 4; Skean, 2. Goals from foul: Eberts, 1; Klingler, 1. Referee, Fink; 20 and 15 minutes halves.

Seniors, 16.		Juniors, 14.
R. Shupp	forward	Eberts
Kleckner	forward	Kline
Aberly	center	Wunder
A. Shupp (capt.)	guard	Butz (capt.)
Huyett	gaurd	Brandt

Goals: R. Shupp, 2; Kleckner, 1; Aberly, 2; Eberts, 1; Wunder, 3; Brandt, 2. Goals from fouls, R. Shupp, 6; Brandt, 2.

Referees, Reno and Fink; 15 and 20 minutes halves.

Freshmen, 16.		Sophomores, 10.
Reno	forward	Shelly (capt.)
Keim	forward	Frederick (capt.)
Skean	center	Hummel
David (capt.)	guard	Fink
Esser	guard	Bennett

Goals: Reno, 2; Keim, 2; Skean, 1; David, 2; Shelly, 1; Frederick, 1; Hummel, 1; Bennett, 1. Goals from fouls: Fink, 2; Reno, 2; Referee, Eberts and R. Shupp.

The standing of the teams is as follows:

Teams	Won	Lost	Per Cent.
Juniors	4	2	.666
Seniors	2	2	.500
Sophomores	2	2	.500
Freshmen	1	3	.250

PERSONALS.

Leader (repeating the following phrase in Telegu at the Missionary Society): The man who came is here. Do you see?

Knerr '13—Yes, sir.

While Beer '13 was stopping at a country hotel, the waitress somewhat confused, said: "Mr. Coffee, shall I fill your cup with beer?"

Miller '12 (the day after a social gathering said to Aberly)—One of the girls fainted, I was introduced to her a few minutes before.

Scheele '13—I must write three letters today.

Wunder '11—Letter writing is a diversion.

Scheele '13—Depends upon the destination of the letters.

The Glee Culb is hibernating during Lent. After Easter they will have about 10 concerts in various towns. The alumni are waking up and begin to appreciate the good work done by the club and show their loyalty toward it far more than ever before. On the 5th of April the Allentown concert will be held in the Lyric Theatre. Let us make it a ripping success! Let us give the people more than they are expecting!

Wunder '11 and Kline '11, were catching something in rear of Psychology room as Dr. Haas entered.)—

Dr. Haas—What catching of remnants was that?

Weber '11—It was a mouse.

Dr. Haas—Thank goodness, this is no co-educational institution.

Dr. Haas (making a date with Reisner)—I'll be over tonight, what will you have on.

Prof. F. (in Die Journalistin)—Wunder take part of Bolz.

Wunder '11—Am not prepared.

Prof. F.—Am sorry to say you don't come up to your last year's standard.

Wunder '11—I fell asleep while studying the lesson.

Prof. F.—You're degenerating. I thought Grant had the only privilege to sleep in this class.

Grant '11—I was awake for the last two weeks.

Wunder '11 (wishing to obtain a license—Has Grant's license run out?

Bauman '11 was late in Psychology—Dr. Haas—Mr. Bauman must have long private prayers or after chapel devotions.

Urich '10 (referring to remark made by a man who heard Dr. Haas at the Y. M. C. A.)—The only fault with it is that it was too short.

A bystander—Did he mean the man or the speech?

Dr. Haas was away from college for two weeks, during which time he visited the Northwest, attending the students' conference at the University of Minnesota. He was favorably impressed by the progress made by the Lutheran church in Minnesota and the Dakotas. After his return he gave an interesting report in the chapel of the impressions which the West made upon him.

Prof. Reese has been granted a leave of absence for three weeks in order to recuperate and this prevent a nervous break-down. We all wish him a speedy recovery and are anxious to see him return with his usual vim and vigor.

Prof. F. (the day after a performance in the Lyric Theatre)—Lhevinne struck 24 chords on the piano per second.

Heller '12—Hm! There's a fellow up home that can do that.

Prof. F. (to the Junior class)—Translate goatee.

Baringer '11—Gasebard.

Philadelphians have long pointed with pride to the medical colleges that are located in their city. No doubt their pride is justifiable, for these "seats of learning" have earned reputations for themselves that are world wide. Students from the old world and the new have made the journey to Philadelphia to avail themselves of the many advantages the colleges of the Quaker City offered.

Chief among these medical institutions is the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia. Granted a primary charter in 1850, it advanced rapidly until in 1867 its charter was amended, and it became a regular medical college with the privilege of granting degrees in the different special branches of medicine and surgery. Since then, "the rapidity and vigor of its growth is probably without a parallel in the history of medical schools," and today it offers unusual opportunities for students to prepare themselves in Medicine, Pharmacy, Dentistry or Chemistry.

The College is most advantageously located. It is situated in a large manufacturing district, where the hospital cases are extensive and varied in char-

acter, and afford unsurpassed clinical facilities. The clinical amphi-theatre is the largest and finest in the world. The hospital has been recently enlarged, and is well equipped and modern in every respect. There are fourteen laboratories so arranged that abundant individual work is assured each student.

There are four departments in the College, as follows: Department of Medicine, Department of Dentistry, Department of Pharmacy and Department of Pharmaceutic Chemistry. In each department degrees are granted at the end of carefully graded courses. Every student has the advantage of practical instruction, free quizzes, limited ward classes, modern seminar methods and clinical confeernces.

The faculty consists of a staff of instructors of pronounced ability and reputation for the most modern methods.

The dean of each department will furnish information to anyone desiring it.

EXCHANGES.

The editor of this department was surprised to see so few biographical stories or romances based on the lives of our two great Presidents, in the February issue. We regret to say that our own journal is at fault.

We are all hero worshippers to a certain extent and it is only right that we should choose for our models such heroes as our beloved Washington and Lincoln.

Their virtues are worthy of emulation.

The prize stories in the Academy Bulletin are proofs of the efficacy of the prize method of getting good stories.

The Carlisle Arrow is short but the ideas it contains are worth while.

The Literary work of the "Narrator" is good. "Rand's Friend" portrays real manhood.

Teacher: "What do you think L'Allegro and Il Penseroso represent?"

Student: "Happy Hooligan and Gloomy Gus."

"The Tattoed Turkey" in the "Mirror" seems to be original and the content of the first installation is indicative of a good completed story.

Old Lady—"What's that odor?"
Farmer—"Fertilizer."
Old Lady—"For land's sake!"
Farmer—"Yes, Ma'am." Ex.

Mistress: "If you want eggs to keep, they must be laid in a cool place."

Bridget: "*Oi'll mintion* it to the hens at once, *Mum*."

The Opinator, Wyoming Seminary; The Bethany Messenger; College Chips, Luther College; The Academy Bulletin, Allegheny County Academy; The Carthage Collegian; The Carlisle Arrow; Delaware College Review; The Red and Black, Reading High School; The Albright Bulletin; Junto, Easton High School; The Perkiomenite; The Purple and White, A. P. S.; Comus, Zanesville High School; The Roanoke Collegian; The Ursinus Weekly; Sworthmore Preparatory School Quarterly; The Mercersburg Academy Literary Magazine; Res Academiae, Hillmare Academy; The Acorn, The Weber Academy; The Narrator, Schuylkill Seminary; College Mercury, C. C. U. Y.; The Red and Black, B. P. S.; The Hall Boy, Nazareth Hall; The Union Moravian Seminary; Old Penn Weekly.

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HAPPY ANTICIPATION VS. GLOOMY REALIZATION.

HARRY CRESSMAN, '13.

"Ah, Rats! The same old story in the same old way. The hero goes out into a tough district, sees a carriage surrounded by four or five men, hears a woman scream for help, rushes in, defeats the villains, gets into the carriage, heroine says the coachman lost his way in the fog, everybody is happy, ends it up with a grand wedding. I could write a novel as good as that myself," remarked Eugene Sanders, partly to himself, partly to his valet, as he hurled the book he had been reading into the corner.

Sanders was a peculiar character. He was fortunate enough to have drawn the winning cards for both riches and good looks in the grand lottery at the creation, and for that reason, was sought after by doting mammas who had several daughters to sell to the highest bidders in their materimonial market. He was a jolly, good natured chap who could be serious, humorous or bitingly sarcastic as the mood was upon him, could see only the bright side of the worst calamities and was always aching for some adventure. His servants were two men, as widely different in temperament as possible. James, or Jim, as he was fondly called, had been discovered in a western mining camp. He was a typical westerner, jolly, even tempered and collected at all times. His flippant answers and complete disregard of humility towards his employer, in which his fellow servant far exceeded him, would have won for him his discharge from any other man; but whenever Sanders thought of discharging him, he would recall a wild night in December when he was lost in a gorge in the Rockies and a certain miner who carried him several miles to safety when he had fainted from exhaustion, and so James was still there. The other, Henry, was of a serious mien, gloomy appearance, and as Sanders described him, "walked as if the only joint in his body was at his hips and that one only worked halfway." When he wished to discuss anything important or wanted some advice, he would call on Henry. If he wished to be cheered or had a groop of his friends in his quarters, James was the predominant character.

"Jim, what time is it?"

"Night-time," came the reply from the hall.

"Say smarty, you certainly are an exception to the rule, 'Smart people die young.' What time is it?" Saunders called out again.

"Eight o'clock, sir."

"All right! Go call a cab. Henry, bring my street clothes. If it were not for the sake of that important meeting at the club, I wouldn't leave the place," he grumbled as he got into his raincoat.

When he reached the street, he saw the cab drawn up and telling the cabman to take him to the International Club rooms, he entered. After driving about a half an hour, he became impatient and leaning out, said:

"Say, Cabby! Where are you going? This is way out of the road."

"I know, sir. I fell asleep and the horse wandered over here."

"You--fell—asleep? You either want an alarm clock or a nurse girl to keep you awake. Get a move on or there will be some trouble in store for you."

The driver whipped up his steed and while rounding a corner, the cab wheel became wedged in the car tracks and was torn off.

"Sleeping again," queried Saunders, crawling out from the wreckage.

"No sir," was the indignant reply. "If I could loaf all day as you fellows do, I could keep awake at night also. It will take a good part of my wages to have that repaired, besides getting laid off a couple of days. Drat the heck, if one thing goes wrong, everything follows it."

"Why, what is the matter, old man?"

By careful questioning, he learned that the man's wife lay ill at home. He had been compelled to watch at her bed side several nigths and was almost exhausted on account of lack of sleep.

"Excuse me, I didn't know you were in such a fix or I wouldn't have said what I did. Here, take this and get the old rattle box fixed," Saunders said, shoving two twenty dollar bills into his hand, "I suppose I will have to walk now. No car nor cab in sight. So long." He trudged off in the mist, leaving the cabby looking at the money and growling at the horse, cab, tracks, fog and everything in the least bit responsible for the accident.

"Just the sort of a night that that fool author had his hero and heroine meet. Cab held up in the fog, hero rushes in and all the other fixtures. Hully Gee!" he remarked as he saw a cab standing in front of him and surrounded by several men, "I wish somebody would pinch me so I would wake up."

His revery was broken by a shrill voice calling for help, police and everything else that the heroine usually doesn't do, but has a maiden aunt or an excitable mother or a fussy chaperon do for her.

"Well Gene," he remarked to himself, "here is where you rush in, defeat the men, get thanks from the heroine, her address, an invitation to call later and then, a pretty wife. Here she goes."

His answering call and his sudden exit from the fog so startled the men that he knocked two down before they had recovered their wits. The two remaining men rushed at him and forced him against the back of the cab. As he stood there fighting, he heard a voice in the cab wail,—

"O Jean! Jean, my darling. They will surely kill us. They are going to kidnap you. O! I wish a policeman would come."

"O, that is your name," thought Saunders, parrying the blows of the men, "Wonder if she is a blonde or a brunette. I believe I would like a blonde best. Hope she is as tall as I am. I hate short, fat women."

Suddenly, he felt the carriage draw away and heard it go pell-mell down the street. His assailants fled and looking around, he saw that a policeman had frightened away the man holding the horse's head and taking advantage of this, the coachman had driven off.

"Well, that is grateful now, isn't it? Here I am fighting to save them and when help arrives, they drive off and leave me in the cold," remarked Saunders, turning to the bobby.

"Hm, I guess that fool of a driver was so scared he forgot everything except to whip the horses and get away. Shall I call the patrol wagon and give

you a ride home?" asked the policeman, looking at his torn clothes and bruised face, and smiling broadly.

"No thanks, I don't have far to go and I'll walk."

When he reached his home at midnight, James opened the door, it being Henry's night off. He looked surprised and then smiling said,—

"The next time you go out for a fight let me know and I'll go along and take care of you."

"Shut up, you grinning ape. When your opinion is wanted it will be asked for, kindly keep it until then—"

"When you get battered up again," interposed James good naturedly, going off to get water and a change of clothes.

After the dirt had been washed away and his torn garments removed, Saunders resumed his soliloquy.

"Now I did the rescue act but a cog slipped and I did not get the desired introduction. Let's see, what am I supposed to do now? O yes! I go around, look up all the girls whose first name is Jean, find out which one was in a cab that was held up by some ruffians and then drove off without thanking the hero; introduce myself and win her for a wife. A pretty tough job, Hm! Well, I don't think so. The heroes in stories may be foolish enough to do that, but I won't."

Rising with a yawn, he retired, determined to go asleep and forget about it. But the Fates had decreed otherwise and as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, their decree cannot be altered by man.

When Henry brought his mail in the morning, he found one addressed in an unfamiliar handwriting. The sealing wax bore the monogram "M".

"I wonder who this is from. C. M. or M. C., which is it? Let's see. It might be an invitation to a dance, a musicale, a box-party or a week-end party. But who the mischief is it from? Well, Curiosity, thou shalt be satisfied," and so saying, he cut it open.

He read it once and with a yell, sprang from his chair, read it again and then laughed loud and long. Henry and James rushed into the room, not knowing what was wrong.

"What is the matter," asked James angrily, seeing his laughing face and thinking he had been made a fool of, "are you getting the delirium tremens from that cocee or did that thrashing last night turn your head?"

"Nope, neither. What are you staring at?" he asked James who was looking fixedly at him.

"Nothing," answered James, vindictively, as he turned to leave the room.

"Come here, both of you. I have a letter here from a friend, for whom I did a service last night and she wishes me to call at five o'clock. I am going to bed now and I want you to call me at three and have all my things ready," he said leaving the room.

As soon as the door was closed, he drew from his pocket and reread the following note:—

Mr. Eugene Saunders.—

My coachman says he recognized you last evening when you came to our rescue on Charleston Avenue. Jean and I are very thankful to you for your kindness and wish you would call at five this evening and have lunch with us.

Yours,
Mrs. Charles Morteen,
1350 Laire Avenue.

"Jean Morteen—so that is your name," he soliloquized. "Sounds romantic.

Sounds Frenchy. Wonder what she looks like? Let's see? 'From 'Gene to Jean' would make a dandy inscription for a wedding ring. The Bermuda Islands or Cuba would make a dandy honeymoon trip. Too many go to Europe, that is a common place. Wonder if we will get married immediately? No, in the novels they usually have to await the parents' consent or until the one she is engaged to dies. Gee, maybe she is engaged now. That would be hard luck. But never trouble trouble 'till trouble troubles you."

Promptly at three, the valet rapped at his door. Rising hastily, he dressed and left at four-thirty for the home of what he supposed would be his future bride.

The home of the Morteens was in the suburbs and as most suburban homes, was surrounded by a small grassy plot. Saunders walked passed several times, as he said, to get the stiffness from his joints, but in reality, to summon up enough courage to enter.

In answer to his ring, the door was opened by a servant, who, after ushering him into the sitting room, carried his card to the mistress. Soon he heard the rustle of skirts on the stairs and thinking it might be Jean, sat up straight and tried to be unconcerned. He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw the mistress enter. She was very effusive with her thanks and taking a seat talked for almost a half an hour. Saunders was fidgeting about and wondering where Jean was and why the mother did not call her?

"O, I must call Jean. I know she is very anxious to thank her gallant defender. Excuse me, please," exclaimed Mrs. Morteen rising and leaving the room.

"That is the talk I like to hear. Yes, go bring her. I assure you her galant defender is very anxious to meet her," he remarked half aloud as he examined himself in the mirror to see if everything was allright for the coming scrutiny.

He heard some one call "Jean" several times upstairs, then a dog bark and the voice said: "Oh! there you are. Where have you been keeping yourself? Come along down stairs now."

Soon afterwards the elder lady, accompanied by an ugly bull dog, entered the room. Saunders, looking over her shoulder, watched the curtain as a cat does a mouse. Contrary to his expectations, no pretty young lady entered.

"Here is Jean," Mrs. Morteen said, interrupting his stare.

"Where?" asked Saunders, springing up and looking around the room, fearing lest she had entered by some other door.

"Here," she replied, stooping and patting the bull dog's head, "This is Jean, my darling."

"Is that—that Jean?" stammered Saunders, seeing his matrimonial air-castles falling in ruins.

"Oh yes! I take her with me whenever I go driving. I was dreadfully frightened last evening for fear they would injure her."

"My, but it was lucky I arrived on time. Those brutes might have injured her seriously. She is so delicate, it is a wonder the excitement didn't kill her," sarcastically remarked Saunders, looking at the brute's massive chest.

The maid then announced lunch and despite his protests and many excuses, he was compelled to remain. When they reached the dining room, Saunders noticed that the table was arranged for

three. Wondering who the third party might be, he took the place assigned to him. Suddenly, the dog rushed into the room and took his seat at the third place.

"Well, this is the limit. First: I get all battered up saving a miserable little cur, and then I must sit at the same table and eat the same stuff she does. Guess I will call off that honey-moon trip. I'd like to know where I'd put a ring on *that* female," he remarked to himself.

His revenge was broken by the mistress's voice saying:

"Don't you think she is very intelligent?"

"Remarkably so," politely answered Saunders aloud, but aside—"You miserable whelp, I'll make you feel more than intelligent if I get a kick at your ribs. I used to be a good punter during my college days. I will put some leg into that drive, and don't you forget it."

"She always comes to the table without being called. She is *so* dainty, never drops anything or raises a disturbance. Very polite, isn't she?" asked the matron again, noting the vicious look he cast at the dog and wishing to draw him into a conversation.

"Yes ma'am," he replied, his mind taken up with plans for revenge, (aside) "No wonder that greedy brute comes to the table without being called. She looks hungry enough to eat her own shadow. Anybody that calls her dainty would call an elephant's walk graceful. Wonder what the fellows woud say if they knew this. Well, they won't know it if I can help it."

"She has some original ideas which she shows when she eats, doesn't she?" again interposed the mistress, thinking only of her pet, "she does things most people would never think of doing."

"Original is the only word that suits, Mrs. Morteen. She certainly has some strange ideas about table etiquette," sarcastically replied Saunders aloud; but aside, "H'm original! Ignorant she should have said. 'Does many things most people would never think of doing!' I'd like to know what person would put his face in the plate and eat without using a fork or anything, who would lick their plate clean after it was empty, who would lick the grease from the hands when finished eating. O yes! She is remarkably, originally ignorant."

Pleading an earnest business meeting as an excuse, Saunders started to leave immediately after lunch. When he reached the vestibule, he saw Jean standing at the door. Seeing that the mistress was not looking, he drew back his foot and planted a kick on Jean's side which landed her, gasping, against the wall.

"That's only the first installment. There are some more for you where that one came from, old girl," chuckled Saunders as he passed out.

But Jean had a temper of her own. Thinking that was an insult to her dignity too great to allow without revenge, she sprang at him and fastened her teeth in the calf of his leg. Just as the dog struck him, Saunders heard the matron scream and turning, saw her come rushing down the stairs and calling excitedly:

"O Jean! Jean! Leave go! You will surely injure your teeth. Do be careful!" she implored, taking a hold of the dog and petting him.

"O yes, Jean," sarcastingly repeated Saunders, "do leave go. You will surely injure your teeth. Don't worry about my clothes or skin, just be careful of

your teeth and let go. Because if you don't, I might get excited and hurt something else besides your teeth."

Seeing that Jean had no intention of releasing him, Saunders despite the protests of Mrs. Marteen, inserted his cane between the dog's teeth and forced his jaws apart. Having rid himself of his persistent friend, he entered his cab and drove home, his mind taken up with bitter thoughts.

As he mounted the stairs, the door was opened by James, who, noting his torn trousers and angry glare, asked:

"Been fighting again or just plain rescuing an old maid and her dog from some murderous assailants?"

If he had been confronted by a visitor from the spiritual world, Saunders could have been no more surprised than he was at this question. Turning quickly, he asked:

"How did you find that out?"

"Listen," was James' only reply and opening the door, they heard a newsboy cry, "Papers! Papers! All about the attempted kidnapping of a society matron. Rescued by a club man. Paper, mister?" he asked, stopping at the open door.

"Have one," replied James.

"O well!" answered Saunders, "it gives those newsboys something to holler besides, 'Papers! Papers! All about the big fire or the murder or something else that never happened."

As James was dressing his wounded leg, he told him the whole story, omitting nothing.

"H'm, you certainly made a fool of yourself. See here," he said, handing him a copy of the "Eagle", There is your picture, her picture, and the dog's picture. If I were you I would take a vacation of several weeks until the fellows forget it. O Gee! But that is rich," breaking into a loud laugh, in which he was joined by Saunders.

That night, while lounging in his room, Saunder's mind turned to the events of the day.

"The author that wrote the novel in which the hero's name is Eugene Saunders got badly rattled or the printer mixed in the conclusion of some other story, "he remarked, half aloud, it looks as if the author was sober when he started out, but when he was half way through, he went out, got drunk and then finished it. It looks as if you are doomed to bachelordom, Gene, unless you fall into some net pretty soon. By Jove, the next time I see a cab held up, I am going in and help the robbers clean it up instead of trying to chase them away and get stung. Or better yet, I will look into the carriage and get introduced to the heroine before I start to fight. 'O Jean! Jean! my darling, they will surely kill us," he repeated sarcastically, "a pity they didn't do it before I arrived. Let's see, there is a derby hat, a raincoat, a coat, a pair of trousers useless, ruined, on the debit side, also one refined dogbite and a badly bruised face. On the credit side, a light luncheon, introduction to a dog and an invitation to call again, (to see the dog, I presume.) "O no! We are not near square as yet; but I think I will call it a bad debt and let it go. Better to lose that much than to go in for revenge and lose as much more. As says Poe's Raven, Nevermore! Wow! eleven o'clock already. Think I'll go to sleep and dream about Jean, the ring, the church marriage and the honeymoon to the Bermuda Islands or Cuba."

So saying, he arose, threw the copy of the "Eagle" into the grate and retired to much needed rest and oblivion.

THE HIDDEN RESERVES IN OUR NATURE.

MARTIN S. KLECKNER, '10.

In the annals of history we read of men who have had aims in life and have struggled to reach a certain goal. They were not brought up in luxury, but generally among adverse conditions, and, feeling necessity tugging away, prodding them,—caused them to exert themselves to the utmost to redeem themselves from poverty. In their obscurity, they made desperate struggles, to make up for their deficiencies. It was the heroic struggle with adverse conditions that made them successful. Thus; hard conditions, desperate circumstances, great poverty, and hardships have ever developed the giants of our race. Their characters, which are now given to the world as patterns of greatness and goodness were made of that untiring perseverance which marked their whole lives. Their indomitable will, their inflexible purpose, looking for future good thru present evil, gave them confidence and commanded success. The Niagara Falls have worn back several miles thru the hard limestone over which they pour their thundering columns of water and will, by-and-by, drain the great lake which feeds their boiling chasm. They teach a great lesson of perseverance.

But men are not all alike; there is one respect in which they differ. The resources, the powerful resources lie too deep in many people to be aroused, awakened by any ordinary circumstances. They seem to be in a restive or dormant state; are jostled about by their more active fellowmen in the race for prosperity,—entirely unaware of their own ability. It takes a great crisis, a tremendous emergency to explode the giant powder in them, and to call forth the hidden reserves in their nature. Any ordinary stimulus does not arouse that reserve of power which lies so deep within them. It is when they feel the sting of defeat, or when they are insulted, ridiculed, that they discover their real strength; only after meeting with failure or opposition do they go forth into the world vowing not only to redeem themselves, but to obtain greater laurels.

Like a perpetual spring within them they gather out of their natures a new force seemingly born within them, and they do things which before would have seemed impossible. The rebuffs they meet with, and the redicule heaped upon them, are a perpetual stimulus to their ambitions to get on in the world.

The overcoming of physical calamities indicates how very few of us ever discover ourselves, or ever develop the best, the grandest things in us. Numerous instances are given in history of people who put forth herculean efforts to redeem themselves,—and they never would have succeeded but for the determination to conquer their physical handicap. They have developed marvelous qualities and wonderful achievements in their victorious struggle.

Had such calamities affected some men, they would have crouched literally by the wayside of life; and tho they possessed those hidden reserves, they would have made their calamity an excuse for a life of idleness and waste.

The desperate struggle to do something worth while, is the very thing which draws out our reserve forces and develops latent power. Without this

struggle, many people would never have discovered their real selves.

That character of a century past, known in history as the "Man of Destiny" never displayed his reserve powers so well as when driven to desperation. With a devastated country before him, with his enemies hovering behind him like a dark cloud in the distance, (ready to fall down upon him at his slightest mistake in generalship) and with starvation staring the army in the face,—then was it that the possible Napoleon came to the rescue, and he began his memorable retreat from Moscow. To obtain the desired result he did not hesitate to sacrifice numberless lives and the best blood of nations. Napoleon possessed an insatiable ambition; to satisfy this he allowed nothing to stand in the way. His courage never failed him; reverses did not daunt him; nor did the most formidable obstacles dismay him. For a quarter of a century he deluged Europe with blood and woe, trod paths of glory unprecedented since the days of Alexander, attained an eminence of almost unparalleled power, from which he was hurled by the combined efforts of his enemies; rose again triumphant and serene, only—to be once more denounced and banished, and to die a broken-hearted exile.

The stimulus of rebuffs is a wonderful thing. In all paths of life it has spurred men on to greater efforts and enabled them to discover the beauties and richness of their vast personal estates. Many of the great discoveries and inventions would never have been made, but for the jibes and rebuffs thrust upon their inventors. For years Robert Fulton worked amid trials and discouragements that would weaken the stoutest hearts, one of the finest examples of dogged perseverance in the history of mechanics. He had to work with the common sense of the day against him. When victory came, its financial results were comparatively small, yet, we have reason to believe that Fulton felt that his greatest reward was in what he had given to the world; not what he had taken from it.

In this self-centred age of ours, opposition gives us power for greater resistance. A barrier, once scaled, affords a vantage ground for our future efforts. It is the man who is able to meet the rebuffs,—and tho he fail, he will be honored.

For countless ages the nations of this earth have given to struggling humanity self-made men, who from childhood knew no such word as fail. Defeat only gave them power; difficulty only taught them the necessity of redoubled exertions; dangers gave them courage; the sight of great labors inspired in them corresponding exertions. Such men are fitting examples to mankind. They have established the iron-clad precedent, and it is for us, members of a young and independent country, to contribute our share for the betterment of society. Let us develop that latent power and not die with the greater part of ourselves undiscovered. Overcoming obstacles, and fighting our way to triumph will give us pleasure. It will be exhilarating to do hard things because it tests our overcoming ability, our strength, our power.

As we do everything from motive, so the strength of the motive measures the result of the effort. Whenever a motive is great enough, an emergency large enough, a responsibility heavy enough to call out the hidden reserves in our nature; latent energies spring forth which astonish us.

SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

GEO. B. HAMM.

"I hold," said Abraham Lincoln, "if the Almighty had ever made a set of men to do all of the eating and none of the work, he would made them with mouths only and no hands; and if he had ever made another set that he had intended should do all of the work and none of the eating, he would have made them without mouths and with all hands." The contention of the socialist is that he was not made without a mouth and with all hands, but that he was created with both a mouth and hands, and therefore he wants to share in both the work and the eating. And what is more reasonable? It is nothing contrary to Christian teaching for a man to claim the fruits of his own labor. St. Paul goes farther than the socialist when he says: "If a man will not work, neither let him eat."

Socialism has been characterized as the greatest anti-christian influence in the world, and perhaps that characterization is correct. Any institution that gives utterance to expressions such as these: "When God is driven out of the minds of men, when heaven hereafter is recognized as a big lie, men will attempt to establish heaven here." "The church is only a police institution for the upholding of capital, and deceives the common people with a check payable in heaven"—must indeed be called irreligious and unchristian. But whose fault is it? Is it the fault of the socialist? Or is it the fault of the Christian world, or perhaps more accurately of the Christian Church? Socialism has not sprung up over night like a mushroom. It is a very modern outgrowth of the existing conditions of society in past centuries; like everything else it has been in process of evolution for ages. And if it repudiates Christianity, it is not because of its teachings but because the professed Christian world, the men and women who constitute the church, does not stand for Christianity.

The growth of Christianity was wonderful. So the growth of Socialism has been remarkable, not so much so in this Country as in the lands beyond the Atlantic—in the same countries that have produced the most eminent theologians. Germany ,the home of the greatest thinkers and the most subtle philosophers is the home of Socialism. Germany, the home of Luther, the birth-place of the Reformation and the birth place of freedom of thought is also the birth place of Socialism. In fact if there never had been a Reformation Socialism would not now exist. Before that time the Church told men how they must think, and what they must believe. But when Luther hurled defiance into the teeth of the Church of Rome, he broke the schackles which it had placed upon the minds of men. Men began to think. And lo! the crystal stream of thought began trickling down the ages, gathering momentum force and volume as it meandered along, until it has grown to be a mighty force, which, as it rushes along threatens to destroy some of the institutions that are almost as old as the universe.

Ever since the dawn of recorded history there has always been one set of men who have toiled. They have toiled from early in the morning when the

stars looked down upon them, till late at night when the stars again lit up their way as they wearily plodded homeward; they have toiled from day to day, from week to week, and from year to year; they have followed the plow and they have turned the furrow; they have planted and they have harvested; they have herded the cattle and they dressed the meat; they have felled the trees and they have hewn the timber; they have quarried the stone and built the fortress and the castle. And there has always been another class who laid claim to the fruits of these men's labors. The earth brought forth the increase as the result of the one man's planting, the other man's barn was made ready to store it; the one man dressed the meat, the other man's table was ready to receive it; the one man cut the wood, the other man's fire was ready to consume it; the one man built a castle, the other man was ready to occupy it. Reverting to the history of Egypt we even see that if the one man built a great and mighty sepulchre it was to serve as the tomb for the other man's body. The toiler had toiled in vain. His hard and horny hands have yielded him little pleasure and few comforts. The luxury of courts and palaces has ever been maintained at the expense of misery and squalor in the hovel.

Such has been the condition of society for the greater part of the world's history: under the slave system that existed among the early Egyptians and later among the Greeks and Romans (the Spartans in the time of Lycurgus despised labor); under the feudal system and later under the manorial system; and finally under the slave system in our own country. Through all the centuries the great mass of men have been little betted than brethren to the oxen. They had no will. They knew no resistance. All they knew was a dogged obedience to a master. And where through all these years was the church of Christ? It was the one enlightened institution on the face of the earth. It should have stood by the mass; it should have championed their cause; it should have taken the masters to task. But it could not. For the church itself was lined up with the men who laid claim to the fruits of these men's labors. From time to time champions arose, the church was all powerful, and it treated them all in the same way that it treated Arnold of Brescia. So far from enlightening the people, it strove to keep them in ignorance. Instead of championing their cause it put down champions whenever they came to the front, and competed with the other men for the larger part of the spoils. To expound the true teachings of Christ would have defeated the struggles of the popes for power; but it would have been better for humanity.

The Reformation was the dawn of a new era. Men began to think as well as work. They saw that the Christian church professed one thing and practiced another. They saw that the very men who professed to be Christians were the ones who would rob them of what was rightly theirs. The men who kneeled at the same altar with them were the ones who taxed their salt. Is it any wonder they repudiate the Christian faith?

Faith in God must go hand in hand with faith in mankind. Christ taught the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. He did not tell men to go out upon the fields of battle and subdue each other. He did not tell the merchant to try to cheat the buyer and the buyer to try to cheat the merchant; nor did he tell the employer to look down upon

and oppress his employees, and the employees to strive against their employer. But he told them to love one another as He had loved them. Yet, after nineteen hundred years what does Christendom do? Does every man look to his neighbor's interest as brother looks after brother's interests? He did not tell men to gather food into large store houses and let the multitude wander about the streets hungry, so that the hunger wail should be heard in every corner of the world in time of plenty; but He said: "Feed my sheep." He did not tell men to set their neighbors to work on looms and machinery to produce articles of clothing and then let them go about naked; but He said: "If any man have two coats let him give one to him that hath none." He said: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth", nevertheless the struggle for worldly treasure is raging more fiercely with each succeeding generation.

Such are the teachings of Christ; and such has been the conduct of men who profess to be Christians and live according to Christ's teachings. Do you wonder that Socialism repudiates Christianity? Christianity has worked its own ruin among the socialists; and it must look to itself to recover the lost ground. This is easily done. All that is necessary for it is to live according to the teachings of Christ. Let every one from the lowest to those highest in authority adopt these teachings as a rule for their every day life. Then there will be no oppressive government. My observation from the study of history has been that governments have ever existed for the benefit of the governors. Let them exist for the benefit of the governed—the Lloyd—George budget in England seems to be a step in the right direction—then there will be no anti-Christian Socialism, but the whole world will be enveloped in a Christian Socialism.

THE JUST RIGHTS OF AN UNFORTUNATE RACE.

JOHN E. HARTZELL, '11.

The most courageous stroke of statesmanship, ever executed in behalf of down-trodden humanity, was performed by our honored and reverend Abraham Lincoln, when he issued his famous Emancipation Proclamation. This far-reaching instrument was not the product of hasty and ill-advised judgment, but the outcome of laborious and painstaking deliberation. He firmly believed that the destruction of slavery was essential to the safety of the Union, and he trusted with composure to the discerning judgment and ultimate decision of the people. With what remarkable acumen he weighed all the possibilities that it might entail, with what lofty motives he was convinced of its necessity, with what fervent patriotism he was actuated,—all these deserve the due consideration and the highest praise of present-day statesmen. Nor was Lincoln satisfied with its mere formal declaration. Its realization had to be accomplished. And, to this end, with unflinching zeal and unswerving pertinacity, he shaped and directed all his policies. When the exigencies of the time demanded freedom for the slave by constitutional amendment, he did not for one moment doubt its validity and did not yield one jot or tittle from the position he had assumed when he issued his proclamation. He stood firm to the last. The logical consequence of his efforts was the philanthropic Thirteenth Amendment to our Constitution. Can any loyal and true-spirited American gainsay the wisdom of the structure which he has reared? He preached by word and deed that which is at the foundation of our glorious nation, freedom, the inherent right of all God's creatures.

Although the civil war tore asunder the fetters binding the negroes to ignominious servitude, it, by no means, succeeded in settling race controveries for the future. Yes, even to-day, we are faced by problems of vital importance involving their rights, their honors, and their welfare. Their future much depends upon the attitude of the American people in either advancing their conditions or in retarding them by willingly and designedly neglecting those things, which bring light to the ignorant and hope to the hopeless. According to Thomas Jefferson they are entitled as well as we, to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The opportunity of evincing the spirit of true nobleness and of putting into practical use the fundamental Christian teaching of brotherhood is rife and strongly forces itself upon our profound consideration. Are we going to avail ourselves of it, or will we stand aloof because of deep-seated race prejudice? We would do well to consider this unfortunate race as Thomas Fuller did, "God's image cut in ebony."

The interrogatory is often asked "Ought the negro enjoy the rights of American citizenship?" This question is not practical but speculative. Yet, unless it can be answered with confidence in the affirmative in the light of experience, the moral tenure of his suffrage is weakened, and as a consequence, his

legal right to enjoy it is impaired. The progress that the colored race has made in the face of prodigious obstacles is astounding, and surely confirms us in the opinion that still greater possibilities, now latent, can and will be accomplished, if the proper means, conducive to such ends are afforded them. There is a certain class of people born and reared with the belief that the negro is inferior to the white man in everything, and, by reason of this, it maintains an instinctive and ineradicable aversion to equality and an implacable hostility to his amelioration. This attitude dare not go unchallenged. That man who feels that somebody else must be kept down and in ignorance, in order that he may appear great by comparison, has a despicable bent of mind and deserves the severest obloquy from this enlightened age.

No pretensions, however, are made that the negro does not have grave deficiencies. The task now is to rectify them. Whatever may be his shortcomings in education for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, let it be remembered to his credit that he has invariably exhibited one vital qualification of an instinctive loyalty to the welfare of his country. "Did he not march two hundred thousand strong beneath the Stars and Stripes for his own freedom and the perpetuation of the Union?" Has he not always been prompt in answering his country's summons? What else, then, must be performed by him before he is indisputably allowed his just rights?

The three magnamanimous Amendments to our Constitution were brought with a great price, even the blood of the slain, and they ought assuredly to be vindicated and enforced in their letter and in their spirit. Is it any more hazardous to invest a poor, ignorant and loyal black man with the ballot, than a rich, educated and disloyal white man? Suppose the negro had been denied the privileges afforded by these amendments, what would the conditions of this nation be and what would his condition be? Our fair name, as a nation, would still be aspersed by a diabolical wrong which would justly come under the ban of that great and universal truth, "That righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." And the negro, on the other hand, would have sunk deeper and deeper into darkness and would have retrograded into such a dependent and defenseless condition as would have made redress for wrong done against him almost impossible. Surely, this unfortunate race ought to have been invested with the ballot as a medium by which to have their natural rights recognized. For the ballot is the strong shield of the race against a form of servitude which would present all of the cruelty and none of the alleviations of the old slave system, whose destruction carried with it the shedding of so much innocent blood.

And now, since this race has been invested with the rights of citizenship, is it becoming the dignity and greatness of this nation to countenance the existence and perpetration of the system of mob rule in dealing with the negro for offences committed? There is and always has been a disposition to substitute the wild and furious passions in lieu of the sober judgment of courts and the worse than savage mobs for the executive ministers of justice. Accounts from various sources attest to the truth of this assertion. However infamous and nefarious the charges may be and, although the punshment, in effect, is the same as would be administered by a court, this

substitution is not justifiable. The victim is made to undergo the most humiliating ordeals and, above all, is denied that sacred privilege so wisely provided by our forefathers, namely, a fair and unbiased trial by jury. To allow lawlessness of this nature to go on with impunity, is to sanction it, but to deny all adherence to it, is to subscribe to the sanctity of law and order.

The aspiration of all true Americans has ever been to upbuild a nation—strong, mighty, and progressive. Remarkable prosperity has attended these efforts, but the duty now confronting us is to insure its perpetuity. When men take it in their hads to ignore the law by promiscuously dealing with wrong-doers, because of color, they not only commit a grievous sin against their fellow man, but they impair the strength and stability of our political institutions to such an extent that thinking men begin to lose confidence in them. The strength of this nation lies not in her frowning battlements, her bristling seacoasts, her Army and her Navy, but in the spirit which prizes justice as the heritage of all men, irrespective of color, in all lands and in all climes. Let us not only pay homage to the memory of our ancestors by words but by protecting our institutions, which were so dearly purchased, by always displaying hatred for lawlesness and love for justice and order. The crime of lynching is frequently as reprehensible as the crime committed by the victim. Crime cannot be extirpated by crime. Law has a course planned for all offenders. This course must have full sway, lest the walls erected for the defense of citizens are trodden down and disregarded. It is the paramount duty of all good citizens to see that all the bad ones get their just deserts according to prescribed methods and not to support and abet illegitimate ones.

This race has a right to demand justice, in the name of the heroes who so gallantly spilt their own precious blood on behalf of the negro, and in the name of the founders of this glorious nation, who so fondly cherished the appellation of being law-abiding. With eagerness, we hope for the day when instead of race prejudices, the Golden Rule shall possess men's hearts ,when both white and black shall mutually give due heed to the welfare of each other and united, with one accord, proclaim the righteousness of law, justice and order.

THE EFFECT OF AN IDEAL.

S. B. FREDERICK, '12.

The world of to-day admires, reverences and even idolizes the man who siezes life with a purpose. The man who has placed a worthy ideal before himself and strives toward it can never make his life a failure. Some, because they have several times been repulsed, are dissuaded from an undertaking. One should never be dismayed by misfortune.

Our aim in life should be to become a true gentleman. Many of the most distinguished men in the world, both in letters and in arb, have been rude, coarse and ungentle and, consequently, not the best kind of men. The man of culture and refinement, with a resoluteness of mind to follow one path of life, that of virtue, is recognized as the gentleman. He is also very careful to have such thoughts and sentiments as are worthy of him, since vice degrades and virtue raises the rank of man. The qualities of a true gentleman depend not upon fashions and behavior, but upon moral worth. Great wealth has no connection with gentlemanly traits. Considering the poor and the rich, to borrow the words of St. Paul, "the poor are as having nothing, yet possessing all things, while the others, though possessing all things, have nothing."

Let us now consider those men, who although poor, have, through their efforts in pursuit after one goal, attained great distinction in all parts of life. Homer, the great Grecian poet, was the son of a farmer; Franklin was the son of a tallow- chandler; Napoleon was the son of a family of Corsica. Here are seen few of the many who have gained great eminence.

The man who has placed a goal or ideal before him, yet has no occupation, is indeed in a sorry plight. In this great country of ours no one need be without some honest occupation. It is indeed, the manual labor which will inevitably lead to the sought-for ideal. Men without an aim and with no special work are plagues to a community. Every youth should make a choice of some occupation, prepare himself for it, and finally devote himself to it. This will certainly bring him success and happiness. Many have no trade or profession and no object before them, yet they wish to do something which shall be worthy of themselves and all the while they waste precious time and earnings in continual changes. What they need is an object—a single object. They look at hundreds of things and see nothing. Success, happiness and fortune are never gained but by a determination toward the object until it is accomplished. You must work if you expect to accomplish something, stick to the thing and carry it through and you will have the bright thought that you have attained something which no one else could have done. If you satisfactorily complete one thing you have become the hero.

In this world of ours, many look up to others for their help in reaching some certain end. But to what purpose? They are no stronger, perhaps somewhat enfeebled, at the end of their life than at the beginning. The hardships and trials of life—the difficulties which one

meets on his road to success—are blessings.

The greatest heroes of the battlefield—Hannibal, considered by some the greatest general of the world, by his eternal enmity against Rome, placed for his ideal the destruction of Rome, which goal he strove toward, even unto his death; Napoleon, by his love for military affairs, placed honor, glory and renown in military achievements as his ideal. This ideal he strove toward and won; Cromwell, with no knowledge of the art of war, ventured his life for what he believed to be the cause of "freedom and the truth in Christ." He drew his sword against the king and conquered. Consider some of the orators and statemen, both modern and ancient. Daniel Webster, by persistent attempts and hard work, is supposed to have delivered the greatest speech ever given in Congress; Demosthenes, an Athenian orator, by perseverence and determination, became the great orator of his day. Shakespeare, the English dramatist, began his career in preparing for the stage plays of his predecessors, thereby paving the way to future success and making himself the greatest of all poets. Then there is the lofty ideal of Martin Luther, the effect of which brought about the Reformation and that freedom of worship which was unknown before his great work had been accomplished.

There is another phase of life. The "Pharise" praying alone in the temple. praising himself and by careful comparison, finds himself so satisfied that he need be no better. This is a wrong conception of life. Man can always do something to aid or improve himself or his fellow-man. The Pharisee had not placed his aim, his ideal so high that it would take his whole life-work to attain it.

Lowell is right,

"Not failure, but low aim is crime."

It is the "great ideals that precede and cause great achievements." A man may place his ideal high, yet desires and affections may so completely overpower the will, that the power of a new affection will drive out the soul love and finally blot it out entirely. Another may live among a low class of humanity, and, although knowing the opportunities which lie open to all, still is satisfied with his life and their degraded mode of living. It is to those who have placed their ideal far beyond them and really strive to that end, that success and happiness come.

Desirous for honor by reigning over men, and also to have power to command them has been for centuries the great and overwhelming passion of men. "If any crime," says Channing, "should be placed beyond pardon it is this." Ruskin also says, that "Nothing is done beautifully which is done in rivalship, nor nobly which is done in pride."

The ideal has the same effect upon the life of a woman as upon the life of a man. She should also place before her some lofty goal and strive to reach it, not only bringing happiness to herself, but to all around her. Joan of Arc, when a girl of eighteen, came forward and inspired her countrymen with fresh courage. Believing that Heaven had called her to deliver her country from the hands of the English, she did not lose courage even on the battle-field, but led the French troops from victory to victory until she finally gained that which she had so earnestly desired; Elizabeth Barret Browning, by devoting her life to the writing of poetry, gave to the

literature of the English language some of its most beautiful poems.

Character is the creation of our own efforts. It is determined by the lofty position in which we place our ideal and the way in which it is attained. It may readily be compared to a high building in the erection of which only the best material of workmanship is allowed.

"Build it well, whate'er you do;
Build it straight, and strong and true;
Build it clean, and high, and broad;
Build it for the eye of God."

The Christian is the supreme idealist. He has for his ideal Christ the highest and best than can be held before the mind of man or woman, and lives his life in conformity with it. This Ideal has its effect not only upon the individual but upon all people. He is like the sun lifting thew hole world into light.

SPRING.

Majestic mighty splendor of the land
Recalled from out the dungeon of thy sleep,
Majectic, glorious life burst with a leap
On human sight in old time beauties grand;
Majestic joyous life so nobly manned
By Him who cycles o'er the wat'ry deep,
Who guards and keeps all living things that creep,
Is now revealed in earth's awak'ning sand.
'Tis Spring, the air is full of birds that sing,
Whose liquid voices fill the balmy air
Awak'ning new life as with speedy wing
They bear the message with instinctive care,
And with increasing ardor sing, 'Tis Spring,
Thus living Spring replaces winter bare.

Baringer, '11.

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In an excellent article contributed to our last issue, one of our Alumni said: "It were well if our young men were to take the initiative and supplement that which their course of study does not provide." The context shows clearly enough that reference was chiefly made to the necessity of acquiring a bird's-eye view of present-day conditions in addition to getting a good perspective of the past—a need so vital and yet so little appreciated that it cannot be urged too often. But taking this little sentence as a text, let us give it an even wider application, and ask: "How much work along cultural lines, apart from that demanded by his course of study, should a college man do?"

It is difficult to give an answer of general application to this question; too much depends upon the individual, the amount of his required work, and the readiness with which he can handle that which he actually must do. But it may be safely assumed that the student of ordinary ability will find that some little time remains at his disposal, which he may fritter away, or spend in an honest effort "to supplement that which his course of study does not provide." A

man who chooses the latter alternative need not be a "dig" by any means, and he will have as much recreation as any of his companions.

The best field for work of this character is the reading of many good books. There are many things in the various branches of study which are passed over by a professor as being of comparative non-importance in view of the short time at his disposal; and yet these are often the very points where some independent side investigation will do much to clear up dark places. A professor is but human, and the consensus of opinion may not attach the same relative importance to facts which he teaches. And even if the material should be presented in faultless perspective, the wider knowledge gained by intelligent reading on the subject offers advantages which are not to be lightly passed over.

However, private reading need not be confined entirely to subjects in the curriculum. There is a vast store of literature at our disposal which can be profitably used; not only books on Science, and the heavier treatises of Philosophy, but much fiction of standard value. In addition, efforts should be made to keep abreast of the times in all departments; to this end judicious use may be made of the magazines and periodicals in the Reading Room—especially of the Literary Digest and other publications of that character.

Muhlenberg is at the present time arranging the details of the Honor System for all examinations and quizzes. This movement is heartily favored by the great majority of the student body, and everyone seems determined to make the system work out as it should.

The interest shown in the matter reflects great credit upon the students; but why not determine upon a reform along the same line, which will have just as great an influence on the Muhlenberg of the future? We refer to the use of illegitimate translations in the study of the classics. The number of such translations in circulation at Muhlenberg is probably not very large; but that using them at all is dishonest and unjust no one will deny. If Greek and Latin are worth anything at all, they should be studied honestly, or dropped from the course of instruction.

Of course, this is a matter which can only be decided individually; but with a small effort sufficient sentiment may be raised against the practice which may eventually eliminate it altogether.

LITERARY.

Upon receiving "The Muhlenberg" almost every reader turns first to the Personals; and in the case of a few when these are read, "The Muhlenberg" is read. Since the Personal Department is the most widely read section of our paper, it shoul be made especially attractive. It should be the duty of the editor of that department to arrange material received, not to be the sole contributor. He is a member of only one class and can therefore gather at best only one-fourth of the many jokes given in and out of the class-rooms. Each class should have a recognized representative to report the witticisms and personals of his class. Such a reporter might be the secretary of the class; he might be appointed; or he might be elected as a regular class officer. Let us know each month in some way what the members of *your* class are doing.

After reading the Personals the next act of the average reader is to glance over the titles and authors of the articles. It is rather annoying, to say the least, to see articles signed by Robert Harrison, Matthew Smith, Jacob H. Hiestand, or Alfred Winner, articles which we know were written by students of Muhlenberg, but all under a pseudonym. Nomdepulmes may be defended in some cases but we cannot justify them in a college publication. Nor is the mere signing of initials satisfactory; the initials of one or two men at college may be known as well as, or better than, their names, but this is by no means the rule.

We do not know the reasons for using a fictitious name; perhaps it is from a sense of modesty, or a lack of courage to stand by convictions. However that may be, we want to know our contributors. If your views are radical, we will respect your courage in breaking away from tradition; throw off the cloak of modesty; write an article which you would be proud to publish anywhere.

Rev. Stettler in a well written article points out one of the problems facing the Church of Conservative Reformation and suggests how it may be met. The

keynote of his discussion is that to stand still and to retragrade is one and the same thing.

In a short story there must be unity; the writer must insert nothing that has not a direct bearing on the catastrophe and omit nothing that has. It seems to us that the second section of "The Big Game" could be entirely omitted; we are concerned only with Dick and Edith and not with Bill Clayton and his chum. As a whole, the story is very well told.

Although we could not put our stamp of approval on all the statements in "The Capitalist System" we were pleased to have the article in our last issue,—pleased because it portrays the keen interest of the writer in the study of present day problems. The diction and style are excellent; the article shows signs of careful preparation. But we feel that the writer could have been by far more persuasive by omitting the ironical exclamations or by combining them with a winning good-natured humor.

"Jones—Jones—Jones" is a novel and inetresting short story of how Jones rose from "biggest loafer" to "Jones, the prosperous man." From the grammatical errors and diction, we get the imperssion that the story was hastily written. There is only one method of keeping such errors out of manuscript and that is the somewhat tedious task of weighing each word by grammatical and rhetorical formulae and principles. But by a little practice we can learn to weigh each word, phrase, and sentence with surprising rapidity.

"Education by Absorption" by "Matthew Smith", "The Influence of the Italian Renaissance on Art and Literature" by W. L. Katz, "Internal Development" by "Alfred Winner", and "The Negro, America's Greatest Social Problem" by Kuder, are all well developed themes. The diction, style, proportion and material in all are good.

ATHLETIC.

The track team, under Coach Smith, has been doing very creditable work since the Easter vacation. In the preliminaries for the Penn relays six men ran the quarter on a slow track in less than 59 seconds. Shelly, Toebke, Bixler, Wacker, Grant and Schlegel are all doing good work in the quarter. Shelly, Bixler and Quinn are good in the dashes. Reiter and Janke are making good time in the long distance runs, while Skean, Snyder and Savacool, are doing well with the weights.

The following track schedule has been approved:

April 30—Penn Relays at Philadelphia.
May 7—Dual meet with Gettysburg College at Allentown.
May 18—Sophomore-Freshmen Interclass meet.
May 28—Penna. Inter-collegiate meet at Harrisburg.
June 4—Dual meet with Juniata College at Allentown.

The final game of the inter-class basket-ball series was played on March 22nd. The Juniors defeated the Seniors by the score of 21 to 16. This victory gave the Juniors the championship and they were conrequently awarded a large silver cup as a prize. The Junior team was in all probability the best balanced team that represented any one class. There were no particular stars on the team but every player was able to throw a goal when the opportunity presented itself. An occasional goal by a guard counts for a whole lot in a close game. Brandt, of the Juniors, excelled the rest of the guards in this respect, getting one or more goals in every game.

The teams had the following percentage at the close of the series:

Class	W.	L.	Pct.
Juniors	6	3	.666
Freshmen	5	4	.555
Sophomores	4	5	.444
Seniors	3	6	.333

The following statistics may be of interest to some of the students and others.

Player				
R. Shupp	'10	75	20	35
Reno	'13	56	24	8
Shelly	'12	42	17	8
Kline	'11	38	19	0
Keim	'13	37	11	15
Brandt	'11	30	14	2
Wunder	'11	28	14	0
Kleckner	'10	26	11	4
A. Butz	'11	26	3	20
Frederick	'12	26	13	0
Fink	'12	21	4	13
Hummel	'12	20	10	0
Skean	'13	20	10	0
Eberts	'11	17	8	1
Aberly	'10	14	7	0
Heller	'12	12	6	0
Sanders	'12	12	2	8
David	'13	12	6	0
Klingler	'13	5	2	1
F. Butz	'12	4	2	0
Leiby	'12	3	1	1
A. Shupp	'10	2	1	0
Huyett	'10	2	1	0
Bennet	'12	2	1	0

Wm. E. Brandt, '11, manager of the 1910 foot-ball team, has arranged the following schedule:

Sept. 28—Carlisle Indians at Carlisle.
Oct. 8—Webb Academy at Allentown.

Oct. 15—Open.
Oct 22—Not definitely closed.
Oct. 29—Delaware College at Newark, Del.
Nov. 5—Franklin and Marshall, at Allentown.
Nov. 12—Temple University at Allentown.
Nov. 19—Wyoming Seminary at Kingston.
Nov. 25—Carlisle Indian Reserves at Allentown.

PERSONALS.

Dr. E. (after discussing anything and everything under the sun but pedagogy)—Well, we'll continue from this point.

Dr. H. (in Psychology)—The other day a child was born with teeth.

Grant '11—That's nothing. Billy Bieber's child was born with a chew in its month.

Janke '12—What is a rebuttal?

Reisner '10—Why, a rebuttal is when a goat butts into a brick wall and the brick wall falls on the goat.

Prof. O. (in History)—Is anyone of you humming?

Class—No.

Kline '11—The toads in the biological room are laying eggs.

Dr. H. (in Psychology)—Can a horse be educated?

Class—Various answers.

Dr. H.—What was that, Mr. Grant?

Grant '11—My horse used to spell for me in my freshman year.

Since the Easter vacation a small number of the dormitory men were suffering from La Grippe.

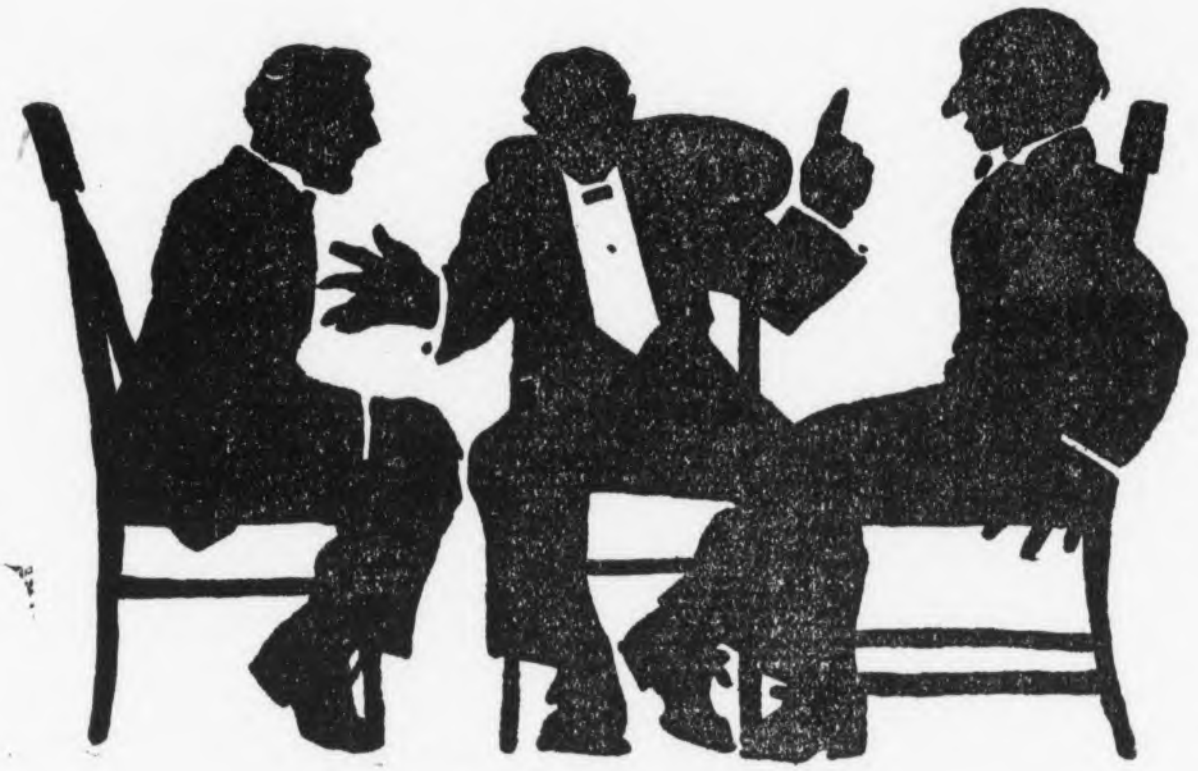
During the baseball game, class 1913 vs. Allentown High, the first game of the freshmen, Messrs. Groff and Cressman had the misfortune of colliding while endeavoring to catch a ball. Mr. Cressamn suffered from a severe cut above the eye. And Mr. Groff was pretty badly shaken up. We all wish them a speedy recovery.

On Friday evening, April 1st, a number of the men belonging to the Muhlenberg Dramatic Association helped in the rendition of "Richilieu", one of Bulwer-Lytton's plays, in a church at Catasauqua.

The College Glee Club rendered a program in the Lyric Theatre on the 5th of April, which reflects credit upon the college and an honor upon themselves. The audience appreciated and enjoyed the music and reciting immensely. On April the 8th the club rendered a fine program at Wilkes-Barre.

Eberts '11 (in Pedagogy)—Dr., don't you think that Allentown is about the worst town for dressed up women.

Dr. H. (who is visiting)—But you find some from Bethlehem parading the streets of Allentown.



EXCHANGES.

We were surprised to see that such a large percentage of our exchanges lack a fiction department. It is, no doubt, the most profitable for a student to spend a great deal of time in writing essays based on research. But if that student wishes to become a success in a literary way it is absolutely necessary that he should cultivate originality of style and diction through the agency of the short story.

Literature must cater to varied classes of people. There are those who have only the desire for solid, educational works but the economic conditions of our country are such that the majority of people are compelled to hurry through life. Such people must have relaxation and must have it in short periods. The only literary relaxation or such people is the short story. Hence we may well raise the cry for more fiction produced in the form of the short story.

Examples of exchanges devoid of stories and in some cases of literary material in general, are the Perkiomenite, Ball High School Review, The Mirror of Moravian Seminary, Xcellentidea, College Breezes and the Opinator.

The local joke is being greatly overdone in some of the journals which we have received. The Acorn has given us six pages of locals. Enough to fill a joke book.

The Xcellentidea contains an interesting article on historical buildings. Though our nation is still young we can point with unassumed pride to many spots of great historical interest.

We welcome again the Salem Commercial Quarterly, but we find a decided lack of originality in the literary departments.

The Mirror—Central High School of Philadelphia—is an excellent paper, well balanced in its departments and well written. Several of the stories deserve praise.

Wilfred was sitting upon his father's knee, watching his mother arranging her hair:

"Papa hasn't any marvel waves like that," said his father laughingly.

Wilfred looking up at his father's bald pate remarked, "Nope, no waves, it's all beach."—Ex.

"The Advent of Rags" in Junto is clever and original.

"The Place of the Indian in Art" in "The Red Man" deserves commendation. The true nature of the tepee dweller is given in a pleasing way. The author very aptly calls the Indian an "Artist-Artisan."

The March Issue of the Thielusian is very brief and we would suggest that an Exchange Department be added.

The use of a half page, from the center of an athletic article, for advertising purpose, shows bad taste and detracts a great deal from the general appearance of the Comus, Zanesville High School.

The literary department of The College Student is surely worthy of praise. "College Spirit" should be read by svery college man and its lessons should be carried out to the highest point of perfection.

"To shave your face and brush your hair;
And then your Sunday Clothes to wear;
That's preparation.

And then upon a car to ride,
A mile or two to walk beside;
That's transportation.

And then before the door to smile,
And think you'll stay a good long while;
That's expectation.
And then to find her,—not at home;
That's thunderation."—Ex.

We acknowledge the following exchanges. Come again:

The Comenian, Moravian College, Bethlehem; The Mirror, Moravian Seminary, Bethlehem; The Perkiomenite; The Acorn, Weber Academy, Ogden, Ill.; The Midland, Atchison, Kan.; The Review, Ball High School, Galveston, Texas; The Xcellentidea, Bellefonte Academy; Old Penn Weekly; The Salem Commercial School Quarterly; The Opinator, Wyoming Seminary; The Mirror, Central High School, Philadelphia; The College Folio, Alentown College for Women; The Purple & White, Allentown Prep. School; The Red & Black, Beth. Prep. School; Junto, Easton High School; The Misses Anable's School Monthly; The Argus, Findlay College; The Red Man, Carlisle Indian School; The Thielusian; The College Student, Franklin & Marshall College; The Buff & Blue, Gallande & Call; College Breezes, Gustavus Adolphus College; The Ursinus Weekly; The Sorosis, Penn. College for Women; The Breeze, Blair Academy; The Albright Bulletin; The Karux; The Hall Boy, Nazareth Hall; The Narrator, Schuylkill Seminary; The Mercersburg Academy Literary Magazine; The Leavitt Angelus, Leavitt Institute; The School Journal, Grove City, Pa.; The Crescent, Concordia College; High School News, Lancaster High School; The Carthage Collegian; The Academy Bulletin, Allegheny County Academy; The Scout, Park Region College; The Delaware College Review.

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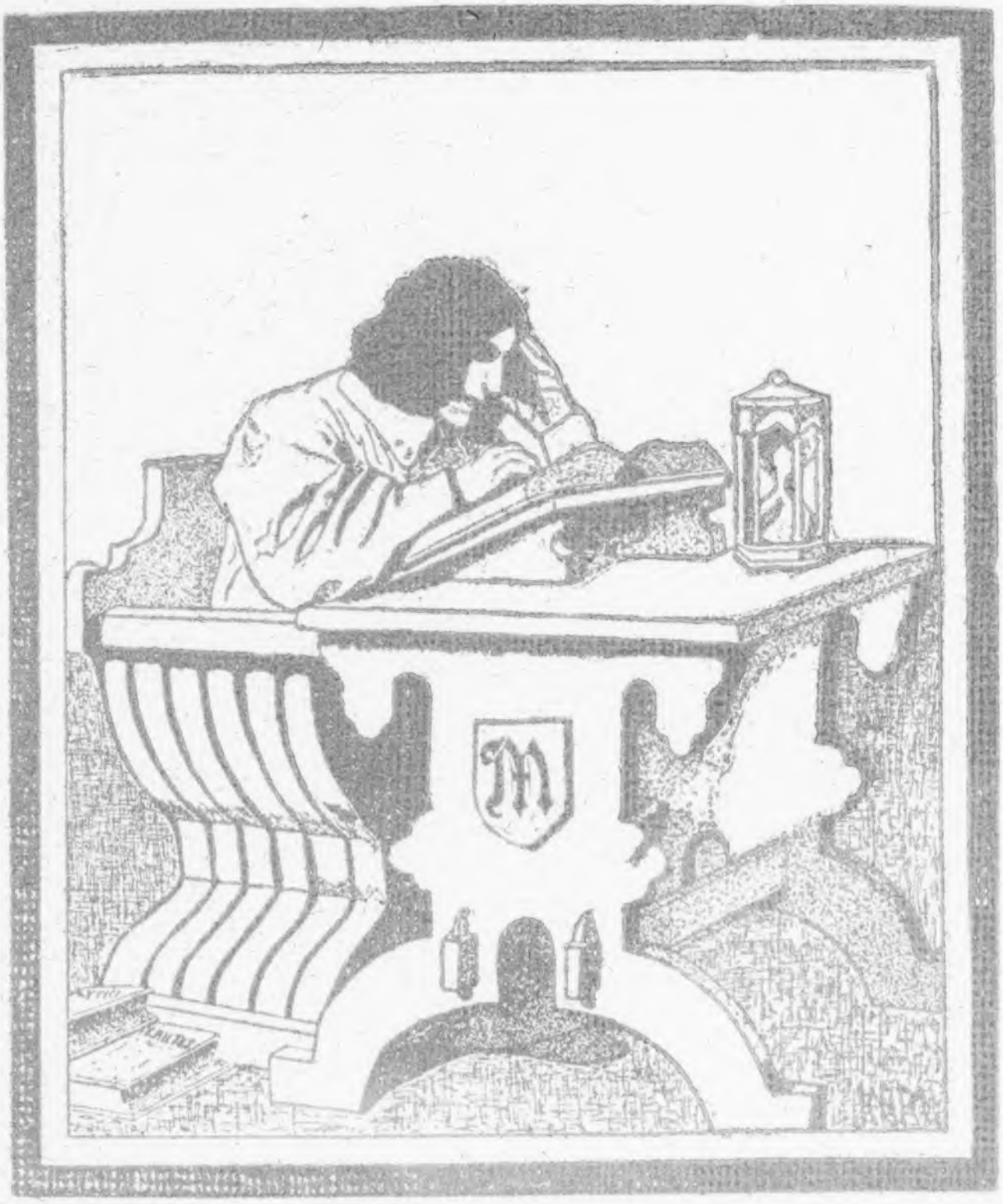

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A VICTOR OF SALAMIS.

HENRY W. SHELLY, '12.

"A Victor of Salamis" is a historical novel written by William Stearns Davis. In it are described many of the struggles between the Greeks and the Persians at Thermopylae, Platea and Salamis.

Glaucon, the son of Conon of Athens, loved and married for love alone Hermione, the daughter of Hermippus of Eleusis. Hermippus was Conon's mortal enemy, therefore, in his wrath, Conon disinherited his son Glaucon, the most handsome man in all Hellas. Later on, Conon repented of his action, and declared that he would forgive Glaucon, if he would win the parsely crown in the pentathlon.

The pentathlon was the most honourable of the games held at the isthmus. In the pentathlon, there were five events, leaping, discus-throwing, javelin-casting, foot-racing and wrestling. There were six contestants in the pentathlon. The day for the pentathlon drew at hand. The contest was keen and interesting, finally resolving itself into a struggle between Lycon of Sparta and Glaucon, the Beautiful. Glaucon finally won the contest and his name was heralded far and wide as the winner. One name was everywhere. "Glaucon, the Beautiful, who honors us all!" "Glaucon, the fortunate, whom the High Gods love!"

The contest being ended, Glaucon amid the stattiest procession proceeded to Eleusis to greet Hermione. Glaucon and Conon stood erect on a chariot drawn by four horses. The necks of the horses were wreathed with flowers; flowers hid the reins, the bridles, the chariot, and even its wheels. Themistocles, Democrates, and Simonides led the procession. As they approached Eleusis, Eleusinian youths greeted them and in a twinkling the horses were loosed and fifty arms dragged the car onward. Finally the jubilant procession halted at the gate of Hermippus. After roving his eyes for a long time from place to place, Glancon spied Hermione and leaped triumphantly from the chariot. The veil and the violet wreath fell from the head of Hermione when her face went up to her husband's. The blossoms that had covered the athlete shook over her like a cloud as his face met hers. "The beautiful to the beautiful!" The Gods reward well. Here is the fairest crown. For all Eleusis loved Hermione and would have forgiven far greater things from her than this.

Hermippus feasted the whole company; the crowd at long tables in the court, the chosen guests in a more private chamber. Since the small company was well selected, convention was waived and ladies were present. Hermione sat on a wide chair besides Lysistra, her comely mother. Directly across the narrow table, Glancon and Democrates reclined on the same couch. The eyes of husband and wife seldom left each other; their tongues flew fast; they never saw how Democrates hardly took his gaze from the fond Hermione.

At the repast, rumors were brought that Xerxes would begin his invasion of Greece in the spring with an army and navy large enough to conquer the Giants. It was further learned that

Mardonius, the leader of Xerxes' army, was in Greece.

Upon hearing this news, all Greece became excited. Callias went to the Temple of Opollo and there received the famour oracle:

"Safe shall the wooden walls continue for thee and thy children,
Wait not the tramp of the horse,
Nor the footman mightily noving
Over the land, but turn your abck to the foe, and retire ye.
Yet a day shall arrive when ye shall meet him in battle.
Oh, holy Salamis, thou shalt destroy the offspring of women,
When men scatter the seeds or when they gather the harvest."

The day after the banquet, Hermione and Glaucon went to Athens to the Temple of Athena, where they gave thanks to the Goddess for Glaucon's success at the Isthmus. This was the day of the Panathenea, the day on which Democrates, who was treasurer of Athens, was to make a complete report. Democrates had during the year used some of the state's money for his own service and had lost it in an investment, therefore was not ready for his report and in order to save himself, gave a forged document to the council with the seal of Glaucon, in which Glaucon was accused of having secret dealings with the Persians for the purpose of betraying Hellas.

When word of this reached Glaucon, he fell in a stupor, but since he was not able to vindicate himself and to be a traitor meant instant death, Hermione urged him to flee, which he did after much hesitation. Together with Phornico they left the city and went to Phaleron, where Phormico secured passage for Glaucon on "The Solon", a merchant vessel.

While the Solon was crossing the sea to Asia Minor, a great storm arose and drove the vessel on a rocky island, where it was wrecked. While the vessel was sinking, Glaucon rescued two Barbarian passengers, who were sinking in the angry sea. On the island, he learned that he had rescued Mardonius, the general of Xerxes, and Artazostra, the sister of Xerxes. After that he fell into a fever and it was many days before he knew anything again. When he awoke he found himself in a bed in the palace of Mardonius at Sardis. Here he remained many days, tenderly cared for by Artozostra and Roxana, Mardonius' half-sister.

Spring came and Xerxes came to the palace at Sardis, ready for his journey across the Hellespont. At the palace, Mardonius held a grand reception for Xerxes, in honor of the new campaign, and at this reception introduced Glaucon, who then had donned the scarlet and purple robe of the Persians. Xerxes became very fond of Glaucon, who, nevertheless, was very insolent to him, and after changing his name to Prexaspes, made him a general in the army.

The army advanced from Sardis, crossed the Hellespont and in a short time reached Thermopylae, the gateway of Hellas. Here in the pass of Thermopylae, they were opposed by 300 Spartans under Leonidas, all day long. The 10,000 Immortals under Hydarnes tried to drive the Spartans from the pass, but all their efforts were in vain. Night came on and the fighting ceased with the Spartans still in possession of the pass. That night Epialtes, a Greek, betrayed a secret pass across the mountain to the Persians. Glancon was in the rear of the army and did not fight against his countrymen, but was present at the betrayal of Epialtes.

After Greece had been betrayed, Glaucon, who still loved his country more than life itself, determined to put at nought the work of Epialtes. Returning to his tent, he put on his Greek uniform and much to thevexation of Artazostia and Roxana left the Persian army and went to fight for his country. The next morning 301 Greeks faced the Persians, but the assault from the front and from the Persians coming over the nits was too great for them. The Greeks fought valiantly, but finally were cut down to the last man. After the battle, Mardonius, while walking among the slain, heard moans coming from beneath a pile of apparently dead men. Quickly he located the man and found him to be none other than Glaucon. He took him to the rear of the Persian Army and then together with Artazostra and Roxana endeavored to save his life, which they finally accomplished.

Now the Persians advanced on Athens. The Athenians fled to Salamis and left Athens in the hands of the Persians. The Persians, after plundering the city, burned it. At Athens, Mardonius aided Glaucon to escape to his people. Mardonius accompanied him all the long way from the point of Callirlive in Athens to the sea shore. Glancon protested, but the bow bearer would not hearken. "You have saved my life, Athenian," was his answer; "when you leave me now, it is forever." As Glaucon left him he said: "Beware of Democrates."

Let us now return for a moment to Hermione. Hermione's love for Glaucon did not change after he was accused of being a traitor to Hellas. Hermippus, Democrates, and all her friends denied him, but it was not thus with her. She believed he was still Glancon, the good, the true and the beautiful. Shortly after the departure of Glaucon. Democrates, the double character that was in love with Hermione and brought about the downfall of Glaucon, asked her father for her hand. Hermione, however, remained true to Glaucon.

When the Persians invaded Greece in the spring sorrow was everywhere, yet to one woman there came consolation. On Hermippus' door hung a glad olive wreath. Hermione had borne a son. Phoenix, the mother, called him for in him shall Glaucon, the beautiful, live again.

After word came to Athens that Leonidas was slain and Thermophylae was lost, dismay eneveloped the people. When the Persians were within the five days march of the city, "Athens, The City of the Violet Crown" was abandoned. Hermione and Phoenix also left the city and went to Salamis with the people.

Glaucon, upon leaving Mardonius at Athens, went over to Salamis to the Greek fleet, where he introduced himself to Themistocles as Critias, and secured employment as a deck hand on the Nausicaa, the flag ship of Themistocles. The next morning, the memorable battle of Salamis took place. The center of attack was the Nausicaa. It was only through the noble work of Glaucon that the onset of the Persians was withstood. By nightfall, the Athenian fleet had won a complete victory over the Barbarians and saved the destiny of Athens.

That evening Glaucon left the fleet and wandered as a stranger in Troezene. By a strange coincidence Hermippus with Hermione and little Phœnix settled there. It was while here that Glancon disguised as an Athenian sailor, first saw his child, kissed him, fondeled him and wept over

him. It was on the hill sides of Troazene that Glancon saw Hermione. Hermione was wandering on the hill sides when Democrates, the traitor and blasphemer, came to her and poured out his love to her. This she resented. Here he also endeavored to kiss her, and it was only through her shouting that Glancon came to the scene and rescued her. After the rescue she inquired the name of her preserver. The sailor looked into the lady's eyes and said: "I am nameless, you owe me nothing," and with this he quickly left her. After this she fainted and it was a long time before she opened her eyes in her chamber. Her first words were: "Glaucon, I have seen Glaucon!" Her mother tried to comfort her and said it was a dream to which Hermione replied "no dream, no dream! I have seen Glaucon face to face. In that instant he spoke and looked on me I knew him. He lives. He saved me. Ah! why does he stay away?" Over and over she would repeat over Phoenix' cradle: "Your father lives! I have seen him, I have seen him."

From the hill side, Glaucon went to the home of Phormio, his friend. Lampaxco, the wife of Phormio, disclosed to Democrates the presence of Glaucon. Democrates, with companions, comes to the house and binds Glaucon, Phormio and Lampaxco hand and foot, when Democrates was certain that he had Glaucon, he spoke aloud:

"Glaucon, I have played at dice with Fortune. I have conquered. I did not ruin you willingly. There was no other way. A man must first be a friend to himself and then to others. I have cast in my lot with the Persians. It was I who wrote the letter that blasted you at Colonus. Very soon there will be a great battle fought in Bretia. Lycon and I will make it certain that Mardonius conquers. I am to be tyrant of Athens. Hermione shall be my wife. With this we part. Farewell."

Glaucon, Phormio and Lampaxco were placed on board the Persian vessel Bozra, which sailed for Phoenicia, where they were to be sold as slaves. On the voyage the vessel met with the Nausicaa, commanded by Themistocles. A fight ensued, which was won by the Greeks. The Greeks boarded the vessel and found the bound three. The Greeks freed them and having learned through Glaucon that Hiram, the vessel's commander, had valuable papers from Democrates for the Persians, compelled him to hand them over. These papers betrayed the treachery of Democrates and showed that in a few days a battle would be fought in Bretia, in which Lycon and Mardonius would make it possible for the Barbarians to win.

With all speed the Nausicaa headed for Greece to save it from ruin by traitors. On arriving at the village of Oropus, Glaucon, who was entrusted with the message to save Hellas, began racing across the country. Three hundred and sixty stadia lay before him but this did not dismay him. On and on he ran. Enroute he overtread his ankle, which caused him severe pain, but he knew that the fate of a nation lay in his hands, so he continued his journey. It was long past midnight when he reached the Grecian camp. The betrayal message of Democrates was announced.

The next morning the Greeks and the Barbarian Army met at Platea. The Greeks entered the battle with the watch words: "Remember Leonadis, remember Thermopylae." After much hard

fighting the Greeks won the day. Mardonius and Artazostra and the leading dignataries of the Persians were killed and now free.

Meanwhile Themistocles started from Oropus towards Platea. On his way thither, he learned of the victory and met Democrates, whom he reproved and spoke thus "You have a friend, you blasted his good name, you sought his life, you sought his wife. You broke every bond human or divine to destroy him. At last your silent conscience strikes your thought. You did a deed of mercy in sending him in captivity to a death in life. Fool. Nemesis is not mocked. Glaucon now lies at death's door. He has saved Hellas, but at a price. The surgeons say he shall live but his foot will be crippled. Glaucon can never run again. You have brought him misery. You have brought anguish to Hermione, the noblest woman in Hellas, whom you—ah! mockery! professed to have in love. You have done worse than murder. Yet I have promised you escape this night." With this he extended to him a cup of hemlock. Democrates took the cup.

On the day that Thebes was capitulated the household of Hermippus left Troezene to return to Athens, where they had told Hermione all that had happened, the great good, the little evil, she did not faint, but the color arose to her cheeks, the lovelight to her eyes. She went to the cradle where Phoenix cooed and tossed his baby feet, and prayed for him to become fair in mind and lovely like his father.

The Nausicaa bore Glaucon and the victors of Platea to Piraeus. From Piraeus Glaucon was transported to Agora on a closed litter. Hermione was near the Agora at this time. She heard a shouting, a word running from lip to lip as a wave leaps over the sea.

"The beautiful, the fortunate, the deliverer. O, o Paean." She followed the litter to the Agora, where much to her joy, she discovered it was Glancon. In the presence of the crowd Husband greeted Wife. Glancon, when Athens had deemed him free, had returned.

THE SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE COLLEGE MAN.

LUTHER B. SCHEEHT, '13.

There are three phases of a college man's life, the intellectual, the athletic, and the social. To obtain perfection along all these three lines is an impossibility and should never be attempted. Some degree of perfection may be gained along any two. For example one may be an excellent scholar and a good athlete by neglecting one's social side; another may be a good scholar and of high social position by neglecting athletics, while a third may win fame in athletics and be prominent in social life, but a failure in the class room. Each of these has its proper place in the life of a college man. The social side is perhaps the one most neglected by the students at Muhlenberg. Lessons and athletics receive more than their due share of attention, social culture suffering in consequence. Attendance at moving-picture shows and cheap theatrical performances does not necessarily enter into a reasonable definition of social development. But the cultivation of social tact is effected thru communication and association with men and women of genuine culture. The social world is not the secret of how to move among men so much concerned with the amount of knowledge one possesses as how one expresses what one knows. One of the chief benefits of an education is to teach with the least amount of friction possible. This can be realized, not by theoretical education, but by practical social influence. A man may be as wise as Socrates, whom the oracle of Apollo hailed as the wisest of men, and yet be a failure, due salely to inability to conduct himself properly in the company of others.

How then can the college man, more specifically, the Muhlenberg man, better utilize his opportunities for social development? There are numerous ways. To point out a few by way of suggestion.

There should be more frequent calls made between students. A common excuse why this is not so is that there is too much work to permit visiting. On the other hand, one cannot study for an entire evening without a pause. Such short intervals might profitably be spent in another fellow's room in conversation of a light and chatty nature, and one would then return to his work much refreshed.

Another way to reach the desired end is to take part in all the social affairs of the college and literary societies. A good many of us are prone to sit in the background at social functions and to be, as it were, mere "wall-flowers." We ought all to take an active part in such affairs, to become acquainted with as many people as possible, and engage in lively conversation with the ladies. In this way we not only help to make the affair a success, but also do that which is more important, namely, learn how to conduct ourselves in society.

College men should above all things be good "mixers," should be able to revive conversation during the dull moments which occur at most gatherings of young people. At such a time the college man is looked to for assistance, and, if it is not forthcoming, he must undergo severe humiliation. Therefore

the advantages of social intercourses can readily be seen. By mingling in society whenever he is offered the opportunity the college student will be better fitted to take his proper place in life, and will reflect credit upon his Alma Mater.

REVERIES.

I.

By the side of yonder mountain
  On an elevated height
There's a group of stately buildings,—
  Do you know the famous sight?
For the fog that's from the meadow
  And the breeze that's blowing nigh
Seem to whisper to me once again
  Of College days gone by.
Come thou back to dear old Muhlenberg
  The breezes seem to say,
Come thou back and spend with us once more
  Another College day.

II.

From the class room comes the humming
  Of an animated crowd,
And a flood of song and cheering
  On the air floats long and loud.
From the desk the master's voice
  Sends forth a stock of ancient lore,
And I hear again those breezes sigh
  As oft I did before.
Come thou back to dear old Muhlenberg
  The breezes seem to say,
Come thou back and spend with us once more
  Another College day.

III.

From the tower I see the banner
  Of the Cardinal and Gray,
As it slowly is unfolding
  Like the breaking of the day,
And to all the sons of Muhlenberg
  The loyal and the true,
It is making echoes of the past
  To live the life anew.
Come thou back to dear old Muhlenberg
  The breezes seem to say,
Come thou back and spend with us once more
  Another college day.

Paul P. Huyett, '10.

THE WINNING OF THE WAGED.

SOPH, '12.

"Well, hurrah, we're here!" shouted Captain Fred. Fearnot with satisfaction as he and his companion, "Dick" Slater reached Perrysville after travelling in a balloon over 800 miles. "We're here, I say," he emphasized as he noticed that his companon, "Dick" Slater showed a disinclination to share his enthusiasm.

"Yes, I'll admit, we're here," nadded the addressed rather pessimistically," but the deuce is, can we reach Groversville before to-morrow noon? It's a confounded long distance and you know, if we're not there by to-morrow noon, we lose the wager."

"That I know only too well, and we'll start out again as soon as we've had supper. I think we'd better eat to-morrow's meals in the balloon, to save all time possible."

"Just what I was about to suggest."

Tying the balloon with a stout cord to a near-by tree, the two men disappeared in an adjacent restaurant where they, after "taking care of" an excellent supper apiece, took with them sufficient supplies to last until to-morrow noon. More gas was speedily pumped into the balloon and the last stretch was started upon.

Up! up! up! the ballon arose. So high were they that objects below appeared very diminutive, indeed. Finally, objects below could no longer be distinguished. Trees, people, barns, had some indefinite shapes and that was all.

The time was June, and the evening was ideal. To say that the air was not exhilarating and consequently of no particular benefit to the imbibers of the same, would be to speak falsely. On this evening the air was unusually fine and the excitement which the novel project furnished was sufficient stimulus to add very healthy hues to the rugged features of both—both being athletic and of finest pattern.

On they flew. The vast stretch of animate and inanimate objects lay all the time before them. How lordly one feels when up in a balloon in a position to look down and behold all things at one's feet! What a dominating spirit arises in any normal-minded man as he finds himself off the earth and above things! Just so Fearnot and Slater felt. Both had travelled many miles in balloons—in winter and in summer, in storm and in sunshine. However, on this ideal June evenig both were thrilled more thoroughly by the exhilarating atmosphere and so on, as never they had been before.

All night they flew through air. Neither man cared to sleep. Anxiety such as was theirs not permit sleep. Morning came. Ten o'clock, 11 o'clock. Could they reach Groversville in time to win the wager.

Quite likely questions of this nature were not left undiscussed by them. The minutes flew—so they did. They must be near Groversville. Fred. Fearont had been there several times before—and yes, they were near Groversville. Hurrah! There was the town. It could just about be seen. Then, closer, closer, closer. They were above it. Quickly loosening the parachute both men descended, just in time to win the $500

wagered. It had been an exciting flight and both were rather exhausted but still of sufficient strength to be able to treat the unfortunate loser of the money to as many "chocolate sodas" as he could enjoy—and with safety.

Muhlenberg, Dear Muhlenberg,
To thee we sing with pride,
May thy fame be ever known
O'er country far and wide
In joyful tune we sing to thee—
We cherish every hour
Spent within thy honored walls
For wisdom, might and power.

We hope thy worthy faculty,
Who ever have been kind,
Many days of joy and bliss
Within these halls may find.
To schoolmates, classmates, one and all,
We'll ever true remain,
And though we may be far apart
Our hearts shall be the same.

Muhlenberg, O Muhlenberg,
Thou foster mother dear,
For precious gifts received from thee
We'll highly thee revere.
Thy colors, cardinal and gray,
We ever will adore,
And every effort in life's work
Shall serve to praise thee more.

Muhlenberg, Dear Muhlenberg,
The college loved so well,
None can find more happy hearts
Than ours, while here we dwell.
Forever we will shield thy name,
Both firm and loyal be,
Evert hy praises we will sing
While sailing on life's seas.

Geary E. Everitt, '10.

RELIGIONS AND MORAL IDEAS OF AESCHYLUS.

PAUL MANNER, '10.

The position of Aeschylus on questions of religion and morality is especially interesting in view of the condition of thought at his time. The great mass of people still had unbroken faith in the gods and the old legends concerning them; but these conceptions no longer served to satisfy the keen inquiring minds wbich now began to delve into the mysteries of the universe on the basis of reason. These thinkers attempted a philosophical explanation of the universe and its order; and in that early period in the history of Philosophy these speculations satisfied the reason as well as giving an even freer rein to imagination than before. Hence there arose a considerable class whose religious beliefs were considerably at variance with those which had been most generally accepted in the past. It was in this age that Aeschylus lived; conservative in his beliefs, he attempted a reconciliation between the opposing forms. In this effort he was fairly successful, raising the Greek religion to a point it has not reached before his time.

The popular religion had always been full of inconsistencies; Aeschylus now attempted to construct some sort of an orderly system. He conceived of Zeus as the ruler of the universe. He it was who ordered all things, and to whom all things must render obedience. The other deities were but instruments of his will This conception of the rulership of things is almost monotheistic, and was inconsistent with the popular polytheism; for the popular religion merely presented Zeus as the "King of gods and men," full of frailties and contradictory qualities.

However, although Aeschylus thought of Zeus as the supreme ruler of things, he did not picture him as a self-willed King. Zeus could not act with injustice, and never assisted evildoers. There is Justice in the Universe which controls even him. This Justice is called Fate, Necessity, or Destiny. In the case of an especially great offence, the Furies, who were pictured as the relentless instruments of fate, were entrusted with the work of vengeance. These Furies together with the rest of the gods of the lower world belonged to an earlier order of leities, and represent that idea of justice which inflicts punishment strictly in accordance with the letter of the law. Zeus and his deities belong to a later order, and are milder; they take into consideration the spirit of the law as well as its letter.

The punishment of a crime is not always inflicted upon the guilty individual alone, but a curse frequently comes upon his family, and the Furies pursue their vengeance for several generations. This idea of the inheritance of evil is very remarkable and interesting.

Aeschylus professes unbelief in the old idea that the gods envied an especially fortunate man; good fortune should in justice come to the man who deserves it. No hope is held out for a reward of virtue in a later life; all benefits are promised for this life only. He believes that "all things are indifferent to the dead, they feel neither pleasure nor pain."

Essential Points in the Training of Teachers.

Ben. Hall, '10.

In looking at the work of a teacher we see that his work is devoted almost exclusively to education. There are two questions which may now confront us: (1) What is education? and (2) What is its aim? Various definitions have been given for education. One of these definitions is the following: "Education is the development of the powers of man and the furnishing of his mind with knowledge." "The comprehensive aim of education," says a noted educator and teacher, "is to prepare man to fulfill the purposes of human existence; i. e. to live completely." These purposes include the perfection of man's nature for his highest well-being and happiness, and his preparation for the right discharge of all the obligations an duties which spring from his relation to his fellows, to society, to the state, and to God. The purposes of a complete life touch all the relations of man as man, and hence tax all his powers and activities.

The three great phases of education which tend to accomplish this "comprehensive end" are: moral education, intellectual education, and physical education. The success of moral education depends largely upon the teacher's power of discipline and his personal influence upon the individual, and the additional intellectual training which enables the individual to comprehend more fully the moral problems confronting him. The success of intellectual education is dependent upon two factors: the subject-matter which affords the supply of knowledge, and the method used in presenting this subject-matter. The physical development of man, although necessary for the successful accomplishments of moral and intellectual education is not of such great concern to the teacher, dealing as he does with the intellect and morality. The student in his charge will, in the majority of cases, receive an adequate physical development without any direct supervision by the teacher, and therefore the teacher does not play a large part in the physical education of any individual.

It is a question whether moral or intellectual education is the chief element in determining the worth of any one. Both of them are essential, and each makes it possible for the other to be effective—each is dependent upon the other. But the moral training is a very difficult phase of education, and in order to bring about the proper result the teacher must be cautious in his personal bearing, skillful in his discipline, and sincere in the moral principles which he advocates. The teacher's personal bearing goes very far toward making or unmaking character in his pupils. Even though his method of discipline and his moral principles be correct, if his own personal habits are faulty his pupils will either, through habits of imitating, copy his habits and receive the impress of these habits upon their own character, thus making the teacher's work ineffective, or they may even be able to note the defects in his habits and, because of this, disregard the principles which he advocates and the spirit and motives of his disciplinary acts.

To bring about the best intellectual training it is necessary that the proper

subject-matter be presented to the individual. The teacher ought to be able, as nearly as is possible, to present such knowledge to the pupil as is of most worth to him. This worth should be measured not only by the future benefit which he is to derive from possessing such knowledge, but also by the mental drill which is obtained from the acquiring of such knowledge. The teacher needs, therefore, to have a clear conception of the relative value of each branch of knowledge in order that he may be able to advocate the study of that branch which will be best fitted for the proper needs and wants of the pupil.

But the teacher is to know not only what the pupil needs and what will supply their need to the greatest possible extent; he is to know also what method to employ in presenting this knowledge to the mind of the pupil. The teacher may be ever so able in discovering what knowledge is best for the pupil, but if he is unable to present that knowledge in such a way that the pupil will be able to absorb it, the results will prove fruitless and his work will have been in vain.

Having regarded the work of the teacher, we now turn to the teacher's preparation. It is necessary that he have the proper training so that he may be fully qualified to fulfill his duties and to cope with the problems that present themselves before him. The teacher with an insufficient training will prove as disastrous in an educational system as will a defective wheel in a machine. We may even say that he will prove more disastrous. For, would it not be a far greater loss for an educational system to produce an ill-made character or a mind wrongly developed, than if a machine should bring forth a poorly-made product? It is exceedingly imperative that the training of the teacher be of the very best.

It is, therefore, important for that college which offers training to teachers, that it employ the very best methods of training. Thea verage teacher, we are safe in saying, will carry with him the training he receives, and, in fact, the very essence of its entire system, and will put them into practice as he interprets them. It is needful, then, that the teacher be so trained that he will be able to take the proper interpretation and that the impressions which he receives be of the very best. We believe we are not in error when we assert that almost invariably the success of education rests upon the teacher, that the success of the teacher depends upon his training, and that this training is the result of the labors of the institution which affords this training.

Inasmuch, then, as the effects of education are felt in almost all the vicissitudes of life it is evident that the college which sends forth a large number of teachers will exert a great influence upon all such as are brought under the guidance of the teacher. And the benefits thus directly and indirectly received, provided its system of training is a good one, will be great beyond measure.

AN ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENT.

PAUL PHILLIP HUYETT, '10.

The center of attraction was a tall individual with a somewhat gloomy aspect which almost approached repellent. His full dress suit appeared at some time or other to have encased a more bulky person. A high forehad indicated culture and refinement. His scanty locks, now turned an iron-grey, seemed hardly to belong with those almost youthful lips and eyes. But the wrinkles on that noble brow were not the furrows of age, nor perhaps were the scanty locks colored by the same cause. Intense mental suffering had marred that visage and deep sorrow placed its mark upon it.

These were my hasty observations regarding the strange figure as I handed the waiter my hat and coat. Making my way to a group of the boys not far away I soon lost sight of the man in the hearty greetings of my classmates. The first flush of greetings over, my glance again encountered the figure in the loose dress coat. "Who is that fellow taking such a gloomy view of street scenery?" said I turning to Bob Hartman at my elbow.

"That's Doc Allison."

"Doc Allison's a dead one."

"Tut! tut!" and Hartman gently pushed me away. "I refuse to incriminate myself. The story is a long one and besides I promised to amuse the crowd with it after the banquet." That settled it. When Hartman commanded, everyone obeyed.

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The banquet had everything in common with all well-regulated class reunions. There was an air of utter unrestraint about the place. Wine flowed freely and the jester and joker followed the law of the survival of the fittest. Dignitaries of thirty-five and forty-two were school boys again. Such was the state of affairs when the toast-master arose to introduce the last speaker.

"Gentlemen," he began, "according to the history of the state of New York and our own recollections, about nine years ago a member of our class,—I am sorry to say,—paid the penalty of his crime in the electric chair. To-night we have a gentleman present who claims that that particular part of history is a lie and that our memories have played us false, which fact his very presence here asserts. Our worthy classmate, Dr. Hartman, whose integrity has always held a high place in our minds defends the gentleman's assertions. I now call on Dr. Eugene E. Hartman to prove his case."

There was an interval of oppressive silence. All eyes were trained upon the speaker as he slowly rose from his banquet seat. He had the air of a man who is not quite sure of himself. In a moment he collected his thoughts and a look of determination flashed from his eyes as he cleared his throat with a long "hem!"

"Had I the ability of a story-teller, gentlemen, I would paint you a series of human events so strange that they would turn a page from Poe green with envy. Since I am no Poe we'll go on with the story.

"You are all, no doubt, familiar with Dr. Allison's story up to the time of his removal from mortal society; but to

make my story clear let me give you a little review. As you know, Doc and I drifted together in our freshman year. How that happened is unrecorded history. Doc was scientific, I was classi ical. At least I was classical until Allison gave me an exhibition with the spectrum, accompanied with a scientific lecture and I changed my creed. It has been science ever since. I dreamed of a pocket-wireless telephone; Doc dreamed of an invention with which electrocuted animals might be resuscitated. In fact his dreaming was so intense and continal that after graduation his father built us a small laboratory at the end of the lot in which to continue our experiments. He built it at the end of the lot because he said that if at any time we were compelled by the failure of our own experiments to soar upward we would destroy no personal property except our own.

"For more than ten months Doc's experiments followed a slow but steady line towards success, until he had time and time again resuscitated animals which had been submitted to a current of fifteen or twenty volts. This experiment he had successfully performed upon his own dog "Major."

"Here I must, however, beg your indulgence, for a little side issue. To be exceedingly frank there is a woman in the case. Allison paid particular attention to one girl and to one only. Nor were his attentions repelled until a famous sea-shore "resorter" claimed the girl for his summer acquaintance and accompanied the family to their home town. Allison raised a protest, a quarrel resulted and the two parted in anger. Strange to say the whole town was aware of the fact in short order. Well, to make a long story short, the girl married the sea-shore acquaintance and Doc resumed his experiments as if nothing had happened.

"It is necessary to trace the course of the former persons for a short time, since it directly bears on the story. The brilliant society idol got tired of his quiet, home-loving wife sooner than he expected. He soon found another affinity and there was strife in the family. Matters came to a crisis when his wife asked him to denounce certain charges made against him, refusing to believe him guilty. He refused and attempted to clear out. She attempted to detain him and received a death blow with a chair for her pains.

"When the murderer realized the position in which he had placed himself by that fatal blow he decided something must be done and that quickly; a moment's meditation gave him the clue. His wife had quarreled with her former lover; why not make him responsible for the crime? Taking up the body he carried it to Allison's yard and placed it within twenty feet of the laboratory near a pile of packing and boxes used to convey apparatus. To finish the work he placed a few blood stains on a piece of lumber in the pile near by. He laughed at his own ingenuity. Circumstantial evidence was too weighty to let any man in Doc Allison's position escape.

"That evening as I left the laboratory Doc told me that he intended to work late. He had an important experiment on hand that could not be delayed. At three in the morning Allison locked up the laboratory and started for home. A white object near the rubbish pile attracted his attention. He investigated and was horrified to find the dead body of his former friend. He immediately notified the police and the body was removed to the morgue.

"The police searched the premises for a clue and examined the finder of the body, to the end that the whole town was aroused when they heard that Elbert Allison had been arrested for the murder of Mrs. De Camp.

"The plot was well laid. No one was ready to beleive him guilty, for Allison had a clear record, but no one was quite ready to deny that the evidence was strong. After a brilliant legal battle of more than four weeks Allison was convicted of murder in the first degree.

"Doc took his sentence as calmly as possible. His mother was on the verge of insanity. His father had the appearance of a man who has staked all in the fight and lost. As for myself I was never quite sure whether I was awake or in some hideous dream.

"My most vivid recollection is the eve of the execution. When I visited Doc in his cell for the last time he greeted me with a smile and carefully slipped a piece of paper into my outstreched hand. After a short conversation I shook hands with my dearest friend for the last time, I thought, and departed.

"My mind was so bewildered that I entirely forgot Allison's note which I had carelessly thrust into my coat-pocket. Taking it out I read:

"Bob, do me a favor. After the execution get my body from the authorities, if possible. Take it to the laboratory and try the experiment. If we win we cheat the electric chair of at least one victim; if we lose,—well, it's all the same."

I realized there was no time to lose. I snatched my hat from the hall-rack and hastened to the Allison residence. In a few words I explained to Allison, Sr., what I wanted. At first his father refused, saying it was useless; the governor would do no such thing. But I prevailed and Mr. Allison went. I waited that night until he returned. To our surprise the governor had complied with the request and I now had in my hand an order of the governor for the body of Elbert Allison to be delivered into my hands as soon as the physician had declared the victim dead.

"The next day was a gloomy one. The execution came off without any unusual excitement and within fifteen minutes after life had been declared extinct the body of Doc Allison was in the laboratory.

"No one knew of our project except Allison, Sr., and myself, and his father did not want to see the experiment. Immediately I took the body, placed it in the same position as that in which we used to place our other experimental subjects. Adjusting the apparatus I formed a circuit with the body and closed it. Applying intermittent electrical impulses of fifteen volts, in the same rythm as respiration, I attempted to induce artificial respiration. For fifteen minutes there was no result. I doubled the voltage and again no result. I was almost ready to despair when an idea occurred to me. In the electric chair fourteen hundred volts had been applied to the victim. Why not apply that amount now? I dropped the gauge to fourteen hundred and turned on the current. For a minute of intense mental anxiety there was no result. Then there was a slight heaving of the chest and the inherited fear of ghosts put my hair on end. Another movement of the same kind proceeded, but still the respiration seemed artificial. It continued, however, and continued until it was perfectly natural. Suddenly such a violent agitation set in that the body tore itself loose from

the apparatus and went through all the contortions of an epileptic victim. Aroused by the noise, Allison, Sr., came in, and together we placed the body in more comfortable quarters, not without difficulty, however. This agitation continued with short intermissions for almost three hours. At the end of that time Allison gained consciousness, but as yet no recollective powers. We called in a physician who shared our secret, and he administered a soothing draught to the patient, who of necessity was extremely weak and needed rest after such violent exertions.

"The next morning the patient woke calm and collected. At the advise of the physician, Doc was shipped off to South America, where he soon recovered completely and has nine years been a successful chemist. He has returned to us to-night, perhaps, because by the sworn statement made by a prominent millionaire on his death-bed at the Bellview Sanatorium, is exonerated, and the husband is the self-confessed murderer of Mrs. De Camp."

There was a moment's silence as the speaker sat down. Then the toastmaster leaped on a chair—"one, good yell for Allison! Now, all together! one, two, three—."

SOME OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM CONSIDERED.

G. HOWARD GELSINGER, '10.

No movement so vitally touches the problems of present day America as does Socialism; and no movement has ever had such difficulty in gaining that consideration to which its attitude entitles it. Yet the Socialist propoganda has become one of the most significant things of the century, and the unwearied supporters of the movement are at length beginning to see some of the results of their labor. The spread of Socialist sentiment is, in spite of the obstacles placed in its way, so rapid as almost to confound belief. It was not very many years ago that a Socialist was looked upon as a freak—a mental incompetent full of impossible dreams. In a comparatively short time the opponents of the movement have come to recognize that its supporters are filled with earnest purpose and possess that indomitable spirit of self sacrifice and devotion which only zealous activity in a cause for the up-lifting of mankind can impart. Many of the brainiest men of the country are vigorously fighting for Socialism; and the remaining brainy men are fighting to the limit of their powers against it—and even then absolutely fail to bring its spread to a standstill. The recent election in Milwaukee in which almost the entire governing power of the city was turned over to Socialists was an eyeopener for some mossbacks, who still have their mental being in the period when it was firmly believed that Socialists waited to "divide up." Men are beginning to see that it is no longer necessary to become a Democrat to escape from Republican misrule, or vice versa; the freshness and cleanliness of ideas upheld by the Socialist party offer a welcome relief from graft and misrule.

The opponents of Socialism offer var-

ious objections, but these may usually be summed up under five heads: (1) It has no real place in its scheme for the family; (2) The Freedom it seeks would be a new slavery; (3) It thinks an ideal moral condition will result from an ideal economic condition; (4) Socialism misinterprets labor, placing its emphasis on manual abor, and not giving sufficient credit to the mental part; (5) Confusion of a livable world with religion.

It is worthy of note that all these objections are aimed at its spirit and not at its feasibility. The fact is, present day thinkers do not argue that Socialism will not work out; their fear is that it will work out only too well. Of the objections enumerated only the second really deserves consideration; the others arise either out of an incomplete knowledge of Socialist teaching, or from a faulty point of view.

With respect to the family under Socliaism much has been written; and this because some men whose names are eminent in the history of Socialist thought, have opposed marriage and the family relation, teaching free love. But the teaching of free love is by no means a distinctly Socialist failing; and, in addition, to mingle the questions of free love and economic reform implies an even less regard for the fitness of things than the Socialist is credited with having. One thing is sure—free love is not a part of Socialist propoganda. There is, however a decided tendency toward the idealisation of the State; and in this some of our opponents profess to see a real danger to the family relation. They fear a practical working out of a sort of Plato's Republic. But they fail to realize that Socialists can and do idealise the State only in so far as is consistent with a reasonable amount of individual freedom. There are certain elements inherent in the very fibre of man's moral and mental being which neither Socialism nor any other ism can ever hope to alter or eradicate. There is implanted in human kind a moral standard which finds the idea of the destruction of the family absolutely repugnant and intolerable; and such subversive teaching can never hope to gain more than a limited circle of adherents. It is, therefore, on the very face of it, absurd to argue that Socialism has no place for the family; even if it had none, it would have to provide one! The idealisation of the state can never be carried farther than is consistent with individual ideas of independence and moral rectitude.

The same arguments apply when we come to consider the second objection. There are, however, several other points which should be considered. That the functions of the State will be much extended, is very true; and that a corresponding curtailment of personal liberty will follow, must also be admitted. Even at the present time this idea of the State is rapidly gaining ground, and in its development is fully in line with the Socialist plan. The State is coming to interfere more and more in questions of health, sanitary conditions, etc., and this interference is an undoubted limitation of personal freedom. Yet this growing activity of the State meets with the fullest approval of the people, and it is only by their will that it can continue. Its efforts are wholly directed toward the greatest good of the greatest number, and offers enormous possibilities for the raising of the race-standard, and the consequent rapid growth of civilisation and its comforts. According to all pre-

sent indications we must stand convinced that this development is bound to continue; and a little consideration will show that it need not continue long until it becomes decidedly Socialistic in the fullest sense of the term. It is utterly useless to combat the inevitable; better by far to fully relaize what the growth means, and prepare to fit in with it.

Now as to the charge that Socialism teaches that an ideal moral condition will arise out of an ideal economic condition. Any person who is willing to investigate matters a little, can soon demonstrate to his own satisfaction that this charge is an overstatement. Socialists do not teach that an ideal state of morality will follow on the introduction of ideal economic conditions; they do not even teach that their system will be ideally perfect. It is the object of the Socialist program to put affairs on such a basis that much of that which under the present system counts for vice and crime will be elimninated; and they naturally expect that such a course will materially lessen the misery prevalent under Capitalism. The introduction of the co-operative Commonwealth will give each individual a juster share in the wealth of the nation; and that this will have consequences of immense moral moment must be self evident to the most biased. Larger responsibility will tend to call out the very best there is in a man, and moral growth will thus receive a greated impetus than ever before in the world's history. Unless we wish to fly in the face of all history, and deny that the human race is capable of advancement, we must admit that a new economic order of the kind proposed by Socialism will inevitably bring about a correspondingly high standard of moral well-being—and this is all that is claimed.

The charge is also made that Socialism misinterprets labor, placing its emphasis on manual labor, and not giving sufficient credit to the mental part. This objection arises for the most part from a misconception of Socialist teaching. From the very nature of things Socialists are required to have sound information on Economic Theory; and it is rather absured to make a charge which insinuates their ignorance of what Economics regards as productive factors. That they realize well enough the importance of direction and oversight is amply proved by the fact that their proposed system provides minutely for those very important factors.

Lastly, they "confuse a livable world with religion." This objection also arises from a misconception. Some Socialists are heard to say, "My religion is Socialism," and straight way the bystanders form all sorts of possible and impossible conjectures to explain the remark; and the explanation usually given is that Socialists mean that they are perfectly satisfied with a heaven on earth, a heaven whose pleasures are the pleasures of the belly. They fail to realize that in that simple remark is expressed the sublimest conviction of a pure conscience; that the speaker had in mind the highest ideals of which the human heart is capable. He was giving expression to the purest of Christian thought—that humanitarianism and philanthrophy which is the very cornerstone of Socialist philosophy. Socialism endorses, as does no other system, the Christian command of love for one's neighbor; and the Socialist obtains the fire of his holiest enthusiasm from this unselfish love which he not only preaches, but really and actually feels. It is perhaps on this point more than on any

other that Socialists have been misunderstood. Men almost universally fail to recognize their singleness of purpose, their purity of motive; if they will but stop to consider the peculiar power of the spirit back of the movement, they will abandon the struggle and join with Socialists in raising the plane of humanity, and hasten the time when peace and good will shall be to all. No movement for good was ever lost; Socialism must eventually triumph. With this conviction we can calmly face the future, assured that the pleasures we may not enjoy, will be enjoyed in their fulness by our descendants.

"THE UNDERTOW."

OLIVER TUTTLE, '10.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at its flood leads to Fortune."

Shakespeare spoke of Fortune in the affairs of men. Let us consider the great force which impels that tide and what it may be to make for contentment.

In no time in the world's history has there been a larger number of men adrift on the sea of life as in this twentieth century, at no time has there been a larger unrest in the hearts and minds of men than now and yet there has not been thruout all the ages, a time when there have been more quiet harbors to welcome men to anchor, never more quiet paths leading to solitude. Men are cast headlong into the hurly-hurly of present day life, impelled by such a tremendous force of material desire that the doctrine of 'what will it profit for me' has handed the cup of hemlock even to the sober reflections of our highest thought.

But why this title, why these words? What shall lead men, the great surging sea of the world, to be calm and to reflect to the blue of heaven such sunshine as was given to penetrate the depths of men's souls. Let us look for our answer to the lives of men.

What man is there who has not felt a keen thrill on discovering some new attainment of young childhood as it comes into contact with the human sense, that sense which instinctively draws all humanity into one great sympathetic whole?

What man is there who has not experienced the successive revelations of life's advancing stages and not felt here a new wonder, a new joy, on opening the book of life, the spreading leaves of which tell of selfformed and character moulded and destiny forecast.

What man is there who does not look forward to a ripe maturity when he shall reflect with satisfaction on a well directed mind, the governance of whose body shall give posterity a heritage of strength and joy?

But it is this last stage which we find least sought. By the time men have reached it their lives have been so overrun by the barnacles of self-indulgence that simple pleasures are dross. Their very life blood has been drained by empty, fleeting joys and they can no more study men with the just clear

judgement of one who pursues only the best. Learn men, know men. Such knowledge will not only make the first successes of your life, but will bring you into that communion with men which will be a source of strength in raising them a little higher than we found them.

Study men, not simply as one who experiments, weighing the effect of one life force against another, but for the inspiration of tracing the fount of their nobler impulses, the ultimate end of their high ideals.

Many a worthy man has failed in life and consequently drifted about in discontent and simply because he could not find that particular current wherein he might guide his efforts home. Many a man has failed of nobler ambition because he has seen in men only their low desires.

In their efforts to hold back the world from disturbing their inner tranquility and maintaining their force in the eyes of others, men often become so incrusted with the superficial that they lose sight of the great purpose flowing thru the world, to be in contact with which is to complete the circle of our existence.

The man at college who does not come into contact and association with the greatest number of people possible even at the price of some sacrifice, denies himself and others near him the privilege of appreciating the best that is in him.

Touch men, feel men, take the pulse of their aspirations, their deepest longings, their striving after the complete and thus realize that the common place is but the vast expanse of Crest and Trough that floats over the tremendous drift of the Under-Tow.

THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY.

Louis Craft, '10.

Charles William Gordon, the author of the book entiitled "The Man from Glengarry," is a Presbyterian minister. "The Man from Glengarry" was written under the pseudonym of Ralph Connor, as are also a number of his other works. He was born in Glengarry county, Ontario, in 1860. After his graduation at Toronto University he entered Knox college, where he pursued the study of theology. For a number of years he conducted missionary work in the northwestern part of Canada. In 1894 he became pastor of a Presyterian church in Winnipeg, where he has exercised a wide influence in building up the cause of Christ. A number of his publications are "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," "Glengarry School Days," "Beyond the Marshes," "Ould Michael" and "The Man from Glengarry," which was published in 1901.

The plot of this novel is laid in the Indian Lands in and around Glengarry County. Spring was approaching and the ice on the river was almost gone. The lumber men were "blocking the river" with logs bound for the Ottawa mills. There were two rival gangs, the one managed by Le Noir and the other the MacDonald gang. LeNoir and his gang were heavy drinkers and great fighters. The MacDonald gang had been just about as bad as LeNoir's gang until a few years before, when through the influence of Alexander Murray, a missionary at Glengarry, the MacDonald gang underwent a great change. Henceforth they fought only when it was necessary and drank moderately.

The lumber men had a "lay off" and spent a great real of their time in frolicing. Macdonald Dubli had a son, Ranald by name, who was about seventeen years of age. It happened one day that Ranald and his feather came into the bar room, where Le Noir and his men were angaged in drinking. The rivalry between the Macdonald gang and LeNoir's gang now manifested itself clearly. LeNoir and his men made fun of Macdonald Dublis and tried to compel Ranald to drink whiskey, which led to a fight between LeNoir and Macdonald Dublis.

In the fight Masdonald Dublis was badly hurt and was obliged to spend some time in bed. In this wild section of Glengarry the doctors were scarce; the minister and his wife ministered both the spiritual and the physical wants of men. Ranald therefore sought the assistance of Mrs. Murray, the minister's wife, who willingly gave her aid. While on the way to Ranald's home they were followed by a pack of wolves. The way in which Ranald acquitted himself led Mrs. Murray to have a great deal of faith in him and henceforth she tried her best to make a man of Ranald. By kind words and deeds, by manifesting a personal interest in him and his work, she won his confidence. In this way she won not only Ranald but also his father. Macdonald Dublis became an active member inchurch as well as Ranald, and Ranald also entered a special class for young men under the instruction of Mrs. Murray.

Mrs. Murray found great pleasure in

leading these young men from their rough and uncultured way of living to a higher and better life. She found especial interest in Ranald because in all conditions and under all cirmustances he seemed to manifest excellent qualities and encouraging prospects.

Ranald took great delight in Hughie, Mrs. Murray's little boy, which helped to bring Ranald ever nearer to Mrs. Murray.

Mamie St. Clair was a daughter of Mr. St. Clair, of the Raymond and St. Clair Lumber Company. Ranald met Mamie while she was visiting her aunt, Mrs. Murray, Ranald and Mamie did not become close friends until Ranald rescued her from the burning flames, at the "sugaring-off." But after this there existed between them a deep feeling of mutual friendship. Through Maimie's friendship he also gained the friendship of Kate Raymond, the daughter of Mr. Raymond, of the Raymond and St. Clair Lumber Company. Through the friendship of Maimie and Kate she also met Harry, Maimie's bother, and Mr. DeLacy, a young lieutenant. Harry and Mr. DeLacy had heard a good deal about Ranald, but they took no personal interest in him until the day when he rescued them in a terrible fight. What impressed them most was that he saved the life of LeNoir, who a number of years before had almost killed his father, Macdonald Dublis. Mrs. Murray had taught him to forgive his offenders. Her teachings were bearing fruit.

The Raymond and St. Clair Lumber Company was in need of a good, honest manager. Ranald had won the confidence of this company and in a short time he was manager. As a manager he proved to be very successful. He introduced some new features, provided a library and reading room for his men and paid them better wages. Mr. Raymond urged him to make an unfair deal with another lumber company; but this he would not do. This caused him to leave the Raymond and St. Clair Lumber Company.

Ranald was now employed as manager of the British-American Coal and Lumber Company. For the first few years it seemed as though Ranald would drive the company into bankruptcy. He was strongly opposed by some of the stockholders, but there were some who saw that the deficit of the company was not due to Ranald's management, but to poor sales; and, still had great confi dence in him. At the end of five years he had attained him aim and the company was in good standing with bright prospects ahead. The author does not tell us in so many words, but it is probable that Ranald married Kate. Ranald attributed his success in life largely to the work of Mrs. Murray.

"The Man from Glengarry" is a most excellent novel. It gives us a fair idea of the lumber men. It teaches some great religious truths. It brings out the good which one willing and cheerful worker can do, and the assistance which a minister's wife can give her husband. It tells us where, often, our most capable and energetic men come from. It shows us the type of men it takes to make a strong nation. Upon the whole the novel is interesting and instructive.

It is a very difficult matter to give a review of this novel, as it has too many characters for this purpose. The many characters make it too involved and difficult to bring out the plot. We would hardly agree with all the religious attitudes taken in the novel, but as a whole it expresses good sentiment.

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With this issue of the Muhlenberg the work of the present staff comes to an end, and the cares and duties of office are passed on to other hands. We have done all in our power to uphold the standards set in time past; and feel that in some measure, at least, we have succeeded. A work of this kind involves more than is generally supposed; there is not only a standard to uphold, but an ideal of better things to strive for. In fact, so great is the responsibility, that scarcely ever is it possible with even the support of the student body to measure up to it.

The fact that the students as a whole so rarely come up to what can be reasonably expected, should receive thoughtful consideration. Some men seem to imagine that the only duty they owe to their college publication is occasionally to cast votes for the staff. It is so extremely rare that an article is volunteered, that an occurrence of that nature is liable to create a mild sensation. And even when articles are solicited, the men approached often refuse; some offer lame excuses, and others more consistently omit excuses altogether. It might be supposed that at least these men would show their interest in some other way; by no means. Some men do not even read their college paper; some have been seen to throw away mutilated copies of "The Muhlenberg" ere they have even peeped within the covers.

Now, all this is very wrong. There is enough of the real kind of college spirit here to support this paper; exchanges criticise us on various points, but always commend the abundance and variety of our literary material. But this work is done only by a few; and it is not fair for the larger part of the student body to do nought save idly wait for the day of publication, and even offer criticism if that is delayed. If we have been able to maintain our standard when we were in such a position that we simply were compelled to print all we could get, what degree of excellence could we not attain if there was enough material on hand each month to make a careful selection? Let every one resolve that on his return to college next September he will do all in his power to make the paper better than it ever has been before.

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During the last Semester there were published in the "Muhlenberg" a number of articles on Socialism. No apology for this is deemed necessary, and none is offered. The columns of this paper are open to all students (would that more took advantage of it!) and they are permitted within reasonable bounds to express their opinions freely. It should be remembered, however, that no responsibility is assumed for the utterances of a contributor. It is required that all articles be signed by the author's name, or a psendonym known to the editor, who if requested will keep strict confidence. In this way, individual contributors are responsible for their compositions—a fact which should be borne in mind by those who may differ from the views expressed.

The student body is to be commended upon the exercising of its common sense in adopting its excellent rules for the council of Student Government. All now but awaits the approval of the faculty.

Yet in spite of the adoption of the excellent set of rules we should adopt about ten more sets before we get the spirit.

A student body that allows a few freshmen and first year specials to get out at three in the morning and arouse the whole dormitory without incurring serious infliction upon the offenders for their deviation from collegiate morals, needs a panacea no later than the arrival of the rules, and are sorely in need of it before.

Ignorance of what really belongs to a college freshman of course will cover the offence and the appearance of Halley's comet excuse him, while collegiate justice would have demanded a hazing bee rather than a comet survey.

Moral: "Let "College Spirit" enough accompany Student Government that freshmen will hereafter spend their nights out of doors in fear and trembling, comet or no comet."

LITERARY.

From time to time there have appeared in this Monthly, articles which have caused the smile of amusement or the frown of displeasure on the countenance of those, far older, far wiser than we,—the smile at the broad youthful statement of little consequence, the frown at the rash generalization or deduction perverting the truth. We refer especially to the articles on scientific subjects and to those treating on present day problems. It is and always has been the policy of this paper to encourage such articles, both because it shows that the student body is alive and because of the superior training in writing articles of this nature. The ordinary essay for the most part requires simply an arrangement of material; the short story requires originality: but the live issues of the day requires a wide knowledge and a nice discrimination. Writers on these subjects should remember that a theory of Evolution is a probability and not a law, and that a slight tendency in economic life is not an axiom. It is well in discussions of this kind to insert many a "perhaps," "it would appear," "it seems," and the like. Moreover, writers should remember that "The Muhlenberg" has a wide circulation and that the authorities have been compelled at times to defend certain articles as views of the individual and not teachings of the college. We want free discussions on the questions of the world, on questions confronting the United States, on questions which concern only Muhlenberg; but we would warn the writers on such subjects to consider the question in all its phases and to be most careful in drawing conclusions.

"Happy Anticipation vs. Gloomy Realization" by Mr. Cressman, is a cleverly constructed story, written in a pleasing style. The characters are well drawn and are true to life. The climax of the story and logical conclusion is where Saunders discovers that Jean is not the fair young lady he had anticipated, but an ugly bull dog. From this point, therefore, the story lacks the intense interest of the first part.

Mr. Martin S. Kleckner has given us a well written article under the title "The Hidden Reserves in Our Nature." The keynote of the discussion is that within each individual lies a powerful

reserve, too deep in some people to be aroused except by rebuffs, disappointments, or extraordinary circumstances, too deep in other people to be ever aroused. Mr. Kleckner pleads that we develop this latent power and not die with the greater part of ourselves undiscovered. The last paragraph, however, does not seem to harmonize with the logical development of the theme and with the natural conclusion in the preceding paragraph.

"Socialism and Christianity" is the theme treated by Mr. Hamm. The diction and style of the article is good but we would advise Mr. Hamm to be very careful in drawing deductions, and before applying a quotation, to be sure he has the correct interpretation of the passage in its original connection.

One of the oldest and yet one of the most vital problems is the Negro question. Under the title, "The Just Rights of an Unfortunate Race," Mr. Hartzell denounces race prejudice and pleads that we show justice and fairness to the Black Race. The problem is treated fairly and written in a convincing style.

Mr. S. B. Frederick in "The Effect of an Ideal" shows the importance and need of an ideal for the development of the individual. The article is good.

Our last issue contained the first poem to be contributed by a present student of Muhlenberg this year. Mr. Baringer, in his poem "Spring" has attempted the sonnett in the Petrarchan form. We congratulate Mr. Baringer on his success with this, the most difficult form of poetry and would be pleased to read more of his poetry in the future.

Other college Monthlies criticize our paper in many particulars, but in this they are all agreed, that we always have an abundance and good variety of literary material. We agree with them; but remember "The best is bad enough."

PERSONALS.

Keim '13 (translating Livy)—They extended a raft into the river one foot long."

David '13 (in latin prose)—Is that the third person?

Dr. E.—Where is the third person? I don't see him.

A few days ago the Seniors gave their class yell after a recitation. Dr. E., being perplexed said, "Now, we feel better" (referring to the Seniors.)

Brobst '12—Let's hypotize Geary and have a good time..

Cressman '13—Yes, Geary, think you're a frog in Long Pond.

Remark by a Glee Club man after Kutztown concert: If a fellow is talking with a woman when M. S. K. '10 and hs brother appear on the scene he is liable to get stung.

Earl W. Bush, of the Freshman class, has gone home to recuperate. He will return to college next fall.

Junior—In Reading April is the shortest month in the year.

Senior—Why?

Junior—Because the mayor cut out "Three Weeks."

Urich '10 (on hearing fellows talk about chewing gum)—Hey Keever, Janke couldn't get rid of the gum he got from K—. He was chewing it all week.

Horn '10—Dr., do you believe in degrees in Heaven and Hell?

Dr. H.—I don't know how many degrees in Hell.

Dr. W.—The marriage question is a serious one.

Schmoyer '10—Yes, and interesting.

Many of the Muhlenberg fellows ascended the "Big Rock" on Ascension Day.

Dr. H. (to Urich '10)—What do you know of Aristotle's position on pleasures.

Urich '10—Well, I specialized more on love.

Reisner, '10—Dr., when I went to public school, my teachers never taught us to think.

Dr. E.—We find evidence of such teachers sometimes.

ATHLETIC.

TRACK.

A large number of students accompanied the relay team to Philadelphia, where they took second place at the annual Penn relay races in the class which included New York Law School, Muhlenberg, Delaware College, Washington College and Brooklyn Poiytechnic Institute. Our team finished in sixth place last year, but showed decided improvement this year and forced New York Law School to finish in 3 min. 39 2-5 seconds, in order to win. Shelly, Toebke, Wacker and Bixler composed the team which represented Muhlenberg and ran a splendid race. Each of the men on the Muhlenberg team was awarded a beautiful silver cup as a trophy.

Muhlenberg held its initial dual track meet on the home field on Saturday afternoon, May 7th, when we easily outclassed the Delaware College track team and won by the score of 74 to 52.

Eberle, Shelly, Skean, Kleckner and Reiter were the stars for Muhlenberg, winning 8 of the 14 events. Eberle also tied with Harvey of Delaware for 1st place in the pole vault. Harvey, Kidd and Edison did good work for Delaware.

The summaries are as follows:

100-yard dash—Won by Shelly, Muhlenberg; Eberle, Muhlenberg, second; Kidd, Delaware, third. Time, 10 4-5 seconds.

880-yard run—Won by Toebke, Muhlenberg; second, Bixler, Muhlenberg; third, Sawden, Delaware. Time, 2.10½.

16-pound shot put—Won by Skean, Muhlenberg, 35 feet 3 inches; Haley, Delaware, 30 feet 11 inches; Hager, Delaware, 28 feet 8½ inches.

220-yard hurdle—Won by Kleckner, Muhlenberg; Hagner, Delaware, second; Taylor, Delaware, third. Time, 29 1-5.

Discus throw—Won by Skean, Muhlenberg, 107 feet 3 inches; Eliason, Delaware, 95 feet 8 inches; Snyder, Muhlenberg, 85 feet 2 inches.

Two-mile run—Won by Reiter, Muhlenberg; Janke, Muhlenberg, and Jacobs, Delaware, tied for second. Time 11:25.

Running broad jump—Won by Harvey, Delaware, 19 feet 5½ inches; Eberle, Muhlenberg, 19 feet 4 inches; Shelly, Muhlenberg, 18 feet 6½ inches.

440-yard dash—Won by Kidd, Delaware; Ennis, Delaware, second; Toebke, Muhlenberg, third. Time 57 1-5.

Running high jump—Won by Eberle, Muhlenberg, 5 feet 3¾ inches; Holben, Muhlenberg, second, 5 feet 1 inch; Halley and Harvey, Delaware, third, 5 feet.

220-yard dash—Won by Kidd, Delaware; Shelly, Muhlenberg, second; McCafferty, Delaware, and Quinn, Muhlenberg, third. Time 25 seconds.

16-pound hammer throw—Won by Eliason, Delaware, 98 feet; Skean, Muhlenberg, 87 feet; Snyder, Muhlenberg, 82 feet 9 inches.

120-yard hurdle—Won by Kleckner, Muhlenberg; Wunder, Muhlenberg, second; Hagner, Delaware, third. Time 16 4-5.

Pole vault—Eberle, Muhlenberg, and Harvey, Delaware, tied for first, 9 feet 5 inches; Keever, Muhlenberg, second, 8 feet 4 inches.

Mile run—Won by Watts, Delaware; Sawden, Delaware, second; Reiter, Muhlenberg, third. Time, 5:01 1-5.

BASE BALL.

The first game between the Sophomores and Freshmen resulted in an easy victory for the Sophomores. Heller's masterly pitching was too much for the Freshmen and no less than fourteen fell as strikeout victims. Skean also pitched good ball for the Freshmen but wildness and poor support proved his undoing.

The score by innings:

										R.	H.	E.
1912....	0	0	2	3	0	1	4	0	x—	10	8	2
1913....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—	2	6	6

The Freshmen captured the second game thru David's good pitching and opportune hitting.

Heller did not show the same form that he displayed in the previous game. Spectacular catches by Waidelich and Frederick were easily the feature of the game.

The score:

FRESHMEN.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Bixler, 1b	1	1	7	0	0
Keim, ss	0	0	0	2	1
Wacker, lf	2	0	0	0	0
Groff, c	1	1	6	0	1
Richards, 2b	1	0	2	1	0
Cressman, 3b	0	1	0	1	1
David, p	0	2	2	2	1
Beer, cf	1	0	0	0	0
Holben, rf	0	1	1	0	0
Total	6	6	18	6	4

SOPHOMORES.

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Janke, c	1	1	11	1	0
Henry, ss	1	1	0	3	3
Fink, 2b	0	1	0	2	0
Reiter, 1b	0	1	5	0	0
Waidelich, rf	0	0	1	0	0
Frederick, cf	1	2	3	0	0
Heller, p	0	2	1	3	0
Bennett, lf	0	0	0	0	0
Hummel, 3 b	0	1	0	1	0
Total	3	9	12	10	3

Struck out—by Heller 11; by David 6. Umpire Shupp.

EXCHANGES.

The May issue of the Seminary Opinator was noticeably brief. Ten pages were devoted to advertising matter and only eight pages reserved for the literary departments. No stories, no anything except an Editorial and college news. Brace up, Opinator.

The Volante gives us a short editorial that should be brought before the notice of every college man. "Criticism" s the theme. We can well apply the thought contaned to our own school and no doubt others can do likewise. Any man who takes any part in collegiate activities, literary, athletic or what not, is the open target for all sorts of criticism. This is usually given in a superlatively adverse way.

You who are criticised be proud for as the author of the article says: "It is better to be active and to accomplish something worth while, even if marred by mistakes, than to be passive and do neither good nor bad.

And you need not feel hurt at all for the greater part of criticism of that pungent type comes from those who do nothing and thus have ample time to find faults in others.

Diligent search has failed to reveal an Exchange department in the Roanoke Collegian. However we wish to call the attention of our readers to an article on "Some Uses of the Study of Poetry" in the April number.

"Could anyone, love, between us come?"
He asked in accents tender,
"Well," said young brother under the sofa,
"They'd have to be awful slender."—Ex.

Lives of Seniors all remind us,
We can make our lives the best,
And departing leave behind us,
Notebooks that will help the rest.—Ex.

A mouse will make a woman scream with fright while a rat will simply make her hair stand up.

Little Villie fell into the Anheuser Bush and tore Schlitz in his pants; he came out a sadder Budweiser boy,—Pabst so and Pabst not.

The Red and Black, R. H. S., The Academy Bulletin, The Midland, The Carlisle Arrow, The Bethany Messenger, The Comenian, Junto, E. H. S., The Normal Vidette, The Opinator, The Mercersburg Academy Literary Magazine, High School News, L. H. S., The Delaware College Review, The Narrator, College Breezes, The Briar Cliff Spectator, The Crescent, Concordia Coll.; The College Folio, A. C. W.; The Mercury, The Breeze, The Sorosis, The Albright Bulletin, The Hall Boy, The Carthage Collegian, The Mirror, The Roanoke Collegian, The Buff & Blue, The M. A. S. Monthly, Old Penn Weekly, The Volante, Salem Commercial School Quarterly, The Argus, The Normal School Herald, College Chips, The Ursinus Weekly, The Monthly, Hartwick Seminary, Swarthmore Prep. Quarterly, The Leavitt Angelus, The Farnum Tatler, The Purple & White, A. P. S., The Susquehanna.

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